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THE PROGRESS OF THE WORLD.

June 1, 1892.

MAY month has come and gone. The fertilizing tide of universal philanthropy has once again flooded the public halls of the metropolis with strangers from the uttermost parts of the earth, and now we are beginning to settle down in grim earnest to the preparations for the Dissolution.

The Irish Local Government Bill is to be sacrificed in order that Parliament may be dissolved shortly after Midsummer. The General Election will take place in July, and by August the great transfer of power will be complete. After governing the Empire for six years with unexpected success, Lord Salisbury will give place to Mr. Gladstone, who will return to Downing Street to make a final effort to reconcile Ireland with the rest of the Empire by enabling its inhabitants to manage or mismanage their own affairs in their own way. Practically there is no difference of opinion as to the certainty of the election of a Gladstonian majority. The only question at issue is, whether that majority will be one of three figures or of two.

The next Majority.

Judging from by-elections, the issue of the General Election is a foregone conclusion. A great mass of many millions does not turn and twist with the rapidity of a weasel. It swings slowly from side to side. There is too much weight on the machine for its movement to be reversed by anything that can happen between now and the General Election. Yet it must be admitted that if the electorate had not been slowly but resolutely making up its mind to let the Home Rulers have a turn, the Liberals might have feared for the result. The events of the last twelve months have not been such as to deepen the conviction formed

by the electors that Home Rule must be tried. Yet if by-elections are to be relied on, the Gladstonian majority will be over 100; but the most sanguine Gladstonians do not venture to hope for a majority of more than 75. Whether the majority be 75 or 150, they will hold office by virtue of their Irish contingent. The Irish Home Rulers will come back 80 strong. Unless Mr. Gladstone has a majority of 160, he will always be liable to be thrown out, if his Irish allies on any occasion decide to go into the same lobby with Mr. Balfour.

Political Vaticinations.

It is well that the dissolution is not to be postponed because the House of Commons has ceased to think of anything but its approaching demise. The fever in the lobbies all through the month of May was something almost inconceivable to those who are at a distance from the centre of nervous excitement. The air is full of prophecies and speculations of all kinds, but they refer more to what is to follow the General Election than as to the result of the appeal to the constituencies, which is regarded as a foregone conclusion for the Gladstonians. The Duke of Devonshire has frankly warned us that the House of Lords will throw out the Home Rule Bill. Every effort is to be made to rouse the Irish Protestants to die in the last ditch in defence of the Union, and the hopes of the Unionists are more and more centring upon their chances on a second appeal to the country. The Gladstonians, recognising this, are carefully preparing their plan of campaign, and have at present not the slightest intention of falling into the Tory trap which is set without disguise in their path. Having regained power they are not going to jeopardise it heedlessly by playing their opponents' game. If the

Home Rule Bill is thrown out, they will not dissolve. They will carry on with the two-fold object of giving the Peers another chance, and at the same time of strengthening their own hand with a view to ultimately going to the country with a cry against the House of Lords. Such at least are the speculations which have occupied the tongues of politicians to the exclusion of all other topics for the last month.

The Liberal Leaders and Sir Charles Dilke.

The Unionist party has had one unexpected and undeserved piece of good luck. There is no reason to believe that as a party organisation it is one which is more to be relied upon in moral questions than Mr. Schnadhorst's machine, but as a matter of fact it has been spared the disgrace of having conspicuous correspondents in the field as Unionist candidates. It has put forward its strongest local man to oppose the scandalous candidature of Sir Charles Dilke in the Forest of Dean, and to that extent it deserves and will receive the hearty sympathy and support of all who put morality before party. Of course the impudent claim made by the hero of the Crawford Divorce Case that Mr. Gladstone was responsible for his candidature is a distortion of the facts characteristic of Ananias; but it is not the less deplorable that Mr. Gladstone should have allowed the party wirepullers to restrain him from frankly saying what is perfectly true, that he never for a moment contemplated, much less suggested, the monstrous scandal of an appeal from the decision of the Law Courts to the suffrages of a constituency, and that his suggestion that the ostracism might be removed at the close of the present Parliament was expressly subject to the condition that during the period of ostracism the offender must absolutely efface himself from all public life—a condition with which he never complied, no, not for a single year. An ounce of candour would have been worth a ton of evasive subtleties on this as on other matters, and Mr. Schnadhorst and Mr. Arnold Morley have only themselves to thank if they should find they have endangered the success of many a candidate by allowing even the rump of their party to be tarred with the Dilkeite brush.

Woman's Suffrage. Mr. Gladstone has discovered, fortunately before it was quite too late, how foolish were the counsels of Mr. Arnold Morley and Sir William Harcourt on the subject of Woman's Suffrage. Had not wiser counsels prevailed, the meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation last month would have ended very differently. As it happened, Mrs. Gladstone remained at her post,

a resolution was passed which made it unmistakably clear that the Federation is sound on Woman's Suffrage, and then all the associated ladies pledged themselves to work harder than ever for the Liberal leader, whose last act was to publish a letter condemning their political aspirations. The Liberal women showed great tact and political sagacity, and the speech of Lady Carlisle—to



From a photo. by

LADY CARLISLE.

[H. S. Mendelssohn.]

mention only one name—showed how much the House of Commons loses in debating power and genuine eloquence by the absurd rule which arbitrarily limits the choice of the electorate to one-half of those who are capable to serve. The ugly corner was got round somehow, but it was an ugly corner, and the Liberal appercart came very near to a very nasty spill. The women have scored, scored heavily, and the Liberal Women's Federation is now controlled by an executive which can be relied upon not to subordinate the justice due to their sex to the temporary exigencies of the party wirepuller. Women in future have got to be reckoned with, even by Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Schnadhorst, and that

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Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Schnadhorst have just begun to find out.

The Irish Local Government Bill, which in Parliament was received when it was first introduced with a monstrosly exaggerated guffaw by its opponents, was read a second time by a majority of 91. Mr. Balfour in that division had his revenge upon Sir W. Harcourt and the supercilious gentlemen who thought they had disposed of the Bill and its author by making game of both when it was first introduced. Mr. Sexton made a clever speech against it, Mr. Chamberlain displayed his unrivalled persuasive ingenuity in its defence, Mr. Gladstone in a remarkable *tour de force* demolished the effect of Mr. Chamberlain's special pleading; but after Mr. Balfour had replied, the second reading was voted by an unexpectedly large majority, which, however, did not prevent the abandonment of the Bill.

The question of Scottish disestablishment was debated and disposed of, so far as this Parliament is concerned, by the rejection of Dr. Cameron's motion in favour of disestablishment and disendowment by 265 to 209 votes. Mr. Balfour insisted that it would be criminal to disendow the Church without a direct mandate from the Scotch people—by which he appears to mean that a General Election must be taken on the question whether or not a sect of one-third of the Scottish people shall for ever monopolize the endowments set apart for the religious purposes of the whole nation. The only disestablishment question that is ripe for settlement at the coming election is that of the Welsh Church. It is hardly too much to say that the Welsh will vote at the dissolution as if the appeal to the constituencies were a referendum for or against the disestablishment of the Church in the Principality. Home Rule is a very secondary question in Wales. The real issue is a battle royal between Church and Chapel.

Home Rule.

For Great Britain, outside Wales, the Church question is less important. Mr. Gladstone, it is believed, still fondly hugs the belief that the masses are palpitating with feverish eagerness to establish Home Rule. He is alone in his belief. There may be a quiet resolution to try Home Rule, but there is little enthusiasm about it. Three years ago there was unquestionably a very fervid sentiment in favour of Ireland and the Irish. Mr. Dillon was a popular hero; Mr. William O'Brien a popular martyr. Ireland was groaning under coercion, and good men and women, who happened to be Liberals, taught themselves to believe that it was a good and

righteous thing to detest Mr. Balfour and to describe him as the incarnation of all the villainies. To-day Mr. Dillon has almost effaced himself. Mr. W. O'Brien has been little more than a cypher since his marriage. Mr. Tim Healy has been first tolerated and then deposed. There are not half-a-dozen patriots in prison under the Coercion Act, and in place of the tyrant Balfour, there is at the Irish Office a kind of superior clerk, one Mr. Jackson. The change from Mr. Balfour to Mr. Jackson marks the change that has taken place in the popular estimation of Home Rule in 1889 and Home Rule in 1892. The first place in all programmes will of course be given to Home Rule. That is a necessary homage to the test question, and it is, besides, inevitable, for with the Ministerialists the maintenance of the Union really holds the leading place. But the living interest in the coming election centres far more in social questions which affect thirty million Britons, than in the political question which affects five or six million Irish. Englishmen have, to say the truth, gone stale on Home Rule, and they are not likely to freshen up until they have something more definite to discuss than the mere affirmation of the abstract principle.

Lord Salisbury on the Stump.

Lord Salisbury has been on the stump, but he has spoken with more force than sagacity. His chief contributions to the enlightenment of the electorate were two suggestions, neither of which was serious. The first was that Ulster would rebel if Home Rule were passed; and the second, that we might do worse than retaliate on foreign tariffs by clapping import duties on foreign manufactures. There is a good deal to be said in favour of both these suggestions if they were put forward reasonably. But they are both shams. Lord Salisbury, said the Italians long ago, is a lath painted to look like iron, and both of these political specifics bear the same character. They are painted to look like war, but it is all bluff, and very hollow bluff at that. There is no doubt much force in the argument that you cannot fight hostile tariffs unless you have weapons in the shape of import duties to put on or to take off, but it is child's play to propose retaliation on principles of limited liability. War is not made, whether a war of tariffs or a war of campaigns, on limited liability principles. If Lord Salisbury really meant retaliation he would not limit his retort to the McKinley tariff to a trumpety duty on a few manufactures of luxury. He would, if he meant business, propose an import duty on American corn and on American cotton. He says that this is impossible. If so, he will do well to cease talking of

retaliation or a war of tariffs until he is in a position to make war all round.

Will
Ulster
Fight?

The bluff about Ulster is equally idle. The majority of the people of Ulster are Roman Catholics. The majority of the Members for Ulster are Home Rulers, and there is as much chance of Ulster as a whole taking the field against a Home Rule Parliament as there is of Mayo revolting against Dublin. I do not for a moment deny that Antrim and Down, or to put it differently, that Belfast and the appurtenances thereof, may imitate the example of the Parisians of the Commune, and rebel against the authority of a Dublin Parliament. I remember having an interesting talk with the late Dr. Hanna in his vestry at Belfast some four or five years ago on this very subject. I said to him, "You say you mean to fight; well and good. Fight! But if you really mean to fight, you can get what you want without bloodshed if you will take steps that will prove you mean what you say." "What steps?" said Dr. Hanna. "Delimit your frontier, and begin to enrol your army of defence! Until you do these things we shall not believe you are in earnest. If you delimit your frontier and enrol your volunteers, you can draw your frontier wherever you like, but, if you won't, then Mr. Parnell will draw the frontier where he pleases, and that will not exclude Belfast." Dr. Hanna looked grave for a moment, and then he said: "No, it will never come to that. I don't believe Englishmen will ever desert their loyal fellow-citizens in the North to the tender mercies of a papist majority. But if it should ever come to pass that that great betrayal was consummated, I would never be a party to cutting the North off from the rest of Ireland. Protestants are living all over the land. Never would I consent to sever my co-religionists in the South and West, from the only solid security that would then be left for their religion and their liberty. We shall hold together if the worst comes."

Deeming
and
Orme.

After the speculations as to the dissolution, the topics which have preoccupied public attention have been the hocussing of Orme, the Duke of Westminster's horse, which was first favourite for the Derby, and the trial and execution of Deeming. Racehorses are the modern English substitutes for the dice with which gamblers in other lands have won or lost their money, and the poisoning of Orme was merely a surreptitious attempt to load the dice. The case of Deeming is another and much more serious affair. The sensational nature of his crimes created an excitement in Melbourne which was by no means calculated to conduce to a

calm and dispassionate consideration of the case urged by his counsel, and even in Melbourne, by this time, there is probably an uneasy conviction that the man was more or less a homicidal lunatic. His counsel's plea of instinctive and hereditary criminality seems to have been only too well justified by the facts, and in a more scientific age the hanging of Deeming may become the stock illustration of the judicial crimes of an unscientific age. All that can be said, however, is that when homicidal lunacy rises to a certain pitch of sensational horror, the community itself becomes subject to a temporary spasm of homicidal frenzy which can only be appeased by the blood of the original lunatic.

Horses and
Rulers.

Some day an interesting article may be written on horses that have made history. Last month two horses came very near changing the course of events in two Empires. On May 27th, as Lord Salisbury was driving down St. James's Street, one of the carriage horses got its leg over the traces, and thereby upset the nervous equilibrium of its companion. The two then bolted down the street, and could not be stopped until they upset the carriage and made a general spill. Lord Salisbury was lifted out of the overturned vehicle, shaken, but uninjured. His hat, however, was smashed. Had it been his head, what a difference it would have made! In Germany, the young Emperor's horses have run away with him once more, but this time, beyond rushing over a hedge and across a field—they only afforded the Kaiser an opportunity for the display of his "customary coolness"—the episode had no result. Had the runaway team broken the Emperor's neck, what a prospect there would have been before Germany and Europe! The heir to the German throne is a child of ten, who but the other day received his first commission in the German army. There would have been a Regency, with all its complications. All the insurance companies in combined syndicate could not cover the risk which the peace of Europe runs in the death either of the Kaiser or the Tzar. Fortunately, they are the only two living men whose personality is of such uninsurable value to the tranquillity of the world.

The Emperor has been making a tour in Bismarck. West Prussia and Pomerania, visiting Stettin and Dantzic, and making speeches which Europe could hear without a shock to the super-sensitive nerves. The Education Bill has been finally dropped, in deference to the vehement opposition which it excited, and Wilhelm Imperator Rex has telegraphed his congratulations to Count

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Herbert Bismarck on his betrothal to Countess Margaret Hoyos, who, although not the first love, will be the first wife of the heir to the Bismarck dynasty. This incident has set tongues wagging as to the chances of a reconciliation between the old Chancellor and the young Emperor. Bismarck himself has been making a speech in which he told the Dresden Singing Club that the latent fire of German unity was kept alive by German science, German poetry, and last not least, German song. The Singing Club played thus an important part in fostering national unity, for German music was always free from the particularist taint. His Hamburg organ has excited the wrath of the official press by declaring that Italy's adhesion to the Triple Alliance was dependent upon England's influence and our implied promise to protect her coasts with our fleet, and that the chief object of German diplomacy must be to promote an understanding with Russia, and to secure the hearty alliance of Italy against the inevitable war with France. In a conversation published in the *Speaker*, Bismarck declared that Germany would never strike the first blow: the attack will have to come from France. He declared that if Russia were at Constantinople it possibly would be "a real relief to our eastern frontier," and that England being in Egypt should stay there. "Gibraltar and Malta are conveniences, but the Suez Canal is a necessity."

Such a remark from such a man naturally makes us reflect as to the possible consequences of the Liberal victory at the polls on the future of the Nile Valley. There are some who imagine, from various ill-considered utterances, that when Mr. Gladstone reoccupies Downing Street England will evacuate Egypt. England will commit no such crime. The English occupation is Mr. Gladstone's own handiwork. Sir Evelyn Baring, who has been raised to the peerage in recognition of his manifold services at Cairo, is an old Whig diplomatist, and the redemption of the land of the Pharaohs from hideous misrule and oppression is the one bit of work abroad upon which the Liberal party can honestly pride itself. As it has to bear the responsibility for the carnage of Tel-el-Kebir and the Soudan, it simply dare not sanction so great a betrayal of a sacred trust as would be the evacuation of Egypt before our work was accomplished, and before a free, just, and strong native government was established so solidly as to be in no danger of collapse when the last redcoat embarked at Alexandria. Lord Rosebery will be at the Foreign Office, and Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Labouchere will have to hold their tongues. So far

as our imperial interests are concerned in almost every part of the world, there are few well-informed Liberals—even on the front Opposition Bench—who would not admit in their candid moments that a change of Ministry would be a change for the worse. But although that is admitted, it is absurd to assume that it will be so much worse as to entail a scuttled policy in Egypt. November is not so bright as June, but even in November the sun is still in the sky.

In some few but important matters, the Liberals have an opportunity of improving upon their predecessors. There is, for instance, the question of Imperial Penny Postage. The establishment of twopenny-halfpenny postage was one of those twopenny-halfpenny reforms which from time to time recall the bitter saying that some statesmen have the souls of pedlars. Even a pedlar, however, might have appreciated the political significance of making the penny post universal throughout the Queen's dominions. Sir James Fergusson as yet has hardly mastered the business of the Postmastership, and his reply to the deputation of newspaper proprietors last month was worthy of a weak but amiable old lady, compelled to say civil things about a subject she did not quite understand. It was not quite clear from his reply whether the Postmaster regarded an increase of business as a disaster or an advantage, and he did not even attempt to defend the absurdity of carrying a pound weight of printed matter from London to John o' Groats for a halfpenny, while charging twopence halfpenny for carrying little more than half a pound from the Strand to Westminster—merely because the lighter periodical is published at longer intervals than the heavier. Publish a newspaper every week, and it will be carried anywhere within the United Kingdom for a halfpenny, even if, as in some cases, it weighs a pound. But for a monthly publication of a pound weight he charges fourpence. Weeklies, even if they weigh a pound, are carried by the Post-Office at less than £5 per ton, while monthlies of the same weight pay £37 per ton. There is only one clear way out of these absurdities, and that is to define every periodical as a newspaper, and to carry all periodical publications at the newspaper rate.

Representatives from two of our colonies have visited London last month with very different petitions. Deputations for and against the demand that the elected representatives of 40,000 whites in Natal should practically be invested with sovereign power over the 600,000 blacks in the midst of whom they have

The Empire
and the
Post-Office.

Queensland
Separatists.

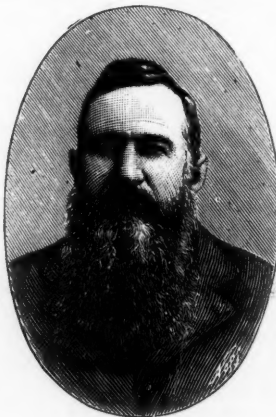
settled, have put their views before the Colonial Office, but they have obtained a scant hearing from the British public, while opinion seems to be too evenly balanced in Natal to justify the Home Government in re-opening the question. The other deputation came from the strong and active party which seeks to split up Queensland in three separate colonies. Mr. Archer and Mr. Fergusson, deputed by the Central Queensland League, pleaded their cause before Lord Knutsford. The Colonial Secretary gave them cold comfort. He preferred to see Queensland dealt with on Home Rule or Canadian principles rather than on those of the Separatists. He postponed any decision until it was seen whether the present Queensland Parliament could come to some

ment and in the Press, but the Home Government will not interfere. The regulations under which blackbirding is to be carried on in the future are far from satisfying those who know the hideous abuses which prevailed under similar regulations in the past. Instead of licensing private labour vessels, and putting on board a sixth-rate labour agent, it would have been much more satisfactory if the whole traffic had been directly undertaken by the Government. As Bergen and Gothenburg have recognised that the supply of alcohol is too dangerous to be left in the hands of private traders, so Queensland, if it must have Kanakas, should have undertaken the task of recruiting them as a branch of the public service, which can only be safely entrusted to a Government

OFFICERS OF THE CENTRAL QUEENSLAND TERRITORIAL SEPARATION LEAGUE.



MR. JOHN FERGUSSON,
President.



MR. F. A. MORGAN.
Mayor of Rockhampton.



MR. P. S. CURTIS,
Chairman of Executive Committee.

arrangement by which the huge colony could be supplied with what may be called three provincial legislatures within one indivisible Queensland. So the matter stands over—for a time.

Is "Black-birding" Justifiable? The real difficulty in Queensland is, first, the climate, which is tropical; secondly, its area, which is almost continental, being three times the size of France; and, thirdly, its population, which is far below the population of Glasgow. Nothing can mend its climate, and it is this fact which has driven Sir S. Griffiths reluctantly to acquiesce in the revival of the importation of South Sea Islanders. "This restoration of the slave trade under the British flag," as the French journalists spitefully describe it, has excited much indignation in Exeter Hall. Protests have been made in Parlia-

department, none of whose members would have any personal interest in evading or straining the law.

Much more satisfactory than the decision of the Northern Colony to resort to "blackbirding" in order to secure labourers for its sugar plantations is the Ministerial programme laid before the fifteenth Victorian Parliament, which was opened on May 11th. The Victorian Administration proposes to grapple boldly with one of the most pressing social problems of our time. It will introduce a Bill to prevent strikes and lock-outs by establishing Courts of Conciliation for the settlement of trade disputes, and it will legislate for the establishment of village settlements. The provisions of the latter Bill are very interesting, and as the Victorian example is likely to be followed

nearer home, the following *Times* summary of its provisions will be of general interest:—

The Government will not only utilise the State territory, but will purchase land in suitable situations from private owners, the purchase money being paid in Government bonds. The Government expect to get at a reasonable rate such land as they may have to buy, as they calculate that there will be a good deal of competition amongst landowners anxious to sell their property. The areas allotted to each settler will be of small extent, and a house will be placed on each at the Government expense, the preference being given to married men in the selection of the settlers. The latter will pay interest on the price of the land and buildings at the rate of 3 per cent. for thirty years, and as the Treasury bonds are to



From a photograph by the

[London Stereoscopic Company.

SIR SAMUEL W. GRIFFITH, PREMIER OF QUEENSLAND.

have a currency of thirty-three years the money will be returned before the debt is redeemed, the State being a slight gainer in the matter of interest.

Before the twentieth century has dawned, it will be universally recognised that the task of getting the people planted out upon the land is one of the first duties of the modern statesman.

In this country the fact is but dimly perceived. The Small Holdings Act is an illustration that light is breaking through the dense darkness that prevailed a short time ago, but the most promising symptom is the farm colony which the Salvation Army has established at Hadleigh.

The experiment of applying the surplus labour of our great cities to use the refuse of civilization in restoring fertility to the land, has never been undertaken with more hearty resolve to do the best that can be done or with better prospects of success. Before the new Parliament is dissolved similar colonies should be established in the neighbourhood of every large town. The Hadleigh colony is the germ of a great transformation. All who inspect it return delighted, and it will be a great national scandal if so promising an experiment is starved for want of the funds with which alone it can be established on a permanent basis. The appeal which has been signed by men of the most diverse political and religious views will, it is to be hoped, bring in promptly the necessary £25,000. If five thousand persons or congregations would undertake to contribute £5 per annum for the next five years a great difficulty would be cleared out of the way. It is easy to talk of social regeneration. But when a brave attempt is made to bring it about, there ought not to be any trouble in securing the necessary financial support.

Money Wasted.

It is true that the claims for subscriptions are innumerable, but every week wills are proved which show that enormous fortunes are being accumulated by men every one of whom ought to regard himself as a steward entrusted with the administration of his wealth for the benefit of mankind. But it is not only millionaires who forget this. The working classes, if they cared to do it, could raise all the funds necessary for the amelioration of their own condition. In Durham, this year, the miners, rightly or wrongly, have sacrificed three millions sterling of their own and other people's in a trade dispute which might have been settled without the loss of a day's work if the counsels which Bishop Westcott is now urging at the eleventh hour had been urged and listened to at the first.

The Hurricane in Mauritius.

The island of Mauritius has been visited by a hurricane which, on April 29th, blew down one-third of the capital, Port Louis, killed 1,200 people, and destroyed one half the sugar crop. The velocity of the wind is said to have been 120 miles an hour, and the Royal College, together with twenty-four churches and chapels, went down before it as if they had been castles of cards. The Lord Mayor has issued an appeal for help, which shows the advantage of sensation. He would do nothing for the Cleveland iron-workers, who are starving because of the Durham strike, whereas one-half the suffering, if accompanied by some picturesque or gruesome sensation, would

Money wanted for the Farm Colony.

have led to a Mansion House fund being opened in twenty-four hours. Great is the power of imagination, even with Lord Mayors!

The Revision of the Belgian Constitution.

In Belgium it is proposed to establish something closely resembling universal suffrage, with proportional representation and the Referendum, the latter to be applied at the initiative of the King both to Bills passed and Bills proposed, if in the King's opinion they are serious enough to justify a plebiscite. Before these changes or any of them can be engrafted on the constitution, a special General Election of an entirely new Legislature is necessary. The two Chambers then meet together as a constituent assembly, which, however, can only revise the constitution if there is a majority of two-thirds in favour of the change. Such a drastic block upon precipitate change would make even a Conservative Englishman stand aghast. Next century, when things have settled down somewhat, we may expect to see similar safeguards introduced into the Constitution of our federalised Empire.

The New Ministry in Italy.

Signor Rudini, who was believed to have a working majority of twenty-five in the Italian Chamber, was rudely undeceived on May 5th, when his statement of his financial programme was immediately followed by a rejection of a vote of confidence by 193 to 185. Signor Giolitti, who led the attack, and who has been installed as Prime Minister in the place of Signor Rudini, will not find it a bed of roses. He will not alter the vote for the War Department as fixed by his predecessor. He remains faithful to the policy of the Triple Alliance. How he was to choke the deficit, which came to nearly two millions even after Rudini's proposed economies on one hand and his match tax on the other, remained an unsolved problem. On the 27th, Signor Giolitti tendered his resignation, but nothing has yet been definitely settled.

The Greek Elections.

The Greek elections, which resulted in the return of M. Tricoupis to power with a triumphant majority over M. Delyannis, illustrate the survival of the power of the kingship even in the most modern States. As the King of Belgium is to be allowed the initiative in the use of the Referendum, so the King of the Hellenes resumed his constitutional right to dismiss a ministry notwithstanding its command of a majority in the Chamber. M. Delyannis was somewhat of a spread-eagle sort of Minister, with ungoverned aspirations after the realisation of the great Greek dream, and with no adequate conception of the duty of paying his way. The electors approved the action of the

King, and returned M. Tricoupis to office by a decisive majority. Never was there a more complete revolution. In the old Chamber M. Delyannis had a majority. In the new Chamber he has only seven supporters, while M. Tricoupis has 170, leaving thirty undistributed or doubtful.

The End of the French Monarchy.

In France there has been no sensational event. Two very significant straws, however, show the way the wind is blowing in two opposite quarters. M. de Mun, the Bayard of the French Royalist party, has laid down his arms. He was a Catholic first and a Royalist afterwards, and the Pope having ordered that the Republic is to be accepted, M. de Mun accepts it accordingly. M. de Mun's submission is equivalent to a formal registrar's certificate of the death and burial of the French monarchy. On the other hand, the successes of the Republicans at the communal elections is very notable. They have gained a majority in 2,586 councils, making their total 21,000, against 11,000 Reactionaries. The Socialists have their share in this victory. In twenty-six towns they claim to have returned majorities which give them the control of the whole council. Altogether 635 Socialists are said to have been elected. It is too soon as yet to attempt to appreciate the significance of this electoral victory. Socialism is such an indeterminate word that it can only be interpreted when Socialists put it in practice.

London County Council and Fair Wages.

Lord Rosebery is retiring from the chairmanship of the London County Council, as he is likely to be wanted at the Foreign Office of the new administration. Mr. John Hutton will succeed him in the chair, while Mr. Alderman Hoare, an ex-Moderate, will take the deputy chair, which this arrangement will vacate. The Council have refused to constitute a cabinet for the management of its business, preferring to strengthen slightly the General Purposes Committee. It debated at length, and ultimately carried, Mr. John Burns's resolution as amended by Sir Thomas Farrer, which declares that all contractors are to be compelled to sign a declaration that they pay the trade union rate of wages, and observe the hours of labour and conditions recognised by the trades unions in the place or places where the contract is to be executed. Mr. Burns wanted to enforce London trades union rates, but in this he was defeated by Sir Thomas Farrer, who carried his amendment by sixty to fifty. In this connection, note that Mr. W. Mather, a Lancashire ironmaster, has proposed to leave the whole regulation of hours of labour to the local trades unions, the employer merely being allowed a right to make representations, but not to vote on a question on which, in many phases, he must be better informed than any of his workmen.

DIARY FOR MAY.

EVENTS OF THE MONTH.

- April 29 Hurricane in the Mauritius. Twelve hundred persons killed.
- May 1. May-day Labour demonstration in Hyde Park. A resolution in favour of a legal eight hours' working day passed.
- May-day celebrations abroad, with a few exceptions, passed off very peacefully.
2. Trial of the murderer Deeming concluded at Melbourne. The prisoner found guilty and sentenced to death.
3. In the London County Council a resolution was passed, by 73 votes to 21, to present a petition, to both Houses of Parliament praying that steps should be taken for enabling women to be elected to, and to serve on, County Councils.
4. Re-opening of the Italian Parliament. Statement by the Marquis di Rudini on the present financial situation.
5. At the annual meeting of the British Women's Temperance League a petition to the House of Commons was adopted asking for the prohibition of the sale of drink to children under sixteen years of age.
- The Italian Ministry defeated on a vote of confidence in regard to the Premier's financial proposals.
- Railway disaster in America. Seven killed and many injured.
6. Resignation of the Italian Ministry announced.
- A deputation from Queensland waited on Lord Knutsford to urge that the colony should be separated into three divisions. Lord Knutsford replied that the question was not yet ripe for the consideration of the Imperial Parliament.
- At the Central Criminal Court Messrs. D. J. Nicol and C. W. Mowbray were indicted for having in the *Commonweal* encouraged persons unknown to murder the Home Secretary, Mr. Justice Hawkins, and Police-Inspector Melville. Nicol was found guilty, and sentenced to eighteen months' hard labour, Mowbray being discharged.
7. The Victims Musical and Dramatic Exhibition opened.
8. Dr. Vaughan enthroned at the Pro-Cathedral, Kensington, as successor of Cardinal Manning in the office of Roman Catholic Archbishop of Westminster.
9. Fire at Scott's supper rooms, Haymarket. Four killed.
10. Merdjan and Christo, the two men charged with the murder of Dr. Vulkovitch, the Bulgarian Agent, were found guilty at Constantinople, and sentenced to death.
11. Lord Salisbury and Mr. Balfour received a deputation from the workmen's associations who are agitating for a legal eight hours' working day. Lord Salisbury said the object was estimable, but the matter required further discussion.
- Deputation to Mr. Balfour to ask for Government assistance for the Scotch crofters. Mr. Balfour promised the aid of the Government.
- Mining disaster in America. Forty-eight men killed.
- Formation of the new Italian Ministry with Signor Giolitti as Premier.
12. The London School Board decided to open a day industrial school.
- Opening of the Victorian Parliament by Lord Hopstoun.
- Sir Henry Norman, Governor of Queensland, gave the Royal assent to the Bill for renewing the importation of Kanaka labour for employment on the sugar plantations.
- The Hon. P. G. Nugent sentenced to six months' imprisonment with hard labour for assaulting a young lady in a railway carriage.
15. A mass meeting of railway men held in Hyde Park, and a resolution passed demanding increased wages and shorter hours of work.

15. Railway collision in Ohio. Five killed and many injured.
16. Results of the Greek elections announced. A strong majority in favour of M. Triconpis.
17. At the first meeting of the Women's Liberal Federation, Lady Carlisle moved a resolution instructing the executive committee to promote the Parliamentary enfranchisement of women—married, single or widowed, who possessed the legal qualification entitling men to vote, but not making it a test question at the next General Election. The resolution was carried with only twelve dissentients.
- Annual meeting of the Peace Society.
19. Disastrous floods in America. Many lives lost.
20. Explosion in a dynamite factory near Bilbao. Eight persons killed.
- The village of Handley, in Dorset, almost totally destroyed by fire.
21. New Labour Exchange opened at Paris. Defeat of the Jebus in the West of Africa, and Jebu Ode taken. Four soldiers killed and forty-two wounded.
- Wreck of the Brazilian ironclad *Solimoes*. One hundred and twenty-five lives lost.
- Visit of M.P.'s to the Portsmouth Arsenal.
23. The murderer Deeming hanged at Melbourne.
24. The title, Duke of York, Earl of Inverness, and Baron Kilmarney, conferred on Prince George of Wales.
25. Earl Spencer installed at Manchester Town Hall as Chancellor of the Victoria University.
- Signor Giolitti laid before the Italian Chamber the programme of his Ministry. Reforms in all branches of the service, including the military expenditure, promised.
26. The golden wedding of the King and Queen of Denmark celebrated at Copenhagen.
- The Postmaster-General received a deputation introduced by Mr. Henniker Heaton, M.P., and representing nearly 500 newspaper proprietors and managers. They dwelt upon grievances in relation to the postal restrictions upon fortnightly and monthly journals. Sir James Fergusson promised to give the matter careful consideration.
27. Signor Giolitti announced in the Italian Chamber that he and his colleagues had tendered their resignations to the King, who had refused to accept them.
- In the London County Council it was agreed "That all contractors be compelled to sign a declaration that they pay the trade union rates of wages and observe the hours of labour and conditions recognised by the trade unions."
- Railway collision near Birmingham. Two killed and several injured.
- Reconstruction of the Portuguese Cabinet.
30. Explosion at the Corbail Mills, Paris. Four killed and many wounded.

BY-ELECTIONS.

April 30. Essex (Chelmsford Division).

Mr. Thomas Osborne (C) returned unopposed.	In 1885:	(C) 4,321	Mr. T. Baudel (C) returned unopposed.	In 1886:
	(L) 3,079			
Con. Majority 1,242				

May 11. Hackney (North).

Mr. W. R. Boulton (C) ...	4,460
Mr. T. A. Meates (GL) ...	3,491
Con. Majority ...	969

In 1885:	(C) 3,327	In 1886:	(C) 3,326
	(L) 2,911		(L) 1,839
Con. Majority 416		Con. Majority 1,487	

NOTABLE UTTERANCES.

- May 1. Mr. T. Healy, at Liverpool, on the Irish Parties.
2. Earl Spencer, at Gravesend, on the Disolution.
- The Bishop of London, at the National Temperance League, on the Progress of Temperance.
- Mr. Henniker Heaton, at the Manchester Chamber of Commerce, on Ocean Penry Postage.
- Sir James Crichton Browne, at the Medical Society of London, on Sex in Education.
3. Sir W. Harcourt, at a Conference of the National Liberal Federation, on the General Election.
- Dr. R. Spence Watson on the Work of the Liberation Society.
- Hon. Bernard Coleridge, at Sheffield, on the Control of the Irish Police.
- Lord George Hamilton, at Hove, on the Liberal Party and the General Election.
4. Mr. John Morley, at the National Liberal Club, on the Prospects of the Liberals at the General Election.
- Mr. Walter Long, at Marlborough, on Sir William Harcourt's Speech.
- Sir Edward Clarke, at Bermondsey, on the General Election.
6. Lord Salisbury, at the Covent Garden Theatre, on the Primrose League and Ireland.
- Mr. Labouchere, at Derby, on Ulster and Home Rule.
7. Mr. Balfour, at Manchester, on the Work of the Present Administration in Ireland.
- Sir John Gorst, at Carnarvon, on Labour Disputes.
- Mr. Walter Long, at Lyttleton, on Home Rule for Ireland.
9. Mr. Asquith, at Hampstead, on the Political Situation.
- Sir Graham Berry, at Melbourne, on the Financial Situation of Victoria.
- Mr. J. Lowther, at Ramsgate, on Home Rule for Ireland.
10. Sir William Harcourt, at Bristol, on Lord Salisbury's Speech about Ulster.
- Mr. Curzon, at Brighton, on India.
- Mr. Herbert Gladstone, at Shoreditch, on the Political Situation.
11. The Duke of Devonshire, at the Woman's Liberal Unionist Association, on the Liberal Party and the General Election.
- Mr. Labouchere, at Brigg, on the Liberal Policy.
- Lord G. Hamilton, at Ealing, on the Navy, etc.
- Sir Charles Tupper, at Cannon Street, on the Colonies.
- Mr. Matthews, at Worcester, on the Liberal Policy.
- Mr. Jackson, at Leeds, on Ireland.
- Sir James Fergusson, at Maldenhead, on the Work of the Government.
- Earl Spencer, at Bury, on Irish Policy.
- Mr. Stanfield, at East St. Pancras, on the Political Situation.
12. Lord Rosebery, at Edinburgh, on the Liberal Party and Social Questions.
- Mr. W. L. Cowes, at the United Service Institution, on Torpedo Boats in War.
- Mr. J. Lowther, at Margate, on Ireland.
13. The Prince of Wales, on the Naval Exhibition.
- Lord Rosebery, at Glasgow, on Social Legislation.
- The Duke of Norfolk and Earl Cadogan, at Prince's Hall, on the Primrose League.
- Mr. W. O'Brien, at Cork, on the Irish Parties.
14. Mr. Balfour, at the Newspaper Press Fund Dinner, on Politics and the Press.
- Sir R. Temple, at the Holborn Restaurant, on the Primrose League.
- Sir Walter Foster, at Haver, on the Derbyshire Miners' Association.
16. Mr. W. H. Preece, at the Royal Institute of British Architects, on the Electric Light.

17. Mr. Labouchere, at Ely, on the Liberal and Tory Parties.
Sir John Gorst, at St. Albans, on Thrift.
Lord Brassey, at Birkenhead, on Home Rule for Ireland.
Mr. John Burns, at Battersea, on the General Election.
18. Lord Salisbury, at Hastings, on Protection and Trade.
Earl Spencer, at Richmond, on the General Election.
Sir M. Hicks-Beach, at the Constitutional Club, on the Political Situation.
Sir Henry James, at Cardiff, on Ulster.
Lord G. Hamilton, at Acton, on the Political Situation.
19. Sir Charles Russell, at West Southwark, on Home Rule for Ireland and for London.
Viscount Cross, at Salford, on Home Rule and the General Election.
Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, at Maidstone, on the Labour Party.
Sir M. Hicks-Beach, at the Constitutional Club, on the Political Situation.
20. Lord Knutsford, at Kilburn, on the Government.
Sir John Gorst, at Poplar, on the Land Question.
Sir Lyon Playfair, at Leeds, on Retaliation.
Mr. Donald Mackenzie, at Liverpool, on the Future of Morocco.
21. Mr. John Morley, at Huddersfield, on the Political Situation.
22. Mr. John Burns, at Blackheath, on Government Employees.
23. The Duke of Argyll, at Westminster, on Home Rule.
Sir M. H. Grant Duff, at the Royal Geographical Society, on the Work of the Society for the Past Year.
Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, at Kingswood, on Ulster and Home Rule.
25. Mr. Chaplin, at Birmingham, on the General Election.
Mr. Arnold Morley, at Nottingham, on the Irish Local Government Bill, etc.
26. Lord Rosebery, at Birmingham, on Mr. Chamberlain, etc.
Earl Spencer, at Manchester, on the Victoria University.
27. The Duke of Devonshire, at Glasgow, on the Coming Dissolution.
Mr. Labouchere, at Chelmsford, on the General Election.
28. Mr. Chaplin, at St. Albans, on the Work of the Government.
Sir W. Harcourt, at Braintree, on Ulster and the General Election.
The Lord Mayor, at the Mansion House, on Wales.
Mr. Jackson, at Leeds, on Free Education.
30. Lord Ashbourne, at Lynn, on the Dissolution.

PARLIAMENTARY RECORD.

HOUSE OF LORDS.

- May 2. Re-assembling of the House of Lords after the Easter Recess.
12. The Commons amendments to the Short Titles Bill agreed to.
16. Water Companies (Regulation of Powers) Bill read a second time.
19. The Elementary Education (Blind and Deaf) Bill and the Companies (Certificate of Incorporation) Bill read a second time.
20. Water Companies (Regulation of Powers) Bill passed through Committee.
27. Lord Dunraven moved for a copy of the resolution of the Canadian House of Commons with reference to preferential trade with the United Kingdom, and advocated a system of reciprocity. Lord Balfour of Burleigh disclaimed any sympathy with the policy of Protection. The Small Holdings Bill was read a first time.

HOUSE OF COMMONS.

- May 2. Discussion on the Education and Local Taxation Relief (Scotland) Bill.
3. Further discussion in Committee on the Scotch Equivalent Grant.
54. The Second Reading of the Local Authorities (Purchase of Land) Bill moved by Mr. Haldane, and defeated by 223 votes to 148.

The Debate was interrupted by Mr. Cunningham Graham, who was named by the Speaker and suspended from the service of the House.

5. The Scotch Equivalent Grant Bill passed through Committee.
- Discussion in Committee on the Supplementation Act Amendment (No. 2) Bill.
6. The Evidence in Criminal Cases Bill was referred to the Standing Committee on Law.
8. Discussion in Committee on the Small Holdings Bill.
10. Further Discussion on the Small Holdings Bill.
- North Eastern Railway Bill passed.
- Mr. Caldwell moved a resolution in favour of extending and amending the Crofters' Holdings (Scotland) Act. Mr. Shaw Stewart moved an amendment declaring that the main improvement in the land tenure system in the Highlands was to be found in an extension of the land purchase principle. The Government accepted the amendment, and the resolution was defeated by 152 votes to 114.
12. The Bill for extending the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway read a third time, after it had been shown that cheap trains for workmen would be run. Clauses 5 and 6 added to the Small Holdings Bill in Committee.
13. The amendments to the original clauses in the Small Holdings Bill disposed of. On the motion to go into Committee of Supply, Mr. R. G. Webster proposed as an amendment that the clauses in the Ballot Act which permit the illiterate vote should be repealed. It was carried by 115 votes to 56.
16. The Budget resolutions discussed in Committee. Sir William Harcourt criticized Mr. Goschen's finance, and Mr. Goschen replied. The formal resolutions were finally agreed to.
17. In reply to Mr. Bryce and Mr. Labouchere, Mr. Balfour announced that it was intended to take a vote on account on the 25th or 26th of the month, and that it would probably be for a month or six weeks.
- The Small Holdings Bill passed through Committee.
18. Mr. Shaw Lefevre moved the second reading of the Plural Vote Abolition Bill. Mr. T. W. Russell moved an amendment against the principle of one man one vote, unless the number of representatives in England, Wales, Scotland, and Ireland were previously settled in proportion to the population. The second reading was refused by 243 votes to 196, and the amendment carried by 237 votes to 189.
19. Eastbourne Improvement Act Amendment Bill read a third time.
- Mr. Balfour moved the second reading of the Irish Local Government Bill, and Mr. Sexton moved its rejection. After some discussion, the debate was adjourned.
20. Debate on the Irish Local Government Bill continued by Mr. Bryce and others.
23. Debate on the Irish Local Government Bill continued by Mr. W. O'Brien, Mr. Chamberlain, Mr. T. Healy, Sir G. Trevelyan, Mr. Jackson, and others.
24. In a debate on the Irish Local Government Bill, Mr. Gladstone spoke in opposition to the Bill, and Mr. Balfour replied. Mr. Sexton's amendment for the rejection of the Bill was defeated by 339 votes to 247, and the Bill was then read a second time.
- Dr. Cameron moved his resolution in favour of the Disestablishment and Disendowment of the Church of Scotland. It was rejected by 265 votes to 209.
25. The second reading of the Electors Qualification and Registration Bill carried by 295 votes to 88.
26. Indian Councils Bill read a third time.
- In Committee of Supply a vote on account of £4,632,320 was formally put. Mr. Gladstone suggested that the Government would soon make a statement in regard to the future of public business. Mr. Balfour replied that an appropriate occasion for such a statement might be found.

27. Small Holdings Bill read a third time.
- Customs and Inland Revenue Bill read a third time.
- Debate on the Postal Service in Rural Districts.
30. National Education (Ireland) Bill read a second time.

OBITUARY.

- May 1. Yates Carrington, artist, 55.
3. Charles E. Flower, of Stratford-upon-Avon.
5. Professor August Wilhelm Hofmann, of Berlin.
- Sir Henry Harrison, Member of the Bengal Board of Revenue, 55.
- Ernest Guiraud, composer, 55.
8. Professor James Thomson, of Glasgow, 70.
9. Lord Bramwell, 84.
- M. Baross y Bellus, Hungarian Minister of Commerce.
- Canon Weldon Champneys, 53.
11. General Grösser, Prefect of St. Petersburg, 58.
13. Ferdinand Poise, French composer, 63.
14. Rev. John Henry Moran, Chaplain of the National Hospital, Queen Square, 84.
15. Father Lockhart, 72.
- Charles Henry Meldon, formerly M.P. for Co. Kildare, 51.



THE LATE SIR JAMES ALLPORT.
(Photographer, W. Winter, Derby.)

17. General Klapka, 72.
18. James R. O'grod, publisher, 57.
- Count Teleki, Hungarian patriot, 70.
- Sergeant John Fleming, Survivor of the Balaklava Charge, 70.
- Admiral James Stoddart, 78.
- Professor Jules Duprato, 65.
21. Baron Rosenörn-Lehn, for twenty-two years Danish Minister for Foreign Affairs, 71.
22. General Maurizio Gerbaix de Sonnaz, 73.
- The Maharajah of Ulwar.
24. Sir Alexander Campbell, Lieutenant-Governor of Ontario, 70.
25. Sir Charles Butt, President of the Probate and Divorces Division of the High Court of Justice, 61.
26. Herr von Forekenbeck, Chief Burgomaster of Berlin.
27. Canon Lloyd Lloyd.
29. Rear-Admiral Mayne, 57.
- The deaths are also announced of Moritz Karasowski, musician; Count Holstein-Holsteinborg, 76; J. Foxcroft Cole, landscape painter; Mrs. Sale Barker, authoress, 50; Dr. Wilhelm Rust, editor of Bach's works, 70; Richard Lsclde, formerly Victor Hugo's secretary; Paul Sandriquet, formerly Gambetta's secretary; Herr von Kleist Retzow, Member of the German Imperial Diet, 78; Joseph Martin, French explorer.

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A FAMOUS ARTIST IN BLACK AND WHITE.

CHARLES SAMUEL KEENE.

IT never occurred, we have no hesitation in saying, to the great majority of *Punch* readers to think, when they were chuckling over the "legends" of C. K.'s drawings, that they were looking at the work of a great artist. It was given only to the few to appreciate his wonderful power of black and white drawing, his marvellous technique, his gift of representing the humorous side of nature without absolutely caricaturing or exaggerating the peculiarities of his subjects. Charles Keene was a great artist, in spite of the apparent "easiness" and "coarseness" of his work. It was his own fault, perhaps, that he was never officially recognised as such by his brother artists, for although it was proposed that he should be put up for election to the Royal Society of Painters in Water Colours, he never took advantage of the offer; and never, although it was suggested to him by a person in very high authority, exhibited at the Royal Academy in order to give its members an opportunity of officially recognising his eminence as an artist. However, at the Royal Academy banquet, 1891, Sir Frederic Leighton feelingly referred to his death and to his work:—

I cannot pass by in silence the loss which has recently befallen us through the death of that delightful artist and unsurpassed student of character, Charles Keene. Never have the humours of the life of certain classes of Englishmen been seized with such unerring grasp as in his works; never have they been arrested with a more masterly

artistic skill. Among the documents for the study in future days of middle-class and of humble English life, none will be more weighty than the vivid sketches of this great humourist.

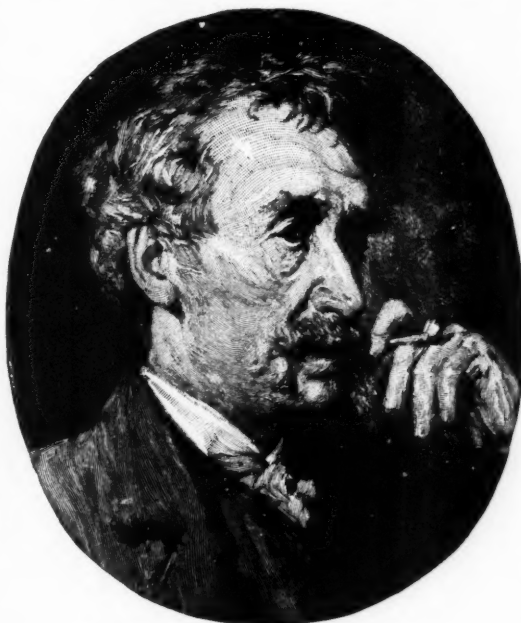
But if the amount of recognition which he won here in England was comparatively small, in France he was always thought very highly of, his work being compared with that of Degas, Menzel, and Pizarro.

Charles Keene died on the 4th of January, 1891; and here, in a bulky, buckram-covered volume, we have his "Life and Letters," by Mr. George Somes Layard,* which, if not the most important, is at all events one of the most interesting and readable books of the month. Not that the chronicle is in any sense of the word an eventful one—that it certainly is not. Keene's life was placid and undisturbed, and beset with but few difficulties.

* "Life and Letters of Charles Keene, of *Punch*." By George Somes Layard. (London: Sampson Low and Co.) 21s.

He was born in Hornsey, on August 10th, 1823. His father, Samuel Browne Keene, was a solicitor; his mother, Mary Sparrow, came of an old Ipswich family of that name. In 1840, having been educated in London and at the Ipswich Grammar School, he was placed by his mother in the office of his father's partner that he might qualify for the legal profession. But, says Mr. Layard, he showed, even in his seventeenth year, "far more industry in the illustration of his blotting-pad than in his study of legal precedents." Indeed, so evident was the direction in which his taste lay, that he was

almost at once removed by his mother and placed in an architect's office, where, in his leisure hours and evenings, he spent all his time upon figure-drawing and the execution of historical or nautical subjects in water-colours. By these he set little store. Not so his mother, who, struck by their cleverness, boldly took them off to Paternoster Row, where she sold them for a small sum to a dealer, who requested that the youth's future work should be submitted to him. Keene continued to supply drawings of this class, until one day, when they were seen by a "stranger"—whom Mr. Layard does not identify—who introduced him to the Whympers. They proposed to him that he should throw up his architectural work and be bound to them as an apprentice. This was agreed to, and under them it was that Charles Keene, like Fred Walker, acquired his knowledge of the technique of wood-engraving. His term of apprenticeship to the Whympers being over, he found it necessary to take a studio, and he hired the attic floor of an old house in the Strand, facing the top of Norfolk Street, which Mr. Layard says (and we can bear him witness) is now "but the corpse of a house in a winding-sheet of advertisements, only waiting its removal for the widening of the Strand." Here he worked steadily for the *Illustrated London News*, *Once a Week*, and other papers. In 1851 his work first found a place in the pages of *Punch*, but at first he refused to let himself be known as their author, drawing them for Mr. Henry Silver, a literary contributor, who passed them in as his own. This continued to 1854—when Charles Keene first initialed his sketches. During the next ten years he drew occasionally for *Punch*, but only as an outside contributor, working mainly for *Once a Week*, which belonged



(From the oil painting by Sir George Reid, P.R.S.A.)

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Tourist:—"Can you direct me to the Royal Institution?"
 Native:—(vacant stare.)
 Tourist:—"Pictures—statues—?"
 Native:—"Oo—et's the stükky feggars—yon's et'."

A. "SUGGESTION" BY MR. CRAWHALL FOR A "PUNCH" SUBJECT.

See opposite—"A MODERN ATHENIAN."

to the same proprietors, Messrs. Bradbury and Agnew. Here he illustrated poems, short stories, and serials—Mr. George Meredith's "Evan Harrington" *inter alia*.

In 1860 Keene received his first invitation to a *Punch* dinner, "to which, tradition says, though slightly in error, no stranger is ever admitted on any pretext whatever."

Henceforth he was entitled—although, by the way, he would never avail himself of the privilege—to append to his name the honourable appellation "of *Punch*." It should, however, here be stated that Keene never became a member of the staff. Frequently pressed to do so at a fixed and liberal salary, he preferred not to be tied down to the production of so many drawings every week, and always insisted upon being paid by the piece. If he drew an initial letter he was paid so much, and if a "social" or a cartoon so much.

For the first two or three years Keene was a regular attendant at the dinner, but "afterwards came increasingly to look on what most consider an inestimable privilege as somewhat tiresome." He was of little use, too, in suggesting subjects for the weekly political cartoon.

He spoke very little, and was apt to throw cold water on projects under decision. If specially appealed to for his opinion, he would, as likely as not, pass upon them a short and comprehensive criticism, such as "D—d bad," and relapse, with a twinkle in his eye, into smoke and silence. It was characteristic of the man not to care for these gatherings, just because it was considered a great privilege to be invited. He found them irksome and of little use to him in his work. In August, 1887, we find him writing to Mr. Edwards: "I'm very much obliged for the books—a godsend to a derelict stranded in London; everybody away and the club shut up!—obliged to go to the '*Punch*' dinner for company."

It will come as a revelation to most readers of this volume that it was very seldom that Keene provided the jokes for his own pictures. The majority of them were regularly sent him by his friends—Mr. Joseph Crawhall and Mr. Andrew W. Tuer, the publisher. They used to make a rough sketch (we have reproduced one such example) to accompany the joke, upon which Keene would improve.

Beyond the fact that Keene was an enthusiastic musician, an expert in bagpipe playing, and a collector of everything from arrow-heads to cookery-books, there is very little more to be said. He was a singularly happy letter-writer, as the reader can judge from the number reprinted in the volume, but his life was so absolutely uneventful that they are more noticeable for their grace of style than for the subjects of which they treat. In one respect the volume is disappointing. Mr. Layard gives the public, always eager for gossip about journalistic life, too little information about Keene's work on *Punch* and his connection with his colleagues, but this is the only fault we can find with a work which in every other respect is admirable. It contains a large number of Keene's *Punch* studies and unprinted sketches—all reproduced in a way which is best calculated to show off their many qualities.



From "*Punch*," November 10, 1877.

A MODERN ATHENIAN.

SOUTHERN TOURIST (in Edinburgh): "Can you direct me to the Royal Institution?"

NATIVE (vacant stare): "What est?"

TOURIST (giving a clue): "Pictures, you know—statues—and—"

NATIVE (after much thought): "Oo—et's the stükky feggars yo mean!"—(pointing).—"Yon's et'!"



From Judy,]

THE WHISPERED QUESTION.

[May 11, 1892.

(With apologies to Mr. J. R. Weguelin.)

"Can't you tell us what your Home Rule really is?"



From Quiz,]

[May 5, 1892.

ARTHUR B—'S HANGING COMMITTEE IN PARLIAMENT.At the Royal Academy dinner, Mr. A. J. Balfour playfully suggested that a Hanging Committee in the House of Commons, with power to reject speeches, would be desirable.—*Vide* daily papers.

From Judy,]

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OLD.

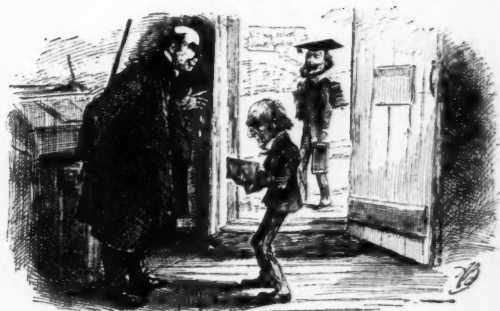
[May 4, 1892.



From Moonshine,]

DESERTED!

[May 7, 1892



From Moonshine,]

[May 21, 1892.

THE IRISH SCHOOLMASTER—AND HIS PUPIL.



From *Il Capogallo*,]

This octopus will cause us a great deal of trouble if we have to take it away from what it has seized upon.

[May 7, 1892.



From *La Silhouette*,]

Poor blind man—Where will they lead him?

[May 15, 1892.



From *La Silhouette*,]

THE SALON IN THE CHAMPS ÉLYSÉES.

[May 8, 1892.

LAST HOUR.—The guardians have had to separate M. Renan, of Bonnat, and the Pope. These two pontiffs have not been able to look at one another without laughing.



[April 30, 1892,

A DISTANT PROSPECT.

Salisbury (the footman): "Were you waiting to see Mr. Bull, sir?"
Mr. Foster (from Canada): "Yes; I'm waiting til' he gets ready to discuss Discriminating Duties in favour of the Colonies."
Salisbury: "In that case, sir, you had better be seated. You will probably have to wait a couple of centuries."



April 23, 1892.

BEYOND REDEMPTION

Sir John: "I pledged my honour, and blowed if I haven't lost the ticket."

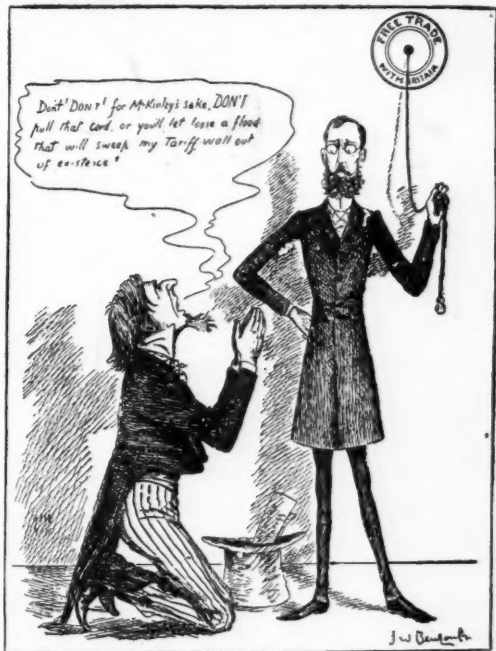
[On two or three occasions during the Recess, Sir John Thompson invited all who had charges to make against members of Parliament or ministers of the Crown to bring the same before the House, and he pledged his honour that thorough investigations would be made.]



[April 2, 1892.

A STUDY IN BLACK AND WHITE

Sam Griffith (preparing to go on): "Well, if they don't like the black side, I can keep the white side towards the audience!"



[May 7, 1892.

"WE'VE GOT HIM ON A STRING."

From *Der Wahre Jacob*,]

[May 14, 1892]

A GERMAN VIEW OF THE EGYPTIAN SITUATION.

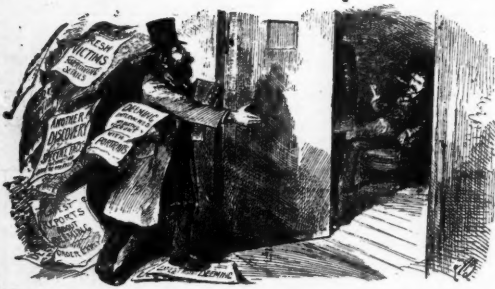
From *Funny Folks*,]

[May 7, 1892.]

FORTUNATE FOLKS.

Robert Louis the First of Samoa.

"The latest Australian papers leave no room for doubt that by general consent Mr. Stevenson is now regarded as the first citizen of Samoa, and it events should develop in the direction of the choice of a ruler by the popular will, the author of 'Treasure Island' would assuredly head the poll."

From *Moonshine*,]

[May 14, 1892.]

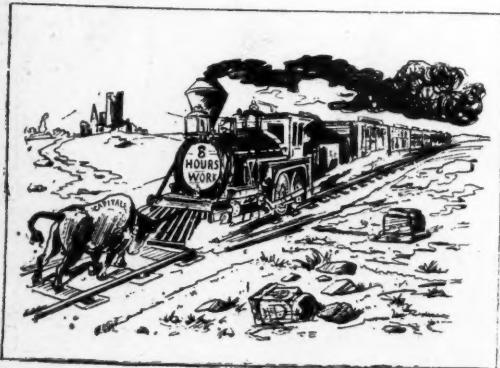
OUR SENSATIONAL JOURNALISM.

SENSATIONAL JOURNALIST: "Good bye, Mr. Deeming; I shall miss you, indeed. You've been a kind friend to me."

From *Judy*,]

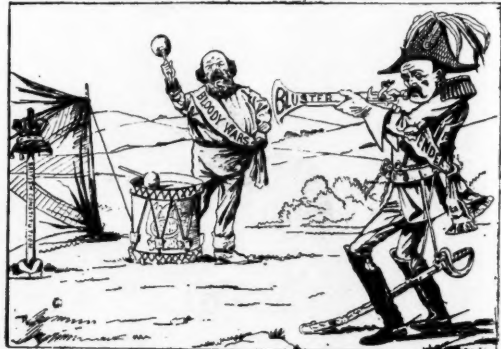
[May 11, 1892.]

REFINEMENT IN THE EAST END, THANKS TO THE TEE-TO-TUM CLUBS.

From *Der Wahre Jacob*,]

[April 30, 1892.]

FULL STEAM AHEAD!

From the *Weekly Freeman*,]

[May 21, 1892.]

THREE SHOTS A PENNY.

SALISBURY: "Now then, my noble sportsman, fire away."
COL. SAUNDERSON: "All right, governor, I'm game for anything."
SALISBURY (aside): "There's no danger; I know the darned thing won't go off."

CHARACTER SKETCH: JUNE.

LOUISE MICHEL: PRIESTESS OF PITY AND OF VENGEANCE.



LOUISE MICHEL.

(From a photograph by Philips,
31, High Holborn.)

her madness which we shall do well to note. For she is of the type of those "madmen who have made men mad," and, unlike "Macedonia's madman or the Swede," of whom Pope sings, Louise's lunacy at least has been singularly free from the least trace or sully shadow of selfishness. Self-sacrifice has been the law of her being, and sympathy for others the inspiration of her life. Such a figure is surely better worth study than those of the familiar puppets who, when they are jerked to and fro by the wires of the election agent and the editor, imagine that they are disposing of the destinies of the nations.

JOAN OF ARC AND CHARLOTTE CORDAY.

France, which produces so many striking figures, has no daughter living to-day whose story in romantic interest and intensity of human passion can vie with that of Louise Michel. She is a Joan of Arc without her victories, a Charlotte Corday without her knife, with all the enthusiasm of the one and all the ruthlessness of the other. Joan, Charlotte, and Louise form a trio of female worthies characteristic of France. Each in her own way was, in her own generation, the incarnation of the spirit of revolt against dominant oppression. The Maid of Orleans against the English, Charlotte Corday against Marat, of the Terror, Louise Michel against the Empire and against all tyranny, whether of dynasties or of capital—each in her own way is a supreme type of the female militant. But to Louise Michel has been denied the boon which her predecessors enjoyed. "Whom the gods love die young"—Jeanne d'Arc perished at the stake as a witch when only twenty years old; Charlotte Corday bowed her fair young head beneath the stroke of the guillotine when only twenty-five; Louise Michel lives still. She is over fifty, and care and toil and many trials have made her look still older than her years. But when she shouldered the rifle in the defence of the Commune she was under thirty, and it was a mere accident that she failed in her fixed design of slaying Napoleon on the eve of his departure to meet his doom at Sedan.

France under the Empire was prose incarnate. Under

the Republic it is little better. The French, once the most brilliant of peoples, have all become drab. Only here and there do we find a patch of colour. In politics a dull monotone of uniform mediocrity is almost universal. The Third Republic has not been prolific in heroes or in martyrs. Its temple is still the Bourse, and its sordid ideals lend scant inspiration to the soul of man. In such a dreary desert of neutral tints Louise Michel glows like the welcome patch of red on a painter's canvas. Here at least there still glows the martyr fire. Here is a hero soul—mad no doubt, mad with the passion of pity and the sympathy for pain, but of the same enthusiastic stuff which filled the catacombs with the bones of the sainted dead, and to whose dauntless intrepidity, attested in many a bloody amphitheatre, the Galilean owed the triumph which Julian acknowledged in the bitter moment of defeat and death.

I.—CHILDHOOD AND YOUTH.

It is difficult to analyse the ingredients that make up Louise Michel. Heredity, even if we exclude the favourite Theosophical doctrine of re-incarnation, holds a key that would unlock many mysteries, for the poet is born, not made, and Louise Michel is a poet in politics. "When each comes forth from his mother's womb," says Emerson, "the gate of gifts closes behind him." What pre-natal influences moulded this strange and pathetic character, who can say? Louise herself, in her "Memoires," does not go back beyond her infancy. All that we can know therefore is the kind of surroundings in which the seed germinated; we know nothing of the seed itself. But that, of course, is the essential thing. Thousands of young girls wore short frocks in the romantic borderland of old Lorraine in the days when Louise Michel was romping under the cherry trees, were played upon by the same influences, enjoyed the same sun, and were encompassed by the same atmosphere of legend and romance; but of all the thousands there came forth but one Louise. Her environment influenced her no doubt, as the hammer of the smith influences the iron which, glowing from the forge, is laid on his anvil. But the primary question is not environment, but character, as with the smith the first essential is that he should have iron to deal with and not wood or lead. Louise, an illegitimate child, was born in the ruins of an old feudal castle with four castellated towers, known to the country-folk as the Stronghold, or the Tomb. In this old ruin, surrounded by a multitude of animal pets, the imaginative child was brought up by her grandparents, feeding her mind from earliest years upon everything that could minister to a romantic fancy. In the long winter nights, while the snow lay white on the hills, and the wind whistled shrill through the ruins, the wolves, driven by hunger, would surround the castle, and their howls, mingled with the answering baying of the hounds, made strange music. Of the scenery from the windows she was reminded by the blue mountains which looked down on Sydney Harbour, and to her romantic surroundings—one lone child interned in the old ruin—she attributes the poetic temperament which is one of her most striking characteristics. Poetry, she says, decidedly was not in her family. The gift was not inherited. But as to that who can say?

THE SCHOOL OF COMPASSION.

Little Louise lived with her mother, her aunt, her two grandmothers, and her grandfather. The latter was the only man in the house. But her real companions were the four-footed beasts with which the castle swarmed.



LOUISE MICHEL'S MOTHER.

Among her earliest companions and playmates were a tortoise, a pet deer, a tame wolf, several hares left orphans when tiny leverets, an owl, a partridge, several quails, and a few bats. Outside there were the old mares, one of which used to come into the drawing-room for sugar, and their foals; the dreamy-eyed cows, the pigs, and a few wild boars. All the birds and beasts seemed to form a happy family. The indoor pets gathered together round the fire on a winter evening in the great hall, while little Louise sat at her grandfather's feet and listened to the reading that went on, varied only by the click of the knitting needles and the occasional crackling of the branches in the fire. It was there where Louise Michel learnt that sympathy and compassion which dominated her whole subsequent life. For the girl, who learnt to love as if they were human the furred and feathered friends who surrounded her grandfather's hearth, grew up with a tender sympathy for the dumb and the helpless, a sympathy which fretted her almost into frenzy when she saw the dull brutality of torture to which the voiceless ones were subjected by the peasants who lived in the neighbourhood. She was ten years old before her mother could induce her to taste meat of any kind. It seemed a species of cannibalism. The frog cut in two by the spade, the worn-out horse driven into the leech ponds, the goose nailed by its feet before the fire, the kitten dragged by a string through the street as if it were a go-cart, the little bird given as a plaything to a child of two or three, who pulled it to pieces—all these things roused in the child a loathing and a horror which even at the earliest age found vent in longings for vengeance. She longed to see the horse trample down its pitiless tormentor; but, as she reflects with a sigh, tamed brutes and coerced races patiently bear their doom. As they could not avenge themselves Louise set herself to rescue what she could. She ransomed imprisoned larks and linnets by parting with her toys, and sometimes made forays upon her neighbours

It was, as she says, a veritable menagerie. The house was full of animals, and she was one of the family. There were great grey wolf-hounds, and pet dogs of all kinds, a legion of cats, who seem to have entered on a league of peace and friendship with the mice which swarmed everywhere, and who extended the same kindly consideration to the birds. The temple-haunting martin and the ubiquitous sparrow nested in the walls, and the place was alive with larks.

and rescued the little victims with a high hand. "I took advantage," she said, "of my strength over younger children, an excusable action on my part, seeing that by so acting I was placing my strength at the service of right." So she grew up, loving the oppressed, hating the oppressor, and making her own home the nest and shelter-house of all the unfortunates of the country-side.

AMONG BEASTS, AND BIRDS, AND BOOKS.

Louise Michel was brought up in a library, among people much older than herself. Although she declares her poetic gift was not hereditary, she tells us that "each event of importance which occurred in our family was carefully recorded in verse by my grandmother in two big books of unusually thick paper, which at her death I wrapped up in crape." She soon seems to have learnt to read, and to have been allowed to read everything. Bossuet bored her, and she promptly set to work to write a universal history of her own, being prompted thereto by the perusal of a school history brought home by her cousin Jules. She abandoned that impossible task for a poem upon Cona, one of the hills in the neighbourhood, and then again set that on one side for the study of natural history. She had a sanctum in one of the towers of the castle, where she practised the black art, and collected skeletons of birds and beasts, studied chemistry, manufactured a lute out of a deal board and some guitar strings, and generally did as she pleased. She read Molière, Voltaire, Corneille, Victor Hugo, the illustrated magazines, and every book she could get hold of. It was her grandfather who taught her to be a Republican. He told her at the fireside the long epic of the first Republic, and then, ceasing to be the enthusiast and becoming the cynic, he explained how easily nations and men allowed themselves to be deceived. From him Louise acquired a passionate devotion for the Republic and for the Revolution which has never left her. The book which first left a notable mark on her life was Lamennais's "Words of a Believer" (*Les paroles d'un Croyant*). She read it with two girls of the village, and "its pages were soaked with our tears." From that day she felt herself one with the masses of the race. From that moment began that weary pilgrimage which, starting from Lamennais, has brought her to her present demented faith in Anarchy. Thus reading, writing, and thinking: an ugly, mischievous, precocious girl, with sunburnt face, dishevelled hair and ragged dress, she grew up with a passionate love of liberty in her soul, and a fierce hatred of all oppressors glowing in her heart.

THE LEGENDS OF THE LAND.

The country-side was rich in legendary lore. Louise Michel is somewhat of a psychic herself, having from time to time strange glimpses into futurity, of which she but seldom speaks. But when she invoked the devil to appear in the haunted castle, using the customary invocations, and protesting her love for him, she saw nothing, and thereupon incontinently concluded there was no devil—which was, to say the least, a somewhat precipitate judgment. Near her home was the Lady's Well, where an old beldame declared she saw three spectral washerwomen, but whether they existed or not Louise could not say. She had watched for them many a time, but they remained invisible. The Will-o'-the-wisp fire that danced among the willows was the theme of many a weird tale. There was the aforesaid haunted castle, and there was the legend of the holy hermit of the Cara, who prayed all day that the villagers might be preserved from a wicked bandit who preyed upon them all night; but it

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was at last found that the hermit was the bandit, both roles being played by the same man. Louise made this the subject of one of her innumerable poems, the humour of it suiting her sardonic fancy. Reared in the midst of folk-lore, Louise acquired that taste for legendary tales which led her in after life to collect so patiently and enthusiastically the scattered relics of the folk-tales of the Kanakas of New Caledonia.

HER FIRST COMPANION.

Jules, her cousin, was a male counterpart of herself. When he came from school Louise and he revelled in all the delight of a companionship in which there was just sufficient contrariety to give spice to a union cemented by innumerable sympathies. The two young things, as wild as unbroken colts, romped through the woods, discussing the oddest of questions, playing the rudest of pranks, and abandoning themselves without restraint to the impulse of the moment. Together they re-arranged Victor Hugo's dramas, so as to render it possible for the whole piece to be performed by their two selves. All artistic questions were discussed as they sat perched in the cherry trees, ever and anon interrupting grave disquisitions on the unities by pelting each other with fruit or descending to the ground for a battle-royal. On one occasion they fought over the question of woman's rights. Young Jules maintained, after the fashion of the dominant male, that if Louise, by studying her books, kept her intelligence abreast of his, she could only be regarded as an abnormal specimen of her sex. She could not stand this imputation on womanhood, and replied hotly. From words they came to blows, and the youthful poets literally broke their lutes over each other's heads. They soon made it up, however, and resumed their search for toads, which they used to collect in order to put into the pockets or throw at the heads of wicked people. Ultimately they gave this up, realising that however just it might be to the wicked ones, it was abominably cruel to the toads. In the yard behind the wall they improvised a stage on the woodpile, on which they represented all the bloodiest episodes of the Reign of Terror. Before their imaginative eyes the woodpile became a scaffold. They ascended it in turn as if they were going to the guillotine, and crying *Vive la République*, lay down, and placed their heads under the (imaginary) fatal knife. They seemed to have a strange craving for the horrible. Children, like savages, delight in blood, and Louise and Jules ransacked their histories for tales of terror. Sometimes they would mount the woodpile as if it were a funeral pyre, and throw into dramatic form the burning of Huss, or other terrible scenes in the history of religious persecution. They sang as they mounted the scaffold, until one day the grandfather told them that this was too theatrical. They should ascend it quietly, and then proclaim aloud on the platform the principles for which they were supposed to die. When they tired of the historical drama they hunted the pigs through the orchard, pretending they were hunting wild boars. So passed the happy days of childhood, beneath the shadows of the dark poplars, breathing air thick with the scent of rose, and mignonette, and honeysuckle, and full of the melodies of old time and the music of ancient ballads. Louise grew up in all the freedom and glory of untrammelled youth.

OFFERS OF MARRIAGE.

Louise ought to have fallen in love with her cousin Jules. Had she done so this history would probably never have been written. But they were probably too good comrades to be lovers. It must be admitted that she was a Tartar to be wooed, as her two first suitors found

to their cost. When she was between twelve and thirteen two suitors came to ask for her hand. They were like ganders or ghosts, she says, somewhat cruelly; but it must be admitted they were not lacking in courage to tackle this young hoyden in short frocks. "My skirts were always too short, my aprons always torn, and the net in which I stowed my toads was often dangling from my pocket," when suitor number one came along with his offer of marriage. He wished to share his fortune, he said, with a wife brought up according to his own principles, and so he pitched upon Louise. She had been reading Molière that morning, and she replied to her wooer with a quotation from the scene between Agnes and Orgon, but he not understanding it, she dismissed him with a rude personal remark. Still worse was the way in which she despatched her second suitor. She said, "I do not love you. I shall never do so; and were I to be married to you I should treat you as Madame Angelique treated Georges Daudin." A terrible young miss, indeed. No wonder she said, "I never saw anyone so perfectly dumbfounded. He left us there and then, and never again set his foot in our house." She rejoiced in her good luck in ridding herself of his attentions; but she shuddered at the thought that there were parents who would have compelled their daughters to marry "one of these old baboons!"



LOUISE MICHEL.

TEACHING.

Louise Michel was born in 1839. When she was fourteen her grandparents died. She left the dear old ruin in which she had spent her happy childhood amid her animals and birds, and applied herself to study in order to qualify for teaching. She had always enjoyed teaching

She taught when a mere girl; she taught in New Caledonia; she is teaching in London to-day. Before starting school, she had been for a time subjected to contending currents of thought. Her aunt Victoire, pious, devout and enthusiastic, laboured for the soul of Louise, for a time with some apparent success. All her nieces, and Louise more than most, were carried away by mysticism; nor has she to this hour entirely rid herself of the impressions of the aunt's devotion. But she listened with equal attention to the Voltairean irony of her grandparents, and from the two influences she manufactured her working creed. She brought her aunt's religious enthusiasm to her grandfather's Republicanism. The pole star was the Revolution, and her life marched to the tune of the "Marseillaise," sung as a hymn of vengeance during the decline of the Empire. She was, une dévote de la Revolution. The Revolution, the revolt first against the Empire, and then against all the institutions of society, became for her the object of a religious enthusiasm, which has never ceased to inspire her life and direct her actions. In another world than this she believes but little; in the existing order of things she believes not at all, regarding it as but fuel for the burning. But that "dear and future vision which eager hearts expect" glows ever like a mirage of the desert before her hungry eyes. Already she sees the dawning in the eastern horizon that heralds the coming day. It glows to-day as resplendent as ever. Nor has hope deferred made her heart sick. It was a perilous faith to begin life with when the Imperial eclipse was darkening the fair fields of France, especially for a young teacher who had her living to get by keeping school. Pupils came in numbers, for the eccentric, kindly girl knew how to make herself beloved; but she soon got herself into trouble with the authorities. And no wonder. She taught her scholars to sing the "Marseillaise" first thing when school opened and last thing before it closed. Often they sang it, with tears, upon their knees. For those were days when, as the exile says bitterly, the "Marseillaise" was not yet dead in France. Here is a passage from her "Memoires" characteristic of the writer:—

A noise of wooden shoes heard from the prison cell from which I pen these lines, reminds me of other wooden shoes at Andeloucourt Church on Sundays, the black, small, and neat sabots of the children rushing to the door as soon as the organ began to peal forth the opening notes of the "Domine Salvum Fac Napoleonem." I had told my pupils that it was wicked and sacrilegious for any one to attend the prayers offered up for the man of December. That is why the black, small, and neat sabots ran away in such haste, making on the flagstones of the church a pretty little noise somewhat similar to a shower of hailstones—similar to it, though louder, was the sharp noise of the bullets fired from the windows of the Hôtel de Ville on the defenceless mob (January 22nd, 1871). Later I also heard the whizzing of other bullets and the sound of other sabots—the bullets of Versailles against the Prussians and the heavy sabots of the convicts in the centrales sounding drearily on the frozen ground, whilst the silent long rows of female prisoners moved on slowly under the snow-clad firs of Aubérine or the dark trees of Clermont.

Such teaching, with occasional newspaper essays in which Domitian was described in terms that applied to Napoleon, brought her once or twice before the authorities, but her school was never closed—which seems to show that there was more liberty under the Empire than is generally believed.

IN PARIS.

In 1855, at the close of the Crimean war, Louise came to Paris as an assistant teacher in the school of Madame

Volliers. She was eighteen—young, enthusiastic, passionately Republican—the material of which the saints are made. But the Church had sold itself to the man of December, and all chance of its guiding this fierce, impulsive human heart perished with the *Te Deum* in Notre Dame in honour of the author of the *coup d'état*. Here is one great tragedy of our times. The raw material of the saint and the martyr, self-sacrifice, zeal, courage, devotion, all the qualities with which the early Church regenerated the Roman world, and yet in the shaping and directing of this inestimable element, which is the first great duty of the Church, what is the Church doing? If Jesus of Nazareth had but come across the path of the wild young teacher from the Haut Marne, how different things might have been! But she only found Him in the cause of martyred liberty and of the oppressed people. She did not find guidance and sympathy and the repose that comes from the conscious strength of a great communion. When the Church goes a-woolgathering for the Devil, the children of God are left to wander like lost sheep in the desert. Louise Michel had not at this time hardened into the Revoltée. She hated the Empire, and she did well to hate it. She believed that the Republic was to cure all the miseries of mankind. And to bring about the Republic she was even then ready to do anything and dare everything, to fling away her life as a very little thing.

THE LOGIC OF THE POLITICAL ASSASSIN.

She wrote once when discussing this subject:—

I do not know what task Fate has sent me, but now, as in the days of my youth, I am fully prepared to perform it. During the latter years of the Empire the terrible strophes of Victor Hugo were ever crossing my mind:—

"Harmodius, c'est la heure

Tu peux frapper cet homme avec tranquillité."

I should have done it, for the death of that man would have saved the lives of millions of other men. When I was assistant schoolmistress somebody had promised to secure for me an interview with the tyrant. For in those days I did not like the idea of soliciting an audience even from Bonaparte in order to kill him. I should not now, however, be so scrupulous. It was not till a long time after that my friends succeeded in obtaining me the promised letter of introduction, but it came too late. The Emperor had gone to the seat of war.

Louise Michel was a countrywoman of Charlotte Corday's. She has reasoned herself into a belief in the usefulness of assassination. She says:—

Have you ever seen a viper whose neck has been severed? The head and the trunk writhe and move about as if trying to come together again. You feel grieved and sorry for the suffering thus inflicted on the reptile, but your reason furnishes an implacable argument against pity. Had not the viper been destroyed it might have bitten some person. Once on the hill on which our vineyard was situated some huntsmen drove a she-wolf at bay. The unfortunate beast, holding its young ones between its paws, was howling pitifully. Notwithstanding all my entreaties I could not induce them to spare its life. The mercy that as a child I sought for the she-wolf I should not seek for some men who are more cruel than wolves for their fellow-creatures. To strike down men personally responsible for the slavery and oppression of a whole nation there can be no more hesitation than to destroy a viper or to knock down the poor she-wolf with her young ones. Tyrants are doomed to die; no pity can be shown them. Such has always been my opinion, and should the occasion offer I should not hesitate to enforce it.

THE WOMAN IN REVOLT.

Such is her pitiless logic. It is not original. Nor is it exceptional, even in a woman. Judith slew Holofernes; and blessed among women was Jael, the wife of Heber

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the Kenite, for smiting Sisera through the temples as he lay asleep in her tent. Charlotte Corday said when she slew Marat: "I killed him to put an end to the troubles of France. I killed a man to save a hundred thousand men—a wretch to save the innocent, a wild beast to give peace to my country. Never have I wanted the energy of my convictions." Louise Michel, however, although ready to die in order to kill, has fortunately never put her creed in practice. During the Commune she offered to go to Versailles to give her life for that of M. Thiers; that is to say, she was to go to kill the little old President who was at the head of the Versailles, knowing that in doing so she would herself be killed. When she returned from Caledonia a false story ran that when she alighted on the platform she whispered to M. Rochefort, "The pig is fat; it is time he was killed!"—the pig in question being M. Gambetta, whose corpulence gave point to the allusion. Gambetta was killed by a woman, but not by a political assassin, and it is to be hoped Louise Michel will never have occasion to wield the dagger of Harmodius. It is not surprising that women in all ages should have distinguished themselves by assassination. Like deceit, it is the natural weapon of despairing weakness, and women in every age have had more reason to despair than men. Against the subjection of women Louise Michel is ever, and justly, in passionate revolt. Knowledge and liberty are the boons which woman demands, and so far, except in a few exceptional cases, she has demanded them in vain. To this hour not a single university in Germany has authorised women to study in these seats of learning, jealously monopolised by the men who, after dooming their sisters to ignorance, refuse them civic justice and human rights because they suffer from the consequences of their exclusion. As a consequence, while everywhere in society man suffers, woman suffers still more, and his sufferings are not to be compared to hers. Woman is trained either to be a housewife or a courtesan. She is excluded from citizenship, deprived of education, and defrauded of the wages of her labour, and in too many cases bidden to make up the deficiency by the sale of her person. Hence the iron enters into the soul of some women, and they become rebels. Sometimes, if they are Christians like Mrs. Butler, they are rebels for the Lord's sake. Sometimes if, like Louise Michel, they have been alienated from the Church, they are rebels for the sake of their sex. "In rebellion alone," exclaims Louise, "woman is at ease, trampling upon both prejudice and sufferings. All intelligent women will sooner or later rise in rebellion." This, no doubt, is overstrained and exaggerated. Except one or two like Louise Michel—to whom the smell of powder is as sweet incense, and to whom there is no music like the thunder of artillery and the bursting of shells—women are profoundly ill at ease in revolutions. But a woman who does not realise the injustice of the denial of justice and equal rights to her sex in Church and in State, is becoming the exception rather than the rule, and this change will work itself out in a profound social, moral, and economic revolution before long. And the slower comfortable women are in appreciating the wrongs of their sex, the more Louise Michels will be driven mad by the contemplation of the hopeless sum of human misery that is involved in the radical injustice in which the subjection of woman is based.

II.—THE COMMUNE.

When Louise Michel was crossing the Thol forest when quite a girl on her way to Clermont, she was followed all the way across the wood by a wolf. She heard his regular trotting, and saw his glaring eye the whole of the

journey. Fortunately, she was not alone, and the wolf did not attack the party. The incident was grimly characteristic of her career. Since she left the happy ruined castle in the woods, a wolf, gaunt, and hungry, and savage, has seldom left her side.

"It has always struck me," she wrote once, "that we feel our destiny as dogs smell the wolf. Our forebodings sometimes become reality with extraordinary accuracy." Louise, at least, always felt her destiny. During the fifteen years she was teaching in Paris, before the war, life was a long struggle; not by any means without its joys and its consolations, but all in preparation for the inevitable struggle. The way in which the Republicans kept alive the sacred fire during the Empire is unfamiliar to most of us who have grown up under the Third Republic. In those days there was inspiration in the very word "Republic." It was but another name for the Millennium. In clubs and lecture-rooms, and in their own homes, they cherished the mighty hope that ere long the Emperor would be overthrown, and that on that day righteousness and peace would prevail, the Golden Age would return, and liberated France would establish the reign of universal justice throughout the world.

THE WAR.

Far different indeed was the reality from the fond dreams of the Republican enthusiasts. The Empire fell in a night. But before it fell it had brought the German into the land, and the infamy of the *coup d'état* was avenged in the catastrophe of Sedan. Louise Michel, who had done what she could to protest against the war, took her first conspicuous part in French politics by collecting signatures for the petition praying for the release of Endes and Brideau, who had proclaimed the Republic before Sedan. Some of the memorialists wished to erase their signatures. "We are risking our heads." "Yes," said Louise, "you are risking your heads. So much the better. I'll risk mine with yours." An assurance more characteristic than consoling. She, with others, carried the petition to General Trochu, Governor of Paris. They were refused admission. "We have come in the name of the people of Paris," was their statement, and they bluntly refused to go unless their petition was received. It was the first occasion, but not the last, when Louise ventured to speak for the people of Paris. The German armies, crushing the French on a dozen battle-fields, advanced on Paris. Soon Louise Michel discovered that the Government of the Men of September differed only in name from the Government of the Men of December.

Here is her story of the first collision between the people of Paris and the Government of France. It is interesting as a kind of preparatory rehearsal of the subsequent outbreak:—

THE FUSILLADE FROM THE HÔTEL DE VILLE.

On January 22nd the revolutionists assembled in front of the Hôtel de Ville, where Chaudey was in command.

In spite of the protests that no surrender was contemplated, the people were suspecting some treason.

Being anxious not to disturb the peace—which feeling always leads to the crushing of those who give way to it—those revolutionists who were in arms withdrew; as for me, though I had my rifle, I confess that I stayed.

When there only remained in the open space in front of the Town Hall a defenceless crowd, a noise like that of hail was suddenly heard—it was produced by the bullets fired from the windows of the Hôtel de Ville by the Breton troops, whose pale faces could be plainly seen from the square opposite. The firing thus going on soon made large gaps in the ranks of the bystanders.

You it was, fair-haired children of Armorica, who thus murdered our defenceless friends. But you are fanatics

not traitors. You shoot us down. But you think it is your duty to do so, and, some day, you will join us in the conquest of liberty. You will then display in support of justice and freedom the same fierce energy as now in defence of tyranny, and with us you will storm the rotten institutions of the world.

Razona was in command of the battalions of the Montmartre National Guards. On the people's side no shot had been fired previous to the volleys of the Breton troops. But then, and then only, those of us who were armed and had withdrawn to the square round the Tour Saint Jacques, indignant at the treachery, hurried back to the Hôtel de Ville, and opened fire on the assailing troops; as to the men who were unarmed, they set about raising a barricade.

An old champion of the insurrection of June, 1848 (Malezieux), whose coat bore numerous traces of bullets, though he did not seem to pay any heed to them, remembered the days of his youth, and brave fellow, rose above the circumstances, wrapping himself up, as it were, in his flags of June.

Standing up in the centre of the Hôtel de Ville, buried in my thoughts, I was looking at the cursed windows, thinking that some day, the men who were shooting us down would join us. In May following, those very windows, destroyed by the fire that burned down the municipal palace, seemed to be staring, like the eyeless sockets of a skull, at the blazing city.

The hail-like noise of the bullets falling on the pavement went on uninterrupted, and the crowd was rapidly disappearing.

The shots fired at random from the Town Hall were killing harmless people strolling about in the neighbouring streets.

Close to me, a woman of my size, dressed in black, and whose features were very much like mine, fell, struck by a bullet; a young man who was with her was killed likewise. We could never ascertain who they were; the young man had the bold features of Southern people.

We were all indignant and many of us urged the necessity of reprisals; after much discussion it was, however, decided not to resort to violence on that day.

Sapia was killed on the 22nd of January, and many others besides; Henri Slace, who belonged to the Blanqui group, had his arm broken. Harmless passers-by as usual, killed like our own people, and on the graves we swore vengeance and liberty.

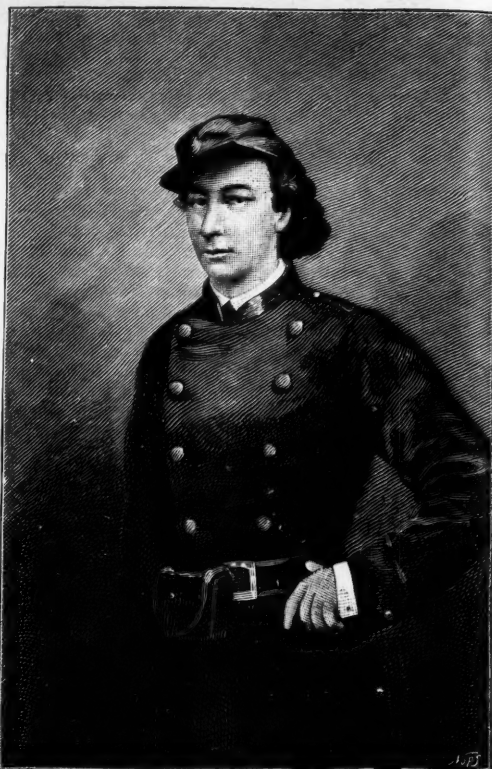
By way of challenge, I threw my red scarf on a grave; a comrade picked it up and tied it to the branches of a willow.

Six days after the 22nd of January, the Government having shot down the people, and proclaimed aloud that they had no intention of surrendering, the capitulation of Paris was signed. The wrath aroused in the people by that fresh act of treason was not allowed to subside.

IN ARMS.

Louise busied herself in the committees that were formed to assist the Government of National Defence, and was indefatigable in her exertions, even going so far as to wear the uniform of a National Guard and to shoulder a rifle. When the long agony was drawing to a close she protested against surrender, and demanded to be led once more against the besiegers.

Of the work of the Amazons, otherwise than as petroleuses, but little has been written. The experiment was an interesting one. How far are women capable of bearing the strain and the burden of military service? It is a question upon which we have by no means heard the last word. The tradition of the ancient wars with the Amazons indicates that even in the field woman at one time held her own with man, and for a time on more than equal terms. His sable majesty the King of Dahomey is the only potentate who has preserved to the present day the soldier-woman, but in the Commune, when frenzied Paris stood at bay behind her barricades, women pressed eagerly into the fighting rank. Poets



From a photograph by]

[Fentange, Paris.

LOUISE IN MILITARY UNIFORM, 1870-1.

have idealised the fighting woman in Britomarte, one of the fairest of the knights of the "Faerie Queen," history has glorified her in Joan of Arc, and the Maid of Saragossa extorted a tribute of praise even from the muse of Byron. The Parisian Commune, however, has found no eulogist save Louise Michel. Her history is written in the records of court-martial, and for the most part she is remembered with a shudder. She deserved a better fate, and when the history of the revolt of women comes to be written, its historian will spend many a careful hour investigating how far these women of the Commune maintained the honour of their sex. According to Louise Michel, they bore the strain of that fierce ordeal at least as well as the men. There was a good deal of hysterics in the Commune, but the men had it worse than the women.

THE WOMEN-WARRIORS OF PARIS.

Here I may quote two vivid little pen-pictures by an unsympathetic observer. Mr. John Leighton thus describes what he saw in the last days of the siege:—

As I approach the Chaussée d'Antin I perceive a multitude of men, women, and children running backwards and forwards carrying paving stones. A barricade is being thrown up; it is already more than 3 ft. high. Suddenly I hear the rolling of heavy wheels. I turn, and a strange sight is before me—a mass of women in rags, livid, horrible, and yet grand, with the Phrygian cap on their heads, and the skirts of their robes tied round their waists, were harnessed to a mitrailleuse, which they dragged along at full speed, other women pushing

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vigorously behind. The whole procession in its sombre colours, with dashes of red here and there, thunders past me; I follow it as fast as I can. The mitrailleuse draws up a little in front of the barricade, and is hailed with wild clamours by the insurgents. The Amazons are being unharnessed as I come up. . . . The scene that surrounds me interests me in spite of myself. Those grim hags, with their red head-dresses, passing the stones I give them rapidly from hand to hand, the men who are building them up only leaving off for a moment now and then to swallow a cup of coffee, which a young girl prepares over a small tin stove; the rifles symmetrically piled; the barricade which rises higher and higher; the solitude in which we are working—only here and there a head appears at a window, and is quickly withdrawn; the ever-increasing noise of the battle; and over all, the brightness of a dazzling morning sun—all this has something sinister and yet horribly captivating about it.

* * * *

I now see a number of women walk out of the hotel; the crowd makes room for them to pass. They come our way. They are dressed in black, and have black crapes tied round their arms, and a red cockade in their bonnets. My friend the officer tells us they are the governesses who have taken the place of the nuns. Then he walks up to them and says, "Have you succeeded?" "Yes," answers one of them, "Here is our commission. The school children are to be employed in making sacks and filling them with earth, the eldest ones to load the rifles behind the barricades. They will receive rations like the National Guards, and a pension will be given to the mothers of those who die for the Republic. They are mad to fight, I assure you. We have made them work hard during the last month; this will be their holiday." The woman who says this is young and pretty, and speaks with a sweet smile on her lips. I shudder.

IN COMMITTEE DURING THE SIEGE.

Of the action of the women we get but stray glimpses in the "Memoires" of Louise. They served on committees and in ambulances—for which many were shot and transported—they worked in the trenches. They actually shouldered rifles and fought on the barricades. Of this vast and varied panorama of female activity, we see but here and there an odd corner in Louise's writings. She says repeatedly that the women showed more determination than the men, and from first to last the fighting women seem to have fought more desperately and to have flinched at nothing. They reconciled themselves much more speedily to the inevitable. When they saw it was necessary, they submitted to any sacrifice with the same patient, uncomplaining spirit that they face the suffering of child-bearing—a service entailing much more positive pain and entailing much greater risk of life than the off-chance of having to bear arms entails upon the other sex. Louise could form a comparison, for she served equally with men and women. Here is her account of the operations of the revolutionary committees of Montmartre during the siege, when the Commune was only an egg in process of hatching:—

I will relate here at full length the history of the Watch Committee of Montmartre. Few of its members are now surviving; under the siege it caused the reaction to tremble. Every evening, we took our flight on Edris, from the house situated number 41, Chaussée Clignancourt, sometimes breaking up a club where cowardly speakers advocated a surrender, or spreading our revolutionary theories and exciting the masses to open rebellion, for the time of deception was now over. We knew what little faith to place in the promises of our rulers, and of what little import are the lives of citizens in the eyes of a Government on the eve of their overthrow.

There were two Watch Committees at Montmartre, one of men, and one of women.

I always attended the former. Why I cannot tell; perhaps because I felt there the breath of the Russian revolutionists. I still possess an old plan of Paris which was hung up on the wall of the second room of that Watch Committee. I took it away and brought it back with me in my voyage across the ocean. We had besmeared with ink the Imperial arms engraved on it; they would have tainted our haunts.

I had never before met with such intellectual men, whose minds were so simple and yet so lofty. Plainer and purer I never knew. I do not know how that committee was recruited. A comforting feeling of kindness and strength was reigning amongst its members, who were all united in unfeigned brotherhood. Similar spirit dominated the members of the women's committee. There, also, I met with some remarkably intelligent persons. Having joined at first the men's committee, I thereafter frequented both, their object being the same.

We all met every evening, the women in the hall of the justice of the peace, and the men at the Perot Hall, which were situated in the Rue de la Chapelle. They both bore the name of "Club de la Revolution" of the Grandes-Carrières District. It was easy for me to attend both, women's committee closing at nine o'clock, when the men's meeting opened.

I still remember the call of the member's names, and could mention every one of them. To-day most of them are dead.

The Montmartre Watch Committee did not allow any of their members to go without food or shelter. As for us, the organisers, we often dined out of a herring for four or six persons; but for those who were in need of it, we did not spare municipal funds, neither the revolutionary means known as requisitions. Those who had plenty supplied the wants of those who were starving. When people said: "Montmartre is coming down!" the reactionaries hid themselves, like beaten-in game, giving up granaries where food was rotting whilst Paris was starving.

We laughed heartily when one of us brought to the committee some informer, whom he had taken for a co-religionary and introduced as such.

Like those of all other revolutionary groups, the members of the Watch Committee were mowed down; the few survivors, Hippolyte Ferrie, Lucien Barrows, Avronsart, Barlot, Vivier, Louis Moreau, well know how proud we were, and how high we carried the flags of the Revolution.

It little mattered to those men to be crushed obscurely in the fight, or to fall in broad daylight; each of them accepted fully all the consequences of the struggle.

What does it matter how the corn is ground, so long as we can turn it into bread?

THE OUTBREAK OF THE COMMUNE.

Louise Michel thus describes the events of March 18th, which began the struggle between Paris and the rest of France:—

On the morning of March 18th, 1871, thousands of men and women were rushing up Montmartre Hill, still surrounded by that indistinct light of dawn which seems to cast on everything a kind of watery veil. The hill had just been attacked unawares, and those who ascended it expected death at the top. The hill was being attacked by the reaction, and this is why:

The guns bought with the voluntary contributions of the National Guards had been left in some vacant ground situated in the portion of Paris the Prussians were about to occupy.

The population of Paris decided to regain possession of its own guns. A battalion of the sixth arrondissement was the first to take up their suggestion, which was already being mooted, and all the other National Guards following lead, regained possession of their guns, which they triumphantly brought back, dragged by men, women and children, preceded by flags.

The sailors garrisoned in Paris proposed to storm the forts given up to the Prussians, and to carry them as they would board ships. We were intoxicated by that suggestion.

Although the guns were loaded, no accident happened, fortunately.

Montmartre, Belleville, Batignolles, were in possession of their own artillery; the guns which had been brought from the Place des Vosges were transferred to the Faubourg St. Antoine.

Since the 22nd of January the clubs were closed and the newspapers suppressed. Had not the people been on the alert on the 18th of March it is probable that instead of the triumph of the Revolution that day would have witnessed the advent of some king or emperor.

The Prince Imperial was not yet dead, and had not the Montmartre been armed, or had our rulers succeeded in disarming them, the army deceived or accomplice, and the Prussians, occupying the forts, would have protected the entrance into Paris of Napoleon IV., or of some king in the person of a prince of the Orleans family.

On the 18th of March, however, the French army, which three months later was to crush Paris, declined to help the men who wished to betray the nation and the Republic.

The troops understood that the people of Paris were really protecting the Republic by protecting his guns, which a Royalist or Imperial Government would, with the assent of the Emperor William or Bismarck, have turned against the heroic city.

The 18th of March was to witness the victory of the foreigners, allies of the future king or emperor, or that of the people. It witnessed the latter. The army fraternised with the people instead of shooting them down. That triumph of the popular cause is perhaps chiefly due to the intervention of the women, who covered the artillery with their own bodies, and even placed themselves at the muzzles of the guns, to prevent the latter being fired.

When victory had thus been decided in our favour, I looked around and noticed my poor mother, who, thinking we were going to be shot down, had followed me; as she always kept behind me, doubtless in order not to cause me any anxiety. I had not noticed her before.

It is not for me to try in these few pages to tell the story of the Commune. To sober Englishmen it was from first to last a mere lunacy, the product of nervous excitement; the most convincing proof afforded by this generation that communities, like individuals, occasionally go mad. It is easier to condemn it from the point of view of calm reason than it is to understand it from the point of view of a sympathetic heart. Have we not dreamed for years of the arrival of the Republic as the harbinger of the millennium, only to wake up and discover amid the horrors of war the still worse horror of a Republic, which, after failing to prevent the dismemberment of the territory, did not shrink from preparing to throttle the liberties of Paris? It would have been bad to bear at any time, but coming as it did after the prolonged privations and agonies of the siege, it explained everything, even the Commune. It was a convulsive paroxysm as of a great city in the grasp of a deadly nightmare, and it was worse than the nightmare. For a time all went on very much as in the Prussian siege. But when at last, in the merry month of May, Paris was stifled in her gore, and the skies flamed lurid red with the burning of her palaces, Europe received a shock unparalleled since the days of the Terror. To this day the full details of that gigantic duel to the death between the City of Revolution and the rest of France have never been understood—outside Paris. Scores of thousands were shot down, nearly forty thousand were made prisoners before Paris was crushed. The frantic energy of the Revolutionary nervousness seemed incarnate in Louise. No one has laid any specific atrocity to her charge, but she was more or less responsible for everything, as much responsible as any one save those who actually gave the orders for the shooting of the hostages, the massacre of the Archbishop, and the burning of Paris.

LOUISE IN THE FIELD.

The struggle was hopeless from the first. Louise has described its beginning. Here is her account of the end:—

The last time I saw Mademoiselle Poulin's grave, it was in May, 1871, in the night of the 22nd to the 23rd, I believe. We were, a few comrades and myself, in Montmartre cemetery, which with a handful of men we endeavoured to defend.

We had made battlements in the walls by pulling down the stones with our hands the best way we could, so that, but for the battery established by our people on the crest of Montmartre, and whose range being too short reached us, and for the shells which the Versaillais at regular intervals plied us from the spot where tall houses are seen, our position would not have been tenable.

Those shells kept time like a clock. It was a grand sight in the clear starry night; the graves themselves seemed to speak.

The men on duty on that night belonged to the very company with which I had made previous sorties.

Several times some one of us had gone reconnoitring in the cemetery; as for me, I was fond of wandering about in that lonely retreat, only disturbed by the frequent bursting of shells. In spite of my comrades' wish, I insisted on going there several times, and on every occasion the shells missed me.

Several of our people being already wounded, it was with the greatest difficulty that I obtained leave to be allowed to go reconnoitring there once more; my object was to ascertain how far would my luck go. That time, again, a shell came crashing through the trees, and exploded close to me, with the only result that I was covered with *débris* of branches in bloom, which I laid partly on Mademoiselle Poulin's grave and partly on that of Murger, on the very spot where a genius is represented covering the poet with white marble flowers.

"Zounds!" one of my companions exclaimed, "you shall not budge from here."

They all then insisted on my sitting on a bench close to Cavaignac's statue.

But women are obstinate; besides, the opportunity of verifying the estimate of probabilities does not occur every day. No better occasion could ever be had. I therefore still wandered about; but, as before, bursting shells missed me.

It is a curious sight, that of the woman reconnoitring in the cemetery where the Commune was making its last stand, expiring in flame of fire and smoke as of Tophet, and noise—well, as to the noise which all these last days beat on the ear-drum, clamorous and insistent, maddening the brain, and shattering the nerves. Take the following description, penned by Mr. John Leighton at the time:—

The deafening clamour on all sides redoubles; all the separate noises seem to confound themselves in one ceaseless roar, like the working of a million hammers on a million of anvils. I can scarcely bear it; my hands clutch the door-posts convulsively.

Oh! Those that hear it not, how happy they must be; they will never understand how fearful this continuous, this dreadful noise is, and to feel that each ball is aimed at some breast, and each shell brings ruin in its train. Fear and horror wring one's heart and madden one's brain. Visions pass before one's eyes of corpses, of houses crushing sleeping inmates, of men falling and crying out for mercy, and one feels quite strange to go on living among the crowds that die!

Not to be able to obtain information is terrible; not to know what is going on, while all around seems on fire; the day is beginning to break, the musketry and the cannonading begins afresh, it is a hell with death for its girdle!

If that were so to one who had no friend or brother there, how awful must it be to one like Louise, whose comrades were perishing with every fusillade, and whose hopes of the millennium seemed to be vanishing in the smoke of blazing Paris?

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HER ARREST.

Her ultimate arrest was due to her anxiety for her mother's safety. Her mother was arrested, and Louise, on going to seek her, found herself in presence of an officer who in the old days had once drawn lots with her as to who should kill the Emperor. "What!" she cried, "You here?" "Yes," he said, "And what can I do for you?" "Only let me take my mother to a place of safety, and then I will return and surrender."

He let her go, hoping not to see her again. No sooner was her mother safely housed than Louise made her way back. "What!" exclaimed her former comrade. "You have come back then?" "Of course," said she. "What do you take me for?" So she became a prisoner, and was marched with thousands of others to Versailles amid the mocking crowd. Of that Via Dolorosa she says little. It is not her habit to dwell on her own sufferings.

Then came the trial, if it may be called such, in which there was no defence, and where the accused only demanded death—death which was denied. She saw, by her strange clairvoyant faculty, three of her comrades shot at Satory, while she was lying in prison; but it was denied her to share their fate.

IN EXILE.

The end of it was that Louise was banished to New Caledonia.

When she went on board the ship that was to take her into exile she almost felt at home. For, four or five years before, in clairvoyant vision, she had seen the ship lying at anchor exactly as she found it, colour, rigging, build, everything exactly the same. It was the ship of her vision. Of the New Caledonia experiences I do not purpose to

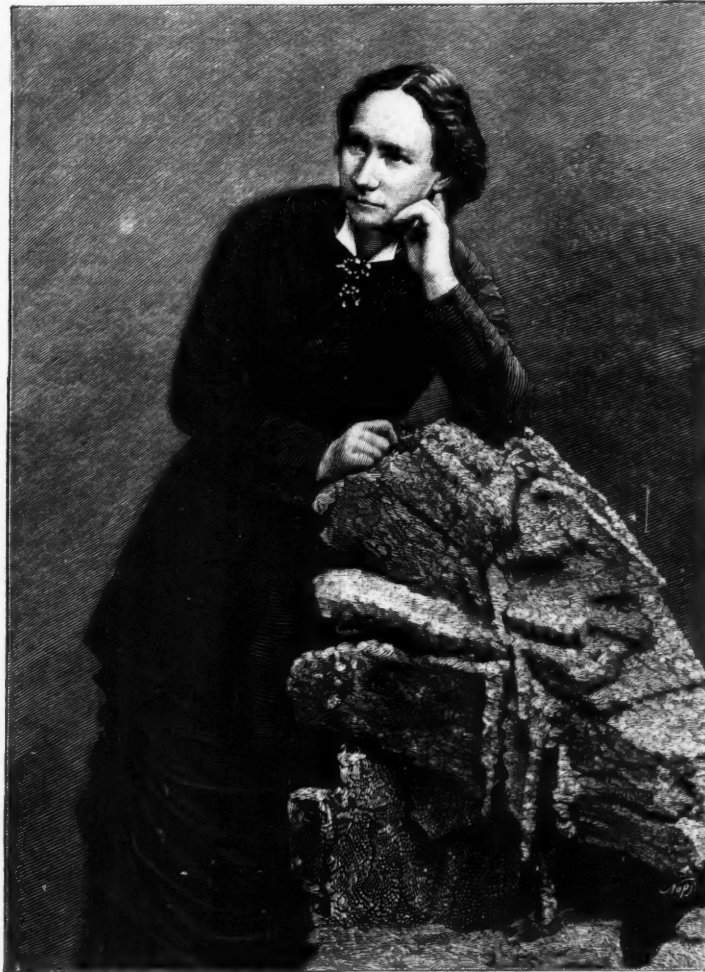
speaking. They formed part of her novitiate. She had been prisoner of war, she was now an exiled convict, but she never lost heart. She was a ministering angel of mercy and of pity to her unfortunate companions. She nursed the sick and cheered the sad. When she reached her destination she was employed as a schoolmistress, and became so devoted to her Kanaka scholars that she was more than once tempted to return after the amnesty. It was a strange experience that of life among the

convicts of New Caledonia. Louise has ever been thrown among the best and the worst of men. Heroes and saints, criminals and assassins, to her it seems all one. For she holds the doctrine of the moral irresponsibility of the individual, a terrible doctrine no doubt, but one that conduces to charity and tolerance. Among the cyclones of nature Louise was as calm as when wandering among the shells that burst in the cemetery of Montmartre. She returned as she went, the same Louise, full of compassion for the suffering, full of a sacred wrath against those who did them wrong.

AMNESTIED.

After her return Louise began anew the life of propaganda, which indeed she had never interrupted. Idolised by a section of

the Parisians, she transferred to Anarchy the devotion she had formerly felt for the Republic, and soon found herself in gaol. Her history after the amnesty is little more than a record of imprisonments. She has now had all manner of experiences—save that of an English workhouse. She has been imprisoned as a lunatic, convicted as a criminal, locked up in St. Lazare with the poor girls of the town. She has been through every phase of prison experience. A poor, crazy



LOUISE MICHEL IN NEW CALEDONIA.

drunkard tried to assassinate her by firing his revolver at her head. The bullet struck her, but she appeared in court to give testimony in favour of the would-be assassin. She declared that he was in a more or less somnambulist condition, and he was acquitted. When Mrs. Butler began her crusade against the Police des Mœurs, she received from Louise Michel a letter of hearty sympathy and sisterly greeting. They are strangely different, these two women; but they have many things in common, and in the holy war against State legalised vice, they found themselves heartily at one. When I came out of prison in 1886 I received a hearty greeting from Louise, who had been liberated about the same time. She had been allowed to read when in prison, and she had followed with great interest "Les Scandales de Londres."

I did not see Louise till some years later—on the eve of the Exhibition. In gaol she seems to have been treated almost as a first-class misdemeanant. She wrote the first volume of her "Memoires" in gaol, and probably she will need to go to gaol again before she will be able to get the second volume into shape for publication.

She was not alone in gaol, for even there her passionate love of the animal creation stood her in good stead.

LOUISE IN GAOL.

Mrs. Crawford, the Paris correspondent of the *Daily News*, who interviewed her in June, 1886, just after her release, says:—

She was very interesting when talking about animals, a subject to which she was led by her cats. Louise Michel brought four cats with her from Noumea to France. They were given her when she arrived in New Caledonia by a convict who had served her time and was returning to Europe. The youngest, "Moustache," is now sixteen, and the eldest, "Ninette," is nineteen. They were with her at St. Lazare. The fourth killed himself under circumstances honourable to himself and his mistress. The day she was returning from London he was on the top of a house. When he saw her getting out of the cab he, in trying to jump from the balcony to balcony, fell into the street from the third storey, and was so injured that he died in a few hours. These cats are descended from others left by English sailors in New Caledonia in the eighteenth century. They have much longer hind-legs and shorter fore-legs than European cats, and a finer cerebral development. At St. Lazare they were taught to live on good terms with the rats that came every morning in crowds to Louise's cell to be fed. I asked the "Citoyenne" what she thought of the rat. She said that it was intelligent, incapable of attaching itself, she thought, to a human being, and more on the look-out for benefits to come than for past services, but family affection was strong in its heart. Young rats were not only kind but respectful to their aged relations, and, indeed, to old rats in general. Mothers, directly they had weaned their little ones, not only brought them to Louise's cell, but placed them at her feet, and seemed to ask her protection for them. There were rats toothless from age. When a crust was thrown to them younger rats chewed it, so as to enable them to eat it comfortably. If a young rat was so ill-bred as to help itself before an elderly one, the others were down upon it. Before the cats had been taught to live in amity with the denizens of the sewers, "Moustache" bit the paw off one of the latter. According to Louise Michel, there was quite an explosion of sympathy among her four-footed visitors on behalf of the wounded one, and she gained their confidence by letting it down with a string from her window into the court, after she had nursed it for about a fortnight. When she had been some time in gaol the rats grew so dainty that they would not eat plain bread unless she got it toasted for them. The Governor of the prison, who was most kind to her, and who is a naturalist and un homme d'esprit, enjoyed her successful attempts to bring cats and

rats to live in amity and to tame the latter. She could never domesticate them. No sooner had she fed them than they all climbed up the wall to the window, and passed out thereby to return to their sewers.

IN LONDON.

Louise Michel established an "international school" in London, which at one time had fully forty scholars, but which was afterwards closed. She addresses meetings in Hyde Park in her own tongue, which is not understood by the most of her hearers. Her exhortations are not practical, and she is not, in English politics, regarded as a serious personality. She is a pathetic figure with a tragic past, the incarnate protest of disinherited despair, of trampled womanhood. No doubt a good deal of what she says can hardly be regarded as a serious contribution even to the evangel of Anarchy. It is rather like the writhing of a worm which has been severed by the spade.

But Louise is not a mere Bacchante of the Revolution, a Menad of Anarchy. She has shown herself many a time and oft full of practical good sense and shrewd mother wit. London suits her. She likes London with its dim grey tints, which harmonise better with her sombre moods than the lighter blue and clear lights of Paris. She shudders a little sometimes at "the black London winter, when everything is wrapped in a winding sheet of foggy mist, falling first in a ceaseless drip and then suddenly in heavy showers;" but even here beneath our fogs she found a kindly welcome and a sympathetic although somewhat reserved welcome. When she met her first respectable audience she was amazed to feel that despite their frigid silence she was really as if at home. "I had the impression," she says, "of a genuine humanity, which flourished in spite of the cursed fetters which had trammelled them from the first."

ON ENGLISH WORKHOUSES.

That Louise Michel is not the mere mad creature whom it pleases her enemies to describe her is proved by the justice which she does to our workhouses. The workhouse is the natural butt for every reckless assailant of the established order of society. But to Louise Michel our workhouses supply food for admiration rather than for scorn. Speaking of her first English visit and her reception, she says:—

The papers, especially the *Pall Mall Gazette*, invariably showed me the greatest kindness and consideration. What seemed especially to surprise them was that I (being an Anarchist) did not share the general opinion as to workhouses. People seemed to think—very wrongly, by the way—that this was inconsistent on my part. However, I shall give my ideas on this subject further on. People made a mistake in speaking of my "enthusiasm" for that institution. A workhouse cannot possibly inspire any such sentiment. All that I said was that the English regarded it as a duty to look after those who had neither food nor shelter.

One thing that struck me particularly in England is the care which is taken in some workhouses (Lambeth, for instance) to line the huge nest in which old England heaps up her misery, so that she can keep it, and fairly comfortably, considering, until the European revolution is over. Then, avoiding the foolish mistakes that she has seen others make, she will strike one blow. Albion will rise suddenly, shaking the dust from her white robe, and light the sacred fire which the winds of heaven, instead of extinguishing, will kindle into a glorious dawn.

To give a new lease of life to their worn-out institutions the English enlist woman's enthusiasm. Women manage workhouses, and women will soon become Members of Parliament. But the green branches of an old tree cannot give new life to the decaying trunk; they will bear leaves and flowers as long as they can draw nourishment, not from the

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dried-up sap, but from the vivifying influence of the soft air which keeps them alive.

Louise is a voluminous but somewhat desultory worker of very unequal power. Her poems contain many elevated thoughts, expressed with considerable vigour and poetic feeling. Her novel, "The Microbes of Society," is a shocking "shocker" of the most horrible description, relieved here and there—say some who have read it—by chapters of great sublimity. Her "Memoires" are an undigested mass, thrown upon the world higgledy-piggledy as they were written in gaol or for the newspaper.

ST. SIMEON STYLITES IN PETTICOATS.

The more you contemplate this woman, the more you admire, wonder and pity. She is a living, breathing, palpitating plummet plunged into the abysses of human misery. A plummet, not of lead, but a human heart. With it she sounds the deepest depths, and far down in the sombre stillness of dumb agony you hear her cry of sympathy and of pain. But never for herself, always for others. Magnificent type of the altruist, she exists but for the poor, the disinherited, the famishing of the world. She is their sister, their comrade, fighting ever by their side, and ringing in their eyes the glad evangel of better times to come, when there will be a new heaven and a new earth in which dwelleth righteousness. She is the representative, living and suffering amongst us, of the anchorites of the far away days when holy men were half deified for their neglect of the conveniences and even of the decencies of life. St. Simeon Stylites on his pillar was not more severed from the world than Louise Michel. She has even ceased to be interested in her own career. The marvellous story of hair-breadth escapes, of romantic adventure, the manifold opportunities of service at home and abroad—all these successive strata of dramatic incident have lost their charm. She is as a corpse in other than the old Jesuit sense. Yet her spirit is not broken. She hopes and aspires and proclaims aloud her message to her times. But she is dead to herself. The past is a cemetery of martyred comrades or a history of imprisonments. The heart, torn by innumerable miseries, ceases to feel for itself. It only quivers in sympathy for others. And so she flits amongst us under the brumous skies of this city of fog and night, a being hardly of this world prophesying of that which is to come.

THE SIBYL AND HER INTERPRETERS.

But I think I hear the practical, matter-of-fact reader exclaim, "What is her message? What has she to say to me for my guidance?" Alas! to all such her message is but foolishness, and poor Louise is but a crazy creature. "You are not in the same plane as Louise," said one of her *devotées*, "how can you understand her? At the best you are but as the young man to whom it was said, 'One thing thou lackest,' while she is of the Order of the Initiates, who, forsaking all things, have entered into the secret of the universe, for ever hidden from the eyes of the well-to-do. Louise is a sublime mystic. She does not believe; she knows. She has seen, therefore she speaks. But you don't understand; neither did the high priests and wealthy men understand the Nazarene. Outcast, vagabond, homeless, hunted, proscribed, disreputable, the filth of the world, and the off-scouring of all things—how can the Respectable appreciate the Seer? It is now as in the olden time, and ever will be. Louise is before her time. She is, as it were, a monster born out of due season. To you she is mad. Oh fools and blind! A century hence regenerated humanity will do homage at the tomb of her whom you

deride as a crazy, dirty, old woman." It may be so. But even if we admit she is a Sibyl, and that we are fools and blind, it might still be a task worth undertaking to explain what is written on these Sibylline leaves of her voluminous works, and what is the helpful word which she has to speak to us benighted mortals who pay rates and taxes, and keep the machine going.



▲ PORTRAIT TAKEN LAST MONTH.
(By the Stereoscopic Company.)

WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS PORTENT?

It is presumption, no doubt, for one who lives in a villa and has only, as yet, been once in gaol, to endeavour to interpret the meaning of this tragic and pathetic portent. Let us recognise that what we see in her is but a partial, superficial view, and one which we will gladly revise when we have more light, but still meantime this is what she seems to us at present. Louise Michel's life strikes a chord, harsh, dissonant, even terrible. It is the note that bursts from the heart of the refined and educated woman when it is hurled against the iron bars of adverse fate. In London streets, some time ago, the wheel of a passing omnibus caught the leg of a sheep in its spokes, and, swiftly revolving, shattered the limb of the poor animal, which in its agony emitted a piteous cry, as horrible as the injury was irremediable. Louise Michel's life reminds me of that hideous little incident. It is the incarnate wail of helpless agony. And yet there is more in it than that. Prophetesses of Despair are not wanting in our day, although there are more of the other sex. Louise Michel is no pessimist. She is no cynic. She dwells as it were in hell, but she never ceases to dream of heaven. She lies in sleepless horror at nights, thinking of all the black horrors of pain and cruelty and brutality that are the nightmare of the world. She takes her pen to describe them, and lo! even when she is portraying the gloom of the earthquake and the eclipse, she proclaims the glories of the coming day, and proves herself a veritable and inveterate herald of the dawn.

"NO SCOUNDRELS NEED APPLY."

WATCHWORD FOR THE GENERAL ELECTION, 1892.

THE Parliament now on the eve of dissolution has, in one respect, been distinguished from all those which preceded it. No previous House of Commons has been compelled to expel with ignominy three of its members for scandalous offences against good morals. As if to emphasise the need for a more jealous scrutiny on the part of all electoral associations into the character of the candidates whom they put into the field, each of the three parties has contributed to the fatal list. Three men selected as legislators in 1886 were in less than six years discovered to be guilty of such scandalous offences against society that they were cast out unanimously by the vote of their fellow members. Such a record demands attention, and calls for the most serious consideration on the part of all those who have to elect representatives to the House of Commons.

Mr. Gladstone, in a recent conversation, deplored the spreading demoralisation of society, as the one black spot in the otherwise brilliant record of progress during the Victorian age. The number and the character of divorces, the multiplication of domestic scandals, the increasing number of marriages in good society which conspicuously turn out badly, fill our veteran statesman with anxiety, not to say alarm. Taking this sombre estimate of the cancer that is eating into the heart of the English homes, together with the expulsions from the House of Commons, it is evident to all that something must be done to impress on the hearts and consciences of the electorate the need for insisting upon a higher standard of personal character on the part of our public men than that which has hitherto prevailed.

That is not the only reason for increased jealousy in the selection of candidates. In former times, when almost the only business of the ruler was to make war and levy taxes, questions of personal character were of less importance in the choice of representatives than they are to-day. For the State is every day interfering more and more in the regulation of the education, the labour, and the general conduct of life of the citizen. Moral questions of the most vital import will come before the next House of Commons—questions bearing directly upon the morals of the community. Such questions as the reform of the Divorce Laws, the strengthening of the laws for the protection of women and children, the uprooting of the hideous system of licensed and legalised prostitution which still lingers in India and elsewhere; these are not questions which can be safely entrusted to the handling of men of scandalous life. As we object to allow bankrupts to legislate on questions of commercial honesty, so we must equally object to commission adulterers to frame our divorce law or debauchees to amend the laws for the protection of the honour of our daughters.

There are two methods by which the exclusion of scoundrels from the House of Commons can be brought about. One is by the education of the moral sense of the electors, and the other is by a direct legislative enactment declaring that certain categories of offenders shall be disqualified from sitting in Parliament. Any candidate who is proved to be guilty of bribery is disqualified by statute from election during the lifetime of the current Parliament. This rule would be enforced even if a score of constituencies elected the briber as their representative. Any member, even if duly elected, is compelled to vacate his seat should he become bankrupt. In like manner, any official in the municipal service who is found guilty of taking bribes is by statute disqualified *for ever* for any office in any municipality.

At the same time, no law exists to prevent a notorious thief or cardsharp from taking his seat in Parliament. In that case, the moral sense of the community is strong enough to secure their exclusion from the House. Where, however, the public sentiment needs re-enforcing, as in the case of bribers and bankrupts, the law steps in. As a means of education, as well as a measure of self-protection, what has been done in the case of bribers and bankrupts must now be done in the case of adulterers whose crimes against society have been proved in open court. The attempt to secure the passing of such a law would be in itself a potent means of educating public opinion. All those electors who desire to bar the doors of the House of Commons against all men of scandalous immoral life will do well to use every means in their power to press upon whatever candidate appeals to them for their vote the importance of strengthening the law against proved evil-doers.

As a simple and constitutional method of bringing this matter to an issue, I appeal to all those who attach importance to this matter to ask the candidates in their constituency the following crucial questions:—

1. **PRIVATE MORALS AND PUBLIC LIFE.**—Will you support a Bill disqualifying for serving in Parliament—say for at least seven years—a person judicially proved to have been guilty of adultery or of similar scandalous outrages on morality?

2. **SIR CHARLES DILKE.**—Will you oppose any Government which may offer any position of trust or emolument to the man whom a judge and jury found guilty of scandalous adultery, and, by implication, of perjury and subornation of perjury, until he has either cleared his character or confessed and repented of his crime?

Men of scandalous life cannot complain if, as a penalty for trampling underfoot the most sacred principles of society, they are merely subjected to the disqualification which the law inflicts without discrimination upon every citizen who happens to be born a woman.

The time is short, and action, to be decisive, must be prompt.

LEADING ARTICLES IN THE REVIEWS.

STEADISM: A NATIONAL DANGER.

SEEING OURSELVES AS OTHERS SEE US.



I do not know who Mr. Cyril Waters is, excepting that he is a bright writer with confused ideas, but his article on "Steadism in Politics: a National Danger," in the *Westminster Review* for June will amuse, if it does not edify some of my readers. Here are some extracts, which I make with all humility:—

About fifteen or sixteen years ago a most remarkable and interesting figure bounded into the field of politics and journalism, a young, fresh, and ardent genius, who having made one reputation as editor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*, has since achieved a still wider celebrity as editor of the *REVIEWS*, that remarkable publication which, like the sun and the drum-tap of the British army, travels round the earth, and carries the name and fame of Stead into the remotest corners of the globe. By a personality so vigorous and aggressive many, quite naturally, have been attracted, and many, quite as naturally, repelled.

Mr. Stead's enemies are given to speaking of him in very disrespectful terms . . . and some years ago, he made himself and his paper so notorious that a certain facetious individual issued proposals for the formation of a Limited Liability Company for the Suppression of Mr. Stead, a company with a chairman, vice-chairman, and auditors, with directors who would take their seats after allotment, and, in short, everything proper.

This promising scheme, although eagerly taken up at first, and for a time prosecuted with considerable vigour, did not, however, ultimately succeed. Somehow, there were difficulties. Mr. Stead, it was discovered, would not consent to be suppressed with the alacrity that might have been expected. On the contrary, he preferred, like the Gracewalking Brother in his celebrated encounter with Colonel Quaggy (as related by that veracious historian, Mr. George Augustus Sala), to "take it fighting," and those who had once made acquaintance with his "swashing blow" were somewhat shy of again encountering such a redoubtable antagonist. Mr. Stead, in short, was not to be "sat upon."

MY FAULTS AND FAILINGS.

After this throw off, Mr. Cyril Waters proceeds to reckon me up severely. He says that I am not a learned man, or a man of fine scholarship; I live not in the past, but in the present, and owing to the lack of exact historical training, I am apt to deduce wrong inferences from the facts and phenomena which I see, and theorise in rather a wild and reckless manner. There is a certain hardness in my style and a certain coarseness of tone, and with as much feeling for the becoming as Burke and Hare may be supposed to have had for the sublime.

My book on the "Passion Play" "combined in the drollest manner a really sincere and lively piety with a more than Yankee commercial shrewdness." I grieve to learn that one unlovely trait in my character is a somewhat spiteful temper, which I display when my vanity is wounded, in proof of which he refers to my comments upon Lord Randolph Churchill and Mrs. Lynn Linton!

"OVERLOOK THE ADULTERIES OF GREAT MEN!"

Some people, it seems, are unkind enough to say that my philanthropy is a sham, and my religion is a humbug, not so Mr. Cyril Waters:—

In his somewhat eccentric way, Mr. Stead is not only religious, but even fanatical in his religion. He has, indeed, all the pitiless cruelty of the bigot of virtue. "Two centuries ago," said Matthew Arnold in a memorable passage, "the English spirit went into the prison-house of Puritanism, and it has had the key turned on it ever since;" and Mr. Stead, standing jailor at the door (with the Nonconformist conscience in his pocket), seems determined that, if he at least can prevent it, it shall never come out.

After this introduction, Mr. Waters sets forth how it is that this tendency of Mr. Stead and his party, this growing spirit of Puritan intolerance, constitutes a grave national danger. His view is that, in our own interests as nations and individuals, we must consent to overlook, in return for great public services, sins, weaknesses, and criminal follies, for which, in the case of less illustrious spirits, we should be justified in exacting the severest retribution; and in support of this thesis Mr. Waters runs through several notable characters who have played important parts in history, and asks how those heroes would have stood the new test? It is a motley group, including Nicias, Alcibiades, Julius Cæsar, Mahomet, Mirabeau, Lord Nelson, Bolingbroke, Sheridan, Sir Robert Walpole and Fox.

There is one delicious passage which I must quote:—

Mahomet, again—he would have had small chance of starting a new religion with Mr. Stead anywhere in the neighbourhood. What a battle-royal there would have been between those two!

WHY NOT ALSO THEIR MURDERS?

All this is excellent fooling, no doubt, but it is only fooling. If Mr. Cyril Waters will but substitute murder for adultery, how will his argument look then? Even Mr. Waters would probably admit that the cold-blooded murders which have disgraced many of the great ones who have made history in the past, ought not to be forgiven, even to the most illustrious spirit in the present day. It reminds me of the fuss which was raised when Cromwell executed an ambassador's brother for murdering an English subject in the streets of London. All the Cyril Waters of his day shrieked as he shrieks to-day. Diplomats stood aghast. "What, execute the brother of the Portuguese envoy, merely because he slew a low-born Englishman!" The idea was preposterous; but Cromwell stood no nonsense, and the man was beheaded. Since that time, murder has been regarded a disqualification even for diplomacy, and Mr. Waters himself would shrink from saying that if Mr. Gladstone or Lord Rosebery were to emulate the deeds of Deeming and Jack the Ripper, they should still be allowed to take their places as legislators for the British Empire.

The reverence which even Mr. Waters puts on human life we pay to the honour of women and the sanctity of the home. That is the only difference between us. Two hundred years hence, the hubbub that is raised by such people as Mr. Waters against the disqualification as legislators of men of flagrant immorality will seem as incredible as the protest that was made against the hanging of the Spanish Envoy by the Lord Protector.

THE WOMAN'S SUFFRAGE QUESTION.

BY MRS. FAWCETT AND OTHERS.

IN the *Contemporary Review* and in the *Albany Review* Mrs. Fawcett indulges in some legitimate exaltation over several of the opponents of Woman's Suffrage at the defeat of Sir Albert Rollit's Bill by a no greater majority than twenty-three. The smallness of the majority indeed indicates the commencement of a new departure in the history of Woman's Suffrage. In pointing out the significance of the division Mrs. Fawcett does not, however, repeat Mr. Labouchere's explanation of the heavy vote in favour of female franchise. The division was declared, and it was found that in a House of four hundred members the Bill had been thrown out by only twenty-three votes. Mr. Labouchere was heard exclaiming to all and sundry that the only wonder was the Bill had not been carried, because, said he, gravely, Sir William Harcourt had been going up and down the lobby declaring that if the Bill was carried he would at once retire from public life. The temptation was so irresistible that the only wonder was that the Bill was not carried on the spot. Mrs. Fawcett deals seriously with the subject, and replies very effectively to several of the "arguments" that have been used against the enfranchisement of half the human race.

BEAUTY AND THE BEAST.

Dealing first with Sir Crichton Browne's speech attributing the ugliness of some girl students and their "pantaloon" like appearance to the fact that their mothers may or may not have received their education at a High School, she says:—

He did not, however, take any comprehensive view of the recent changes which almost every one is remarking in the physical and mental development of English girls. The number of tall and magnificently developed girls is noticeably on the increase; one can go nowhere without noticing that the girls of the present day are a head and shoulders taller than their mothers and grandmothers: and this striking physical development has taken place simultaneously with that improvement in their intellectual training which Sir James Crichton Browne deploras.

"WOMEN ARE NOT A CLASS."

Passing on to Mr. Bryce, from whom indeed better things might have been expected, Mrs. Fawcett turns the tables on him in the following passage:—

"Women are not a class," said Mr. Bryce, "they are our mothers, sisters, wives." Would it be too great an effort of imagination to him and those who use a similar line of argument to attempt, in their own minds, to reverse the situation: to suppose a House of Commons elected entirely by women, and composed entirely of women, and then when the poor excluded men asked for some share at any rate in representation, would they be satisfied if some fair lady assured them they did not require representation? "They are not a class. Are they not our brothers, our fathers, our husbands?" I think this would be but cold comfort.

THE MASCULINE ARGUMENT.

To Admiral Maxse's favourite contention that as women cannot fight, neither shall they vote, Mrs. Fawcett replies thus:—

Exactly the same argument might have been applied to

the municipal enfranchisement of women. Physical force is a necessary factor in municipal government, but women supply it just as the vast majority of men supply it, not by furnishing it in their own persons, but by paying for it in the persons of others. The control by the executive government of the armed forces by which the authority of the law would, in the last resort, be vindicated, is the essential thing; it is not essential that the electorate, on the opinions of the majority of whom the choice of the executive government depends, should themselves possess a preponderance of physical force. It is doubtful now, at the present moment, whether it does so; it certainly did not during all the hundreds of years that the parliamentary franchise was restricted to a small percentage of the adult males of the country.

WOMAN'S VOTE AND WOMAN'S WORK.

Mr. Leonard Courtney bases his plea for Woman's Suffrage chiefly upon the bearing of the franchise upon the industrial position of women. The recognition of woman as a worker, and the recognition of woman as a voter are part of one and the same movement. Even Mr. Gladstone admitted in old times:—

The question of the vote concerned the woman worker more than any other. It concerns her directly and indirectly, by immediate and by reflex action. The mere acquisition of a vote is in itself a small thing, especially to those whose minds have been already quickened by all the impulses and sympathies of political thought; but the character of the sex as a whole, and the status of the woman-worker in particular, must be improved by the removal of the barriers that have environed and cramped her activities.

LIBERAL WOMEN AND THEIR GROWTH.

Mrs. Sheldon Amos gives us a glimpse of the inside history of the hubbub that arose in the ranks of the Woman's Liberal Federation. She says:—

The first dispute in the annual Council arose when four ladies accompanied Sir Charles Dilke when he first offered himself to the public sympathy of the Forest of Dean, and allowed their names to appear in the public reports of his tour as members of the Women's Liberal Federation.

This action was objected to, and was disavowed at the following Council. Though that dispute has receded into the background, it marked the first line of cleavage and to a certain degree that line of cleavage has been persistent.

Last year the Reactionists on the Council succeeded in getting things their own way, but the Progressive women—

were stung to a great resolve, and this year's Council has seen the fruits of their determination. Among these women were a few whose devotion, capacity, and circumstances enabled them to give the whole year to the work of rousing the Liberal women of England. They pressed the demand that the franchise should be granted to women on the same terms as it is or may be granted to men; and with a band of helpers went to all parts of the country with this as their rallying cry.

In many a quiet village the women, when invited to come and hear the women speakers who told them that they ought to demand the vote for themselves, said: "Well, we were thinking it were our turn now. The men's 'ad it some years." This new activity attracted at first no great attention. But when the last date for the affiliation of new associations drew near, it became obvious that the Progressive party largely outnumbered their opponents who had proposed to rest and be thankful. The former majority now lost their self-control, and instead of accepting the defeat which they foresaw, a defeat only complementary to that which they had themselves inflicted the previous year, threw up the sponge and retired from the Federation—not without disorder.

THE NONCONFORMISTS AND MR. GLADSTONE.

BY THE REV. J. GUINNESS ROGERS.

In the *Contemporary Review* Mr. Guinness Rogers explains why Nonconformists follow Mr. Gladstone. He first ridicules the idea that they do not follow Mr. Gladstone. There are a few, such as Dr. Dale, of Birmingham, who do not, but it is undeniable that Mr. Gladstone retains the confidence of the great body of Nonconformist Liberals. They believe in the old chief, and are prepared to follow him and render him a service as enthusiastic as it is disinterested. This is so, although Mr. Gladstone has never spoken a solitary word expressing sympathy with the fundamental principles of Nonconformity. This enthusiasm or worship of Mr. Gladstone is a comparatively recent growth. In 1865 in London there was much distrust and hesitation in Nonconformist circles, but in 1876 he learnt to recognise the place of Nonconformity in national politics. Mr. Rogers is quite sure that it was the Bulgarian atrocities agitation that worked the miracle:—

Up to that time he had known little of Nonconformity; indeed, all his life had been spent among those who viewed it rather with an aversion or indifference which it would be very hard for us to credit but for occasional sidelights which are accidentally thrown upon it. To his surprise he found that these Nonconformists, whom high ecclesiastics regarded, to use the expressive words of one of their number, as "enemies of God and their country," were a power in the nation, and that their influence was used in obedience to Christian principle. As a statesman he could not ignore the former fact, as a Christian he was bound to recognise the other. It is to his honour that he has never forgotten those lessons.

The great secret of the confidence reposed by Nonconformists in Mr. Gladstone is that he is felt to be every inch a Christian statesman. There is in him a moral greatness that raises him above even the high level of his intellectual power. As for those who denounce Mr. Gladstone as a Jesuit in disguise, and marvel that Nonconformists can sympathise with a High Churchman, Mr. Rogers says:—

So far as creed is concerned, the sympathy between them has been gradually declining, and it may be doubted whether Congregationalists of to-day are not more attracted by the anti-Erastianism of the High Church party, and by the liberalism of Broad Churchmen, than by the special tenets of Evangelicals who cling to a Calvinism which Congregationalists have renounced, and to a Millenarianism which they never held, and who, with all their boasted love of Protestantism, are content to tolerate the encroachments of sacerdotalism rather than peril the security of their position in the Established Church.

Mr. Rogers declares that to appeal to Nonconformists on the ground of sympathy with Protestant Ulster will fail, for the reason that what Nonconformists object to is ecclesiastical tyranny, and they dislike it just as much when the tyrants call themselves Protestants as when they are Papists. As for the danger of persecution, Mr. Rogers says:—

Let it be said, however, that no Home Rule Bill which would have any chance of receiving the support of English Dissenters would confer on an Irish Parliament the power which the alarmist forecast supposes. If there is one point on which there may be perfect assurance in the midst of the uncertainty as to the details of the measure, it is that the rights of conscience will be effectually safeguarded.

The conclusion of the whole matter is that from no section of his supporters will Mr. Gladstone receive a more loyal support than from Nonconformists. They await without anxiety the full disclosure of his new plan of Home Rule.

THE FIGHT OF THE "ARMSTRONG" PRIVATEER.

In the *Century Magazine*, Mr. James Jeffrey Roche has a poem full of reminiscences of Lord Tennyson and Lord Macaulay on the fight of the *Armstrong* privateer. It tells how an American privateer, a brig of seven guns, moored by the castle on the shore of the harbour of Fayal in the Azores, fought three British men-of-war, the *Carnation*, eighteen guns, the *Rota*, forty-four guns, and the *Plantagenet*, seventy-four. The following gives the poet's account of what happened:—

"Seize the pirate where she lies!" cried the English admiral:
"If the Portuguese protect her, all the worse for Portugal!"
And four launches at his bidding leaped impatient for the fray,
Speeding shoreward where the *Armstrong* grim and dark
and ready lay.

Twice she hailed and gave them warning; but the feeble
menace scorning,

On they came in splendid silence, till a cable's-length away—
Then the Yankee pivot spoke; Pico's thousand echoes woke,
And four baffled, beaten launches drifted helpless on the bay.
Then the wrath of Lloyd arose till the lion roared again,
And he called out all his launches and he called five hundred
men;

And he gave the word, "No quarter!" and he sent them forth
to smite.

Heaven help the foe before him when the Briton comes in
might!

Heaven help the little *Armstrong* in her hour of bitter need;
God Almighty nerved the heart and guided well the arm of
Reid.

Launches to port and starboard, launches forward and aft,
Fourteen launches together striking the little craft.

They backed at the boarding-nettings, they swarmed above
the rail;

But the Long Tom roared from his pivot and the grape-shot
fell like hail:

Pike and pistol and cutlas, and hearts that knew not fear,
Bulwarks of brawn and mettle, guarded the privateer.
And ever where fight was fiercest the form of Reid was seen;
Ever where foes drew nearest, his quick sword fell between.

* * * * *
But the privateersman laughed and flung the weapon aside,
And he drove his blade to the hilt, and the foeman gasped
and died.

Then the boarders took to their launches laden with hurt and
dead,

But little with glory burdened, and out of the battle fled.
Now the tide was at flood again, and the night was almost
done,

When the sloop-of-war came up with her odds of two to one,
And she opened fire; but the *Armstrong* answered her gun
for gun,

And the gay *Carnation* wilted in half an hour of sun.
Then the *Armstrong*, looking seaward, saw the mighty
seventy-four,

With her triple tier of cannon, drawing slowly to the shore.
And the dauntless captain said: "Take our wounded and our
dead,

Bear them tenderly to land, for the *Armstrong's* days are
o'er;

But no foe shall tread her deck and no flag above it wave—
To the ship that saved our honour we will give a shipman's
grave."

So they did as he commanded, and they bore their mates to
land,

With the figurehead of *Armstrong* and the good sword in his
hand.

Then they turned the Long Tom downward, and they
pierced her oaken side,
And they cheered her, and they blessed her, and they sunk
her in the tide.

LORD WOLSELEY AT HOME.

In the *Strand Magazine* for May 14th Mr. Harry How, whose illustrated interviews have for some months past been the only solid feature in Mr. Newnes' magazine, gives a very interesting description of Lord Wolseley's home in Dublin. It is copiously illustrated with portraits of Lord, Lady and the Hon. Miss Wolseley, Lord Edward Cecil, and the portraits of their favourite houses, together with views of the interior of the house and sketches of scenes in Lord Wolseley's life. Mr. How seems to have had the advantage of staying some days with Lord Wolseley at Dublin, and to have made good use of his time both with the camera and with his note book. It took Lady Wolseley nearly a year to transport the furnishings of her house at Greenwich over to Dublin, but they seem to have reproduced the plenishings of their home with scrupulous exactitude. The chief interest of the article, however, is not in the upholstery details, or even in the catalogue of the curios which Lord Wolseley has collected from all parts of the world, but the anecdotes with which the interview is studded. Many of Lord Wolseley's reminiscences have appeared in the pages of this review, but several are new.

A STORY OF CETEWAYO.

Cetewayo, when he was taken prisoner, was accompanied by several hundred wives. Lord Wolseley, exercising the supreme authority of a conqueror, limited his wives to three, with whom he was sent into captivity. The unconscionable Zulu was continually asking for more wives, a request which Lord Wolseley never granted, for he drew the line at trigamy. At last, however, when Cetewayo heard that Lord Wolseley was returning to England, he sent a message to the effect that, "if I would not give him any more wives, would I exchange the three he had for three others?" What Lord Wolseley answered is not recorded, but for the sake of the 297 widowed wives it is to be hoped he yielded and granted the petition.

WHY GORDON WAS LOST.

Lord Wolseley told Mr. How that if Herbert Stewart had not been killed he would have saved Gordon. The last words he said to him at parting were: "'Now, Stewart, I will make use of an Irishism; I will never forgive you if you get killed.' 'I won't,' he cried, and wrung my hand as he rode away." Lord Wolseley thinks that the sudden delivery of the news that the Queen had made him a major-general prolonged his life for a few days, but he was too badly hurt to recover.

GENERAL GORDON AND MONEY.

Lord Wolseley tells the following characteristic story of General Gordon:—

Gordon left London on January 18th, 1884; he started from my house, and when he left he said, "I pray for three people every night of my life, and you are one of them." When Gordon went to Kartoum he went for God. I think Charley Gordon was one of the two great heroes I have known in my life. I have met abler men, but none so sincere. He was full of courage and determination, honest in everything he did or ever thought of, and totally indifferent to wealth. His departure for the Sudan took place late in the afternoon. There he stood, in a tall silk hat and frock coat. I offered to send him anything he wanted.

"Don't want anything," he said.

"But you've got no clothes!"

"I'll go as I am!" he said, and he meant it.

He never had any money; he always gave it away. I know once he had some £7,000. It all went in the establishment of a ragged school for boys.

I asked him if he had any cash.

"No," was his calm reply. "When I left Brussels I had to borrow £25 from the King to pay my hotel bill with."

"Very well," I said, "I'll try and get you some, and meet you at the railway station with it." I went round to the various clubs and got £300 in gold. I gave the money to Colonel Stewart, who went with him: Gordon wasn't to be trusted with it. A week or so passed by, when I had a letter from Stewart. He said, "You remember the £300 you gave me? When we arrived at Port Said a great crowd came out to cheer Gordon. Amongst them was an old sheik to whom Gordon was much attached, and who had become poor and blind. Gordon got the money, and gave the whole of it to him!"

The only night on which Lord Wolseley ever left the trenches in the siege of Sebastopol was due to the effects of eating a Christmas pudding which he had compounded out of biscuits, figs and bad suet, and swallowed after boiling half-an-hour in a towel.

HOW TO GET ON IN THE ARMY.

Lord Wolseley says that his only specific for getting on in the army is to try and get killed on every possible occasion, and if you are not killed you are certain to get on:—

Nine out of ten men don't know how they are going to behave. You look forward with eagerness to see what a battle is like. I know I was longing to get shot at. Nerve—nerve is the great thing needed. The wise men who haven't got it give up, the fools stay on and come to grief. Your soldier may have spirit and enthusiasm, but nerve beats everything else. Spirit is not much use when death is in the air, enthusiasm of little avail when bullets are whistling about and trying to pick you out from amongst all the others. Nerve—nothing but nerve—tells in the long run.

A PLEA FOR CONSCRIPTION.

Speaking of universal military service Lord Wolseley thus sums up its advantages to the recruit:—

You develop his physical power, you make a man of him in body and in strength, as the schools he had been at previously had made a man of him mentally. You teach him habits of cleanliness, tidiness, punctuality, reverence for superiors, and obedience to those above him, and you do this in a way that no species of machinery that I have ever been acquainted with could possibly fulfil. In fact, you give him all the qualities calculated to make him a thoroughly useful and loyal citizen when he leaves the colours, and returns home to civil life. And of this I am quite certain, that the nation which has the courage and the patriotism to insist on all its sons undergoing this species of education and training for at least two or three generations, will consist of men and women far better calculated to be the fathers and mothers of healthy and vigorous children than the nation which allows its young people to grow up without any physical training, although they may cram their heads with all sorts of scientific knowledge in their national schools. In other words, the race in two or three generations will be stronger, more vigorous, and therefore braver, and more calculated to make the nation to which they belong great and powerful.

The obvious comment excited by this eloquent outburst is, firstly, that all these civic virtues can be developed, if it is thought fit, in teaching people to do something better than trying how to kill each other, and secondly, the compulsory training as soldiers will never be so beneficial to the breed as other services, because it can only be applied to one half the human race, whereas other systems would benefit the whole race, as their advantages could be applied equally to both sexes.

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CAREY THE COBBLER.

THE CENTENARY OF MISSIONS.

DR. BLAIKIE, in the *Sunday Magazine* for June, and Dr. George Smith, in the *Missionary Review* for May, publish articles on William Carey, the pioneer of missions, the centenary of the beginning of whose apostolic work was celebrated at the beginning of this month by a series of sermons at Kettering, Nottingham, and Leicester. Dr. Blaikie says:—

It was on May 31st, 1792, just a hundred years ago, that the great enterprise of missions to the heathen began life in England.

It was on that date that William Carey addressed the Baptist ministers at Nottingham, and succeeded in founding the first English missionary society. Dr. Blaikie gives a very interesting account of Carey, whose character was one of exceptional interest:—

THE CHILDHOOD OF CAREY.

From his earliest years this man's life appeared to be moulded for special ends by providential hands. Enthusiastically fond of nature, half-mad on butterflies, insects, plants, and everything interesting in country life, he seemed beyond all doubt destined for an open-air occupation; but an ailment of the skin, which he ultimately outgrew, was so fiercely excited by the sun, that his father, a poor village schoolmaster at Pury, or Paulerspury, in Northamptonshire, was fain to find indoor work, and to apprentice him to a shoemaker at Hackleton, nine miles away. An older apprentice here was a serious man, and through him Carey was led to seek the Lord, and from that beginning to become a preacher at nineteen. From his earliest years his thirst for knowledge was unbounded, and books were borrowed wherever he could get them. Cook's "Voyages" kindled a desire to know as much of the different countries of the world as possible, and one of his boyish devices was to construct a large chart, with a section for every country, on which he wrote all the information about it he had been able to procure. Out of his Bible and this chart of the world sprang his missionary ardour. His Bible told him of our Lord's command, "Go ye into all the world and preach the Gospel to every creature."

THE COBBLER'S COLLEGE.

From sixteen to twenty-eight (1777 to 1789) he laboured for a living with the shoemaker's awl, having placed over his cottage door the sign-post (still preserved), "Second Hand Shoes Bought or Sold." The cobbler's shed at Hackleton became "Carey's college." It was a marvel how he was able to acquire a knowledge of Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, yet even at this period in his private devotions he could study his chapter in these three languages. As for Greek, he found a few words in that language in a New Testament commentary, copied them as he best could, and when he went home to Pury, showed them to a young man of education whom drink had reduced to weaving, and learned from him the meaning of the words. At nineteen he married, and before he was twenty he was invited to minister to a small Baptist Church, which paid him £10 per annum.

HIS GREAT SERMON.

At last came the meeting of ministers at Nottingham, in May, 1792, on which occasion he preached a memorable sermon from Isa. liv. 2, 3. It was the sermon in which he laid down the two great maxims of Christian enterprise which have since become classical:—

EXPECT GREAT THINGS FROM GOD;
ATTEMPT GREAT THINGS FOR GOD.

But after the sermon, the ministers were leaving the meeting, when Carey, seizing the arm of his friend, Andrew Fuller, said with an imploring look, "And are you, after all, going again to do nothing?" Then it was that it was resolved to

take steps to form a society, the plan of which was to be submitted to the next meeting of ministers.

HIS CAREER.

Carey himself went to India with an ailing and ill-tempered wife, who afterwards went insane, and four children. His work, however, belongs to history. Dr. Blaikie says:—

Carey has been well described as "preacher, teacher, scholar, scientist, printer, planter." First and foremost he was a missionary, with that thirst for souls which every missionary should have.

Carey died June 2nd, 1834, in his seventy-third year, after spending more than forty years in India without a single furlough or visit to England. His greatest permanent memorial was his translation of the Bible, in whole or in part, alone or with others, into some twenty-four Indian languages.

THE SOURCE OF HIS ENTHUSIASM.

The sudden revival of the missionary spirit Dr. Smith traces directly to the united prayer meetings for the revival of religion in Scotland, which were afterwards taken up by Jonathan Edwards in New England.

The pentecostal spirit that blew from Scottish Cambuslang to New England's Northampton was wafted back again by prayer to "Northampton in Old England."

Thus the Catholic prayer Scotland began, New England continued, and the English shoemaker, William Carey, by his society, completed the modern missionary enterprise of 1792.

Dr. George Smith says that Carey's call was one of the three new birth epochs in the history of Christianity:—

A.D. 51-55.	A.D. 1492-1534.	A.D. 1779-1792.
PAUL revealed Christ to the West through Greece. JULIUS CÆSAR opened Great Britain, the missionary centre of English-speaking world-rulers. The New Testament Revelation at work.	COLUMBUS opened America, and India followed. LUTHER reformed the Church and gave the world a vernacular Bible as "The Great Missionary," basing all on the Nicene Creed of the Church, Apostolic and Catholic.	WASHINGTON made the United States the second missionary centre. WILLIAM CAREY prayed for slaves and heathen, and became the first English missionary and Bible translator for Asia, during the Apostasy of the French Revolution.

There is also an article on the same subject, "William Carey at Leicester," in the *Sunday at Home* for June, by A. Pattison.

A SERIES OF HISTORICAL NOVELS.

Messrs. FUNK and WAGNALLS announce an interesting series of historical stories, to be called the "Columbian Historical Novels." They will be published bi-monthly, in uniform size and style, and will be completed in twelve volumes, at a dollar each. They will form a complete history of the United States from Columbus down to the present day, in the form of stories, by John R. Musick. The design is an ingenious one, and I should be glad to see it applied to English history:—

From Columbus down to the present day, if divided into the ordinary period of human life, makes twelve lifetimes or ages; and by studying each of these lifetimes or ages, one may discover that the spirit of the age or time changes in about forty years. The author having deduced these facts by careful study of history, gives to each period a separate existence in the form of a complete story, and yet cleverly links them all together to make the whole series a correct and united history, and at the same time a fascinating romance. The historical divisions are:—1st, Age of Discovery; 2nd, Conquest; 3rd, Bigotry; 4th, Colonisation; 5th, Reason; 6th, Tyranny; 7th, Superstition; 8th, Contention of Powers for Supremacy; 9th, Independence; 10th, Liberty Established; 11th, Supremacy abroad; 12th, Union.

LIP-READING.

THE DEAF DO HEAR AND THE DUMB DO SPEAK.

M. F. DELTOUR contributes to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 1st an exceedingly interesting article on the National Institution for Deaf Mutes at Paris. Originally founded by the Abbé de l'Épée, it has gradually abandoned his method of signs (which was found to labour under many disadvantages) for that of lip-reading. That the Abbé himself looked forward to this result is shown by his own words. "The deaf-mute will never be truly restored to human society till the day when they have learnt to express themselves in words and read from the lips of others." It is also true that the oral method was known to his contemporary, Rodrigues Pereire, who was entirely successful in applying it. He refused, however, to communicate the secret unless well paid for it. Moreover, the method requires a large amount of individual attention, and the Abbé de l'Épée's limited resources would not have allowed him to engage a sufficiently large staff of masters for the seventy-five boys with whom he began. In 1880 oral teaching was introduced in the Paris institution and gradually extended, and when, in 1887, the last of the pupils trained on the old system had left, the manual signs were entirely abandoned. It goes without saying that progress has been more satisfactory ever since.

ONLY FOR THE YOUNG.

At present, boys are admitted between the ages of nine and twelve, and no student can remain after twenty-one. Recent authorities have seen reason to think that children of six or seven might with advantage begin the exercises for producing the voice and learning how to form sounds. After the age of twelve, or at most thirteen, it is useless for pupils to begin—the vocal and respiratory organs being no longer flexible enough to execute new movements. Children, whose general health is not good, or whose sight is defective, or who are mentally deficient, are not admitted. The sight is especially important, as so much of the teaching depends on it. Moreover, the pupil is only finally accepted after a trial course of instruction has tested his ability to profit by the instruction he receives. The least capable pupils—in practice, about a fourth of the whole number—are placed in classes of their own, and receive special attention.

THE COURSE OF TEACHING.

The course is divided into two periods. In the first—extending over four years—the pupils learn *how* to speak and understand. The second embraces the ordinary branches of instruction in elementary schools. Besides the latter, five hours per day are devoted to learning one of the following trades:—Wood-carving, printing, lithography, carpentering, shoemaking, gardening. The elementary pupils, who can spare less time from their head-work, are prepared for this branch by what are called manual exercises for about an hour every day—Fröbel's games during the first year, followed by modelling and Sloyd, which teach them to handle tools.

We have not space to summarise M. Deltour's excellent account of the way in which the conception of speech is awakened in the pupils, and they are gradually enabled to articulate the most elementary sounds. The whole system has been improved by successive steps till it is probably nearer perfection than anything of the kind now in existence. Arithmetic, elementary geometry, geography, and the history of France, are taught after a skilfully graduated plan. The last-named occupies the two closing years of the course, and serves to introduce a few notions of what is known in France as *droit mond*.

They receive information—which comes to most people naturally, in the course of practical life, but without which they would be helpless—on such subjects, as money, contracts, wages, crime and its penalties, the law of master and servant, etc., etc.

RELIGIOUS EDUCATION.

Religious instruction has, of course, always been a most difficult point. The teacher could begin by pronouncing the word *Dieu*, and then trying to connect it, in the mind of the pupil, with the Unseen—with the ideas of Omnipotence, of creation, of Divine goodness and justice, as revealed in the beauty and terror of Nature. "At the sight of Nature—of a flower—of the clear or starry sky, or when the pupil is attentive and obedient, he says to him, for example, 'God—good; God—well pleased; God blesses.' During a thunderstorm, or having committed some fault, he repeats to him, 'God—powerful; God—great; God sees—God punishes.' By these words he succeeds in awakening in the child's mind that sense of Divinity which underlies the conscience. As he proceeds all opportunities are seized for developing this rudimentary instruction. It is usually about their third or fourth year, when they have begun to master the idea of objects and the artificers who have made them, that religious ideas make most progress in their hearts and minds. The effort is then made to arouse their curiosity and induce them to ask, 'Who made plants and animals?—the sky and the earth?—the first man?'"

RESULTS.

The whole course extends over eight years, but those who have completed it at eighteen or nineteen, may, if desired, remain at the school till they are twenty-one, but in no case beyond that age. Most of those who have left it have been found fully capable of earning an honourable livelihood; some have even become craftsmen of marked ability. Some of the deaf-mute printers are employed by the great Paris firms, and even in the *Imprimerie Nationale*, where situations can only be obtained by means of a competitive examination. It is an interesting fact that the printing establishment of MM. Firmin-Didot at Mesnil-sur-l'Estéu (Enre) employs none but women, all of whom are former pupils of the Deaf-Mute (Girls') School at Bordeaux. The excellence of MM. Firmin and Didot's typography is well known.

Among the lithographers trained at the institution, there have been some genuine artists, and some of the wood-carvers, on leaving, have continued their studies, and joined classes for decorative art.

WHAT IT COSTS.

The terms are 1,400 francs a year. Daily boarders, who go home at night, but take their mid-day meal at school, pay 800 francs; and day pupils, who go home for meals (but take part in the recreations, the walks, baths, and swimming lessons, as well as the classes), 600 francs. There are numerous scholarships, and even in default of these, eligible cases are never rejected for want of funds. There is an annual subsidy from the State, which may reach the sum of 264,300 francs; the Institution has an annual income (from legacies, subscriptions, endowments, etc.) of 50,000 francs, other pupils' payments amount to 80,000 francs.

An instance of the successful training of the Institution is given in the case of a young man, a former pupil, who in 1887 claimed exemption from the conscription on the ground of a defect which no one had noticed, till he himself informed the president of the Revision Committee that he was deaf and dumb.

THE FAMINE IN RUSSIA.

LATEST REPORTS FROM THE HUNGER-FIELDS.

MR. EDGAR, of the *North-Western Miller*, who accompanied the cargo of flour sent in the *Missouri* by the American millers for the relief of the starving population of South Russia, has returned to America. On his way he looked in at Mowbray House and brought with him samples of the hunger-bread which is being eaten by the starving peasantry. It is black-green and sour. It is made of chopped weeds and a little miserable grain and chaff. Mr. Edgar's account of the position of things was very horrible.

MR. EDGAR'S REPORT.

Nothing could be more admirable, he said, than the conduct of the Russian landed proprietors. He had been over many of their estates and seen the way in which they were working all through the winter in the service of their suffering peasants. Since the emancipation, they had no longer any right of ownership in the serfs. Those who had once been their chattels had been made free and had been settled upon land of their own. The landlords had been deprived of all authority, but no sooner did the peasants see famine staring them in the face than they cried out "We are your people; come and save us." And throughout the whole of the stricken district, the proprietors have responded with a readiness which Mr. Edgar declares would not have been equalled in any State of the Union. "Americans," says Mr. Edgar, "would have supplied money and given substance, but they would not have given themselves as those Russians have done. It is wonderful to see young ladies, who have been accustomed to spend their winter in the height of fashionable society in the Riviera, living in the midst of typhus fever and famine horrors of the worst description, often without servants, making themselves the servants of the poor and most wretched of their peasants. How they have gone through it and survive I do not know, but it was an inspiration to see them, and it will be a life-long memory to cherish. Nothing can be more splendid than the way in which they have all worked since they have waked up to it."

THE SLAYING OF THE CHILDREN.

But the suffering has been awful, and the typhus fever will be very bad. In some districts all the children have died. There was nothing to give them but this hunger-bread, which brought on intestinal inflammation, and they died like rotten sheep. No one will ever know what Russia has gone through in these last months. "I visited one district," said Mr. Edgar, "where more than a thousand children had been kept from dying by a supply of Nestle's food for infants. The landlord had come upon some tins of Nestle's food and had bought up as many as he could, with the result that a thousand children are living to-day who otherwise would have been dead. The destruction of horses is something horrible. I was not in the worst districts, but in those which were better at least one-half of the horses had died, and those which remain are skeletons, and will not be able to do a stroke of work for many a long day to come.

NO REVOLUTION.

"But at the same time do not be misled into believing that all this misery and equalor and disease and death will have any direct political effect. As far as I could see there has not been the simmering of the first beginning of revolutionary discontent. The sufferers have been overwhelmed by a disaster which seems like a law of

Nature. They would no more think of rising in revolution because their crops failed than they would think of revolting against a thunderstorm or an earthquake. The government of the Tsar to them seems part of the workings of Nature and the law of God. So, at least, it seems to me."

A PLEA FOR MORE MONEY.

The Rev. Mr. Francis, from St. Petersburg, who has been in charge of a great deal of the relief work, is now in this country, and is very urgent that something should be done to tide the unfortunate Russians over the time which must elapse until their crops have been gathered. He has been down with typhoid fever himself, and is very urgent that something should be done to help the peasants through the period which still must intervene until they can once more depend upon their own resources.

Madame Novikoff is now on her son's estate, in the midst of the suffering peasantry. The whole of their own peasants have been supported from their own resources. All subscriptions which have been raised in this country have been devoted to the relief of the peasants of surrounding estates whose proprietors have been unable to afford the necessary relief. Among many other developments of his benevolent activity, M. Novikoff has saved alive no fewer than 1,300 horses, which he has fed at his own expense throughout the winter.

THE AMERICAN MINISTER AT ST. PETERSBURG.

In the *North American Review* for May, M. Charles Emory Smith, United States Minister at St. Petersburg, gives the following account of the famine. His statements are the most lucid of any which I have as yet read. He says that the area over which the famine prevails is ten times as large as the State of New York, and contains a population of thirty millions, half of whom are in a state of utter helplessness and distress, without food or the means of getting it. The famine was brought about by the blight of 1891, which caused a falling off in the yield of the crops equal to the quantity of food required for the sustenance of thirteen millions of people for a year.

THE CAUSE OF THE FAMINE.

For five months in twenty provinces there was not one drop of rain, the previous winter had been one of little snow, and the spring was fiercely cold, the east winds blighting the early promise:—

Ordinarily, with the melting snow and spring floods, the overflowing Volga spreads, like the Nile, over the plains along some parts of its border, and nurtures a coarse grass which serves as fodder. But even this failed last year. There was, indeed, an accumulation of all the plagues. Millions of sroks or Siberian marmots—a species of prairie rat—made their appearance in some provinces and, having lost their usual granaries, committed great ravages. What the peasants call blight-clouds—myriads of insects darkening the skies—hovered over the land, and wherever they rested they left a desert.

HUNGER, COLD, AND NAKEDNESS.

Formerly there used to be magazines of grain kept against emergencies, but since the abolition of serfdom these magazines have been discontinued, and there were no resources available with which to cope with the famine:—

To the pangs of hunger have been added the hardships of a bitter winter. The season has been, the coldest for many years, and it has been difficult to procure material even for the scanty fire that serves to keep the peasant warm.

The drought was equally fatal to this supply, and in many cases the peasants were compelled to huddle together, several families in a single cottage, and to tear up the thatched roofs of abandoned homes, to cut up the planks of empty barns, to seize even upon the wooden ploughs and everything that would burn, in order to keep from freezing. Then there is, besides, a famine of clothing.

Mr. Smith gives an awful account of the devastation which has been wrought amongst the horses and cattle:—

In Samara, out of 1,160,300 horses enumerated in the early autumn, more than 600,000 have been killed or have perished. Out of a total of 460,000 cattle only about 180,000 are left, and of the two and a quarter million sheep scarcely any remain.

In cattle, increased prices, and in its direct and indirect consequences, the famine has cost the Russian people more than a hundred millions sterling.

THE TZAR AND THE FAMINE.

The Government, he thinks, has grappled in liberal measure with the tremendous problem. The Emperor has vigorously directed the operations of relief, summarily dismissed inefficient agents, and has given from his own private purse money equal to fifteen or twenty times as much as the contributions from all the world outside Russia. As America has sent food valued at £100,000, the Emperor's subscription must have been large indeed. Like Mr. Edgar, Mr. Smith is full of praise for the generosity and devotion of the landed proprietors.

IF THE CROPS FAIL AGAIN.

I have received a letter from Samara, dated May 19th, which foreshadows another failure of the crops. The writer says:—

Matters are looking very grave here again. We have had no rain, and the spring crops are beginning to suffer. The people, too, are nervous and frightened, which is not to be wondered at. The horrors of this past time will not soon be forgotten. May God avert a repetition of them! The bishop of this diocese has appointed that prayers for rain shall be offered up next Sunday morning in all the churches.

THE RUSSIAN FAMINE FUND.

MADAME NOVIKOFF, who is now on her son's estate in Tamboff, requests me to acknowledge the following subscriptions to her famine fund:—

SUBSCRIPTIONS RECEIVED SINCE OUR LAST ACKNOWLEDGMENT.—Rt. Hon. W. E. Gladstone, £25; Mrs. W. B. Gladstone, £10; per Mrs. Oswald Beasquest, £2 10s.; A Friend, £1 10s.; per Mrs. Krabbe Williams, £1; L. & S. Gould, £1; Edin. Medical Student, 5s.; Anon (Pumper Pass), 10s.; E. L. 6d.; M. S. Powell, 10s.; Farelly Alden, £2 0s. 5d.; A Mite, 4s.; W. Goodwin, 2s. 6d.; A Friend, 2s. 6d.; E. C. D., 10s.; Anonymous, 5s.; J. McWhirter, £1 1s.; per Miss Waddell, 5s. 6d.; P. N. C., 5s.; Miss Dixon, 5s.; W. B. Bibby, 5s. 6d.; Anonymous, 5s.; W. Simpson, £1; W. C. G., 4s.; De Montels (Napoli), 10s.; A Reader, 2s. 6d.; Skirrik, 10s.; N. O. W., 5s.; B., 2s.; Myra, 3s.; Rev. J. W. Lance (South Africa), £1; Baptist Chapel (Long Buckby), £1 6s.; W. J. Simpson, £1; Poetry Reading at Mendon Veau, £2; Miss Kitchener, 9s.; Anonymous, 11d.; G. Holtum, 10s.; A Sinful Christian, £1; Anonymous, 3s.; Annie Lawson, 2s.; H. D., 4s.; Anonymous, 1s.; John Farrell, 12s.; From Millford (Manitoba), £3; John M. Moir (Natal), £1; M. E. Band (Shetland), £1.

By a printer's error some of the subscriptions acknowledged in our last issue appeared incorrectly as regards the amounts contributed. For that reason we repeat in the following paragraph those subscriptions which were incorrectly stated at that time:—

Per Miss de Lido—Mrs. Sims Reeves £1 1s., Mrs. Saunders Davies £1, others £1 10s.; Miss Black, £1; Mrs. Hall, £1 10s.; Mrs. Whiteaw, £1; R. Peck, 10s.; H. H. Gregory, 10s.; A Sympathiser (Malta), £1; Anonymous, £1 10s.; Ditto, 2s. 6d.; Ditto, 7s. 6d.; X. Y. Z., 10s.; Friends in Newport (Salop), £1 15s.; E. T. S., 3s.; Vincent, 4s.; S. L. B., 17s. 6d.; A Highlander, £1; Monensia, 5s.; B., 2s. 6d.; Queen's College, Nassau, N.P. (Bahama), £13; Mrs. Royle, 5s.; per Miss Julia Pittet, 5s.; Miss Field, 2s. 6d.; Anonymous, 1s.; per Mr. N. man Lang, £1 10s.; Messrs. Yates and Thom, £5; R. P. Hobson, £4; Robt Stocker, 14s. 6d.; H. Wilmer, £3 3s.; Mrs. H. Offley, £1 1s.; Anonymous, 2s. 6d.; Ditto, 1s. 6d.

DIRECT TAXATION IN NEW ZEALAND.

By SIR ROBERT STOUT.

THE *Sydney Quarterly* for March contains as its first article an interesting account by Sir Robert Stout of the system of direct taxation in New Zealand. After giving a historical survey of the changes which have been brought about in direct taxation in New Zealand, Sir Robert says:—

In 1891 a change in the incidence of taxation was a feature of the Budget, and the alteration made is the following:—First, as regards land. Land is valued first at its unimproved value; and, secondly, the improvements on it are valued. It is proposed that the land shall pay one penny in the pound on its improved value, and all improvements over £3,000 in value shall pay one penny in the pound. There is also to be given £500 exemption. The landowner will have the right to deduct mortgages, the mortgagee paying one penny in the pound in place of him, subject also to the £500 deduction. So that so far as the small farmer is concerned, he gets an additional exemption of his improvements from taxation. As to the large farmer, he also gets the benefit of this exemption, but a new proposal has been placed in the Act of 1891—a graduated system of taxation has been introduced. This system only touches the unimproved value of land. Improvements and all other capital are exempt from the graduated system of taxation. The graduation begins at from £5,000 to £10,000 in value, one-eighth of a penny in the pound is charged; from £10,000 to £20,000, two-eighths of a penny in the pound; and so on, gradually rising up one-eighth of a penny until where the unimproved land is of the value of £210,000 or upwards, one penny and six-eighths of a penny in the pound is levied in addition to the ordinary penny rate. The result of this is that large properties of over £210,000 in value will have to pay the heavy tax of 2½d. in the pound. In addition, the improvements over £3,000 will have to pay one penny in the pound. Another new scheme that was given effect to is a tax on absentees who are owners of land, the provisions being that if the owner of land has been absent from or resident out of the colony for three years or over prior to the passing of the Annual Taxation Act, he is to pay an additional twenty per cent. This graduated tax also has to be paid without any deduction from mortgages. The same Act also provides for the imposition of an income tax on companies (Schedule C. in Act), and income tax from businesses (Schedule D in Act), and income tax on profits or salaries from employment or emolument (Schedule E). It was proposed by the treasurer that the income on companies should be levied at their net profits without any exemption. No definite sum in the pound has yet been fixed as the income tax, but it was assumed that it would be sixpence or one shilling. The income from business was levied also on the net profits, but there was an exemption allowed of £300. No rate has been fixed for this income tax, but it was assumed that it would be sixpence in the pound. The income tax on salaries or other emoluments was also subject to an exemption of £300, and it has been assumed that that would be at half the rate of income from business, trade, manufactures, etc. This is the new taxation scheme that was adopted by the Parliament at its last session.

Sir Robert Stout says that four-fifths of the New Zealand newspapers are opposed to the new system and to its authors. He thinks, however, that although it may cause the sale of large estates it will not cause the withdrawal of capital, for capital has not been called upon to pay increased taxation. Whether or not New Zealand has solved the difficult problem of direct taxation, he says, remains to be seen.

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DISESTABLISHMENT.

CAN CHRISTIANS KEEP THEIR TEMPER?

THE question whether or not it is possible for one set of Christians to disestablish the church belonging to another set of Christians without losing their tempers, or sacrificing all round the virtues which Christianity exists in order to inculcate, continues to be discussed with vigour in the *Review of the Churches*. Mr. Herbert Stead proposed that before disestablishment came to the forefront the leaders of the various parties should agree to rule out certain irrelevant and discreditable modes of controversy, and should agree to certain rules of the ring which would at least secure that the controversy between the Christian churches should be carried on as fairly as, say, a prize-fight under the Queensberry rules.

MR. PRICE HUGHES.

Mr. Price Hughes cordially supports my brother's suggestion, and declares that Prof. Stokes's article in the last number of the *Review of the Churches*—

Only shows how extremely important it is that, if possible, Mr. Herbert Stead's idea should be carried out, and that the representatives of divergent views should meet together. If they do, however, the wise suggestion of Mr. Guinness Rogers should be carried out, and "pronounced men" should not be excluded from the deliberations. I can only add a conviction that if the strong advocates of the political establishment of religion were to meet Nonconformists, they would discover that we also desired national as well as individual religion, and that the only controversy between us was not with respect to the end, but only with respect to the means by which that end may be most easily and completely reached.

THE DEAN OF ST. ASAPH'S.

The Dean of St. Asaph says that while it is not easy calmly to listen to the proposals of some liberationists, he trusts that the churchmen will endeavour to the best of their ability to follow the lines of controversy outlined with admirable impartiality by Mr. Herbert Stead:—

If Mr. F. H. Stead's suggestions as to the conduct of this controversy could be accepted by responsible speakers on both sides I am sure that much unnecessary injury to the interests of religion would be avoided, and I therefore hope the numerous practical difficulties in the way of the Conference which he proposes may be surmounted. It will be a deep disgrace and a permanent loss to both sides if the discussion of a great religious question cannot be carried on without an unworthy appeal to base passions. I have certainly no desire to under-estimate the issues at stake. But, important as these issues are, I am convinced that the spirit shown in the controversy will be found, in the long run, of still greater importance.

THE ARCHDEACON OF LONDON.

The Archdeacon of London contributes the following proposals as a means of avoiding disestablishment altogether, even in Wales:—

To sum up, what I advocate is this:—

1. Immediate redemption of tithe from small or Nonconformist owners of land, to remove a grievance felt, though sentimental.
2. The grant of solid and indisputable social standing from the Queen, as fountain of all honour, to the ministers of registered religious communions.
3. The retirement of the rector and vicar from all purely secular business. Obviously the *ex officio* presidency in Wales gives ground for dislike and jealousy.

4. The universal formation of cemeteries and burial boards.
5. The representation of the parents of children on school management committees.

6. The absolute cessation on the part of the Welsh clergy of all reprisals on Nonconformist attacks. I have no right to offer advice to the Nonconformists; but if that policy could be zealously and enthusiastically adopted, I know which would be the winning side.

7. The universal cultivation of friendly relations on the part of the clergy towards all the Nonconformist ministers, no matter how bitterly they may feel their conduct. "In honour," all Christians are bound to "prefer one another." Love is the real conquering element, not war.

8. The reorganisation of the House of Lords will come some day, and it will be made more of a Senate. The hereditary element will remain, but other elements will be introduced. The annual presidents of the chief Nonconformist communions would rightly represent the interests of their organisations in such a body, and speak with authority on questions of peace, war, and public morality and well-being.

9. The recognition by the clergy that the great upheaval of the Reformation, necessitated by the degradation of the Catholic Church in previous ages, brought consequences which cannot now be undone, and of which it is the true Christian policy to make the best; asserting the Episcopal principles of Hooker, Jewel, Laud, Andrewes, Cosin, Bancroft, and Hall, rather than those of Cyprian.

10. Separation of the Welsh dioceses from the English into a distinct province, so that they could reorganise some of their customs and institutions freely on indigenous needs and principles. Small national churches or provinces were common in primitive times.

11. A wise and vigorous application of discipline for the correction of any irregularities which may possibly here and there remain.

God grant that all His people may serve Him in unity of spirit, in bond of peace, and in righteousness of life!

A List of Champions—There is an article in the *Strand* for May 14th devoted to champions. Those whose portraits are given are as follows:—Frederick John Omond, 25 years old, 6 ft. 2 in., 12 st., bicycle champion, one, five, twenty-five, and fifty miles; covered one mile on a safety bicycle in 2 min. 16 sec. George Pilkington Mills, 25, 5 ft. 10½ in., 11 st. 4 lb., long-distance road-riding tricyclist, 298½ miles in 24 hours; rode from Land's End to John o' Groat's House in 4 days 11½ hours. Guy Nickalls, amateur champion sculler. James Kibblewhite, 26 years old, amateur champion runner, one and ten miles, 5 ft. 9½ in., 10 st. Mortimer Remington, 24, 5 ft. 11 in., 10 st. 10 lb., quarter-mile amateur champion runner. D. D. Bulger, 26 years old, won thirty out of forty-seven championship contests in high and long jumping, sprinting, and hurdle work. Godfrey Shaw, champion quarter-mile over hurdles, 26 years old, 5 ft. 9½ in., 10 st. 8 lb. Thomas Jennings, high jump amateur champion, 23, 6 ft., 14 st. 4 lb. James Smart, English champion skater, 5 ft. 10 in., 11½ st., 27 years old. S. W. Greasley, champion amateur swimmer, 25, 5 ft. 2½ in., 10 st.

The French Novel and German Women is the subject of an interesting little article in the *Wiener Literatur-Zeitung* for May, in which the writer says that in Germany the French novel is everywhere, that German women are careful not to read any German novel by a "naturalist," but that they devour the French novels as though the word "prudery" could not be applied to a French author.

THE CAUSE OF WOMAN.

BY MISS WILLARD.

In the *Arena* for May Miss Frances Willard discourses upon the bearing of the Woman's Movement on society and character. She says the whole cause will rise or fall according to the character of the women it develops. The paper is somewhat discursive and even desultory, which is sometimes characteristic of Miss Willard's writings.

THE CASE IN A PHRASE.

The woman's question in a nutshell, she says, is that sons and daughters ought to share and share alike. The progress of the world is impeded because women have fallen across the track in India, in China, in Germany, and to some extent in America. If women had a little more ingenuity there would not be a college shut to them in America to-day. There is not a barrier in Church or State that would not melt at the high temperature of molten gold, the meaning of which is that wealthy women could bribe colleges and institutions to open almost any institution to women in return for liberal endowments. Miss Willard maintains that the time has come when woman is rising from the plane of sexhood to that of humanhood. She explains her meaning by saying that as long as people simply think of sex they restrict themselves to one, and that not the highest phase, of the individual. She denounces the use of the word "female," for, as used in current speech, it applies equally to a hen and to the mother of Abraham Lincoln.

THE RISE OF WOMAN.

Three million women in the United States earn their own living; 4,400 different occupations are now open to wage-earners; 40,000 girls are now studying in colleges. Education and property are the two great powers in the world, compared with which physical force is nowhere. Alcohol and tobacco are stunting the physique and the brain of men to such an extent that the race would die out but for the purer blood and better physique of the women. This foreshadows the better time when all men shall see that the woman vote is the highway to home protection and harmonious relations. But she will have none of the single woman franchise; it is a mistake to put a premium upon old maids. "It is the utmost unwisdom to bestow the ballot upon single women, and to withhold it from those who have given the costliest pledges to fortune." As for the fallacy that women should not have the vote because they cannot fight, that would equally disenfranchise three-fourths of our legislators and all the oldest and wisest members of the community. Force exists in other forms than that of bayonet and cannon-ball. The silent and unseen, like the pressure of the air, the force of gravitation, the influence of heat and magnetism, are the strongest powers of all.

WHO IS ILLEGITIMATE?

Miss Willard concludes her article by the following outburst, which may be commended to those candidates for political honours who have not been ashamed to be the means of bringing children into the world without a legal father. Miss Willard says:—

A phrase that we must chase out of the dictionary of common speech with a scourge of small cords is the phrase

"an illegitimate child." There never was one born. Every child that has appeared on this sphere came here in the direct line of those natural laws which are laws of God, and are perfectly legitimate. I even dare to hope that the mother of one of these poor little waifs, as we are wont to call them, is made legitimate by the awful sacrament of pain and shame that she endures. The only illegitimate factor in the problem is the father who endures nothing, who is pillowed in peace and comfort, while she, who by the laws of nature and of God, in this hour of her immeasurable need, should have been surrounded by his love and sentinelled by his protection, is left in the night of her agony, with no eye to pity, and no arm to save.

WHY WOMEN NEED EDUCATION.

President Timothy Dwight, in the *Forum* for May, maintains that the higher education in the coming era will be valued for what it gives of thinking power and range of mental life. Only by realising that higher education is required to develop serious thinking on a wide basis does it become obvious that the higher education should be given to daughters and sons alike. If education is for the growth of the human mind—the personal human mind—and if the glory of it is the up-building and out-building of the mind, the womanly mind is just as important, just as beautiful, just as much a divine creation with wide reaching possibilities as is the manly mind. Those who talk about educating people for what they call their spheres have not realised the fundamental idea of what education is:—

Education is for the purpose of developing and cultivating the thinking power. It is to the end of making a knowing, thinking mind. The higher education is for the realization of broad knowledge and wide thinking. When we know this, we know that the sister in a household should be educated as her brother is educated; that the mother should have the power, by reason of her own serious thought on literature, history, art, the varied good things of life, to guide and train the thought-power of her children; that the wife should be in intellectual oneness with her husband, ever stimulating and inspiring him by her thinking, and never giving him opportunity to depreciate, or seem to depreciate, her mental capacity in comparison with his own. It is too late in the world's history to think that a woman's mind is not of as much consequence as a man's mind, or that, whatever may be her peculiar sphere, she is not to be richly, broadly, and, if we may use the word, thoughtfully educated, as well as he.

An Australian's View of Divorce.—Mr. John Lothian Robson, in an article on the "Constancy of Woman" in the *Sydney Quarterly* for March, astonishes his readers by declaring that the only way out of the difficulties of divorce is by reverting to the Mosaic code of stoning the adulterer to death. Mr. Robson says:—

Divorce we shall dismiss with a word. After long and grave deliberation we are forced to the conclusion that the law of Moses in this particular is the true solution of the difficulty; that death should be the portion of the unfaithful, whether male or female. The crime is high treason against the State in its most pernicious form; it therefore merits the heaviest penalty. Divorce, with re-marriage, is confusion endlessly confounded; divorce, without re-marriage, is a burden heavier than ordinary mankind can endure; the death of the guilty clears the ground and leaves all fresh and square. And even to the guilty parties themselves their doom ought not to appear utterly deplorable; we live not for ourselves, but for humanity, and death, at a most uncertain future, is certain to us all. If we can do nothing for the good of our race, but delete ourselves and our vices from the face of creation, we ought not to be unwilling to die.

A VISIT TO COUNT TOLSTOI.

A WRITER in the *Cornhill Magazine* for June gives an account of a visit which he paid to Count Tolstoi after returning from a journey through the famine districts. He says that the family was considerably alarmed when they saw his sledge approaching, for every moment they feared that the gendarmes might come and take away the Count. The cause of this, of course, was the commotion which had been occasioned by the publication in the *Daily Telegraph*, and subsequently in the *Moscow Gazette*, of Count Tolstoi's article.

THE COUNT'S TROUBLES.

The writer says:—

"When I arrived in Samara from Patroffka, I found that the townsfolk were discussing it with some vehemence and excitement. The prevailing opinion appeared to be that the author of the article was mad, and ought to be shut up in a lunatic asylum.

A tchinovnik's wife exclaimed in my hearing, "He is throwing knives to the people to cut our throats with! He ought to be sent to Siberia, for he is stirring up the people!" To this an old Samara friend of mine, who has been exerting himself to the utmost on behalf of the peasantry, replied, "Well, if they did cut my throat it would not surprise me, although I have helped them as well as I could. They are unable to distinguish friends from enemies." Thereupon an official of high rank, who overheard the conversation, said, with a frankness which I did not expect to find in one of his class, "I believe that every word Count Tolstoi has written is perfectly true; nevertheless, he has no right to let the common people know the truth."

Count Tolstoi complained of the false interpretation the *Moscow Gazette* had published of his article, which was never meant for the Russian people. He was very indignant with the *Moscow Gazette* for accusing him of having urged the peasants to revolt, for it was contrary to the whole of his teaching to employ force.

LITERARY AND RELIGIOUS OPINIONS.

Count Tolstoi's conversation seems to have run very much in the same lines as when I was there. He praised Matthew Arnold and Ruskin, but pooh-poohed Bellamy. He urged his visitor to join the Ruskin Society, the members of which are pledged not to wear anything not made by hand, and not to live on money made by usury:—

"When Ruskin," continued the Count, "began to write on philosophy and on morality he was ignored by everybody, especially by the English Press, which has a peculiar way of ignoring anybody it does not like. I am astonished that people speak so little of Ruskin in comparison with Gladstone. When the latter makes a speech the papers are loud with their praises, but when Ruskin—whom I believe to be a greater man—talks, they say nothing."

Buddhism (he thought) was a very pessimistic religion. True Christianity, on the other hand, was beautiful and consoling. Personally, he did not think the present a bad life, if it were properly lived. We were not intended to be miserable, but happy. To him all natural objects were a never-failing source of delight, even the very snow and the icicles on the trees.

He said that he liked the Swedenborgians, and could not understand why any one should want to make the Russian peasant more comfortable:—

"But why," queried the Count, "should a man sleep on a bed if he can do without one by sleeping on the ground? You would increase their wants and make them luxurious. If a man is happy without a bed, why should he have one? Marcus Aurelius used to sleep on the ground. Why shouldn't the muzhiks?"

NON-RESISTANCE TRIUMPHANT.

He strongly asserted the doctrine of non-resistance, and—

In support of his argument he mentioned an instance of

some peasants, who, to test the sincerity of some Stundists, gradually robbed these of all their movable property. One day they took away the horses, another day the cows, a third day the furniture, until, finally, there was nothing left for them to take. Then they waited a day or two to see whether the Stundists would be false to their profession. Finding, eventually, that the Stundists did not move in the matter, and being conscience-stricken, they returned all the stolen property.

In parting from Count Tolstoi, says his visitor, he gave utterance to the following remarkable and sad words:—

"I do not know whether what I am doing is for the best, or whether I ought to tear myself away from this occupation. All I know is that I cannot leave this work. Perhaps it is weakness; perhaps it is my duty which keeps me here. But I cannot give it up, even if I should like to. Like Moses on Mount Horeb, I shall never see the fruit of my labours. I shall never know whether I have been acting for the best or not. My fear is that what I am doing is only a palliative."

Surely, when the historian comes to cover the canvas of the latter half of the nineteenth century, he will find no more pathetic figure for his painting than that of the great genius Tolstoi, battling with famine and fever, and striving with all his might and main to bring about the universal brotherhood of mankind, and yet pursued by doubts as to whether, after all, there is not some better way which he does not see.

A TOLSTOI COLONY.

In *Temple Bar* Mr. Francis Prevost has an article entitled, "The Concord of the Steppe: Sketches in the Shadow of the Famine in Russia, 1891." Mr. Prevost spent some time in a Tolstoi colony, of which he gives a very curious and interesting account:—

A TOLSTOI CONVERT.

Its organiser I had known when he was Adjutant to the late Emperor, and the wildest of the young Guardsmen in Petersburg. His life at that time would certainly have been outside the tests of even the mildest morality; he could jest in half a dozen languages, and jest well; he was brilliant, fascinating, universally admired; everything seemed within his reach. He had been named for the government of an important province; was heir to a vast property; a whole district of the richest land, the dowry of an ancestress, a Tartar princess, bearing his name.

When he wrote last to me he was living as the commonest peasant, in the universal red shirt and bast shoes; his code of morality was of the strictest; he was every one's servant, and overflowing with love and goodwill to all. That small village of the Steppe was a *State*, ideally independent.

A SAINT AND TEACHER.

Men came to it from every quarter of the empire, soldiers, tchinovniks, lawyers, priests, artists, peasants and petty tradesmen; men often of delicate nurture, whose feet had grown black with travel, and their backs bent with the spade; the clothes they wore and the tools of their trade were their sole possessions, and their tenure even of these was always terminable by another's greater need.

There was a little room below the store-house whose small window burnt like a glow-worm every evening in the slope of the wood, where any of the village children who cared to come were taught to read. Their teacher was a man, splendidly made, and with the face of a Jewish prophet, who had left the first society in Moscow, where his wife remained to spend his millions, to wander barefoot without a home.

We spent many days and nights thereafter together, he and I; back to back for warmth in the straw of country carts under the frosty moon, and, later, in the night dens of thieves, harlots, and plotters of all kinds in Moscow, but I never heard a word from his lips of which the purest saint could be ashamed. Yet he was but one of many there, and no exception.

WHAT AN ASTRAL BODY IS LIKE.

BY A THEOSOPHIST.

MR. W. Q. JUDGE, in an article in *Lucifer*, May 15th, upon "Mesmerism," gives the following explanation of what an astral body is:—

The structure of the inner astral man is definite and coherent. Just as the outer body has a spine which is the column whereon the being sustains itself with the brain at the top, so the astral body has its spine and brain. It is material, for it is made of matter, however finely divided, and is not of the nature of the spirit.

After the maturity of the child before birth this form is fixed, coherent, and lasting, undergoing but small alteration from that day until death. And so also as to its brain; that remains unchanged until the body is given up, and does not, like the outer brain, give up cells to be replaced by others from hour to hour. These inner parts are thus more permanent than the outer correspondents to them. Our material organs, bones, and tissues are undergoing change each instant. This is not the case with the inner form. It alters only from life to life, being constructed at the time of reincarnation to last for a whole period of existence. For it is the model fixed by the present evolutionary proportions for the outer body. It is the collector, as it were, of the visible atoms which make us as we outwardly appear. So at birth it is potentially of a certain size, and when that limit is reached it stops the further extension of the body. At the same time the outer body is kept in shape by the inner one until the period of decay. And this decay, followed by death, is not due to bodily disintegration *per se*, but to the fact that the term of the astral body is reached when it is no longer able to hold the outer frame intact. Its power to resist the impact and war of the material molecules being exhausted, the sleep of death supervenes.

Now, as in our physical form the brain and spine are the centres for nerves, so in the other there are the nerves which ramify from the inner brain and spine all over the structure. All of these are related to every organ in the outer visible body. They are more in the nature of currents than nerves, as we understand the word, and may be called *astro-nerves*. They move in relation to such great centres in the body outside, as the heart, the pit of the throat, umbilical centre, spleen, and sacral plexus.

The astro-spinal column has three great nerves of the same sort of matter. Then, with these two great parts of the inner person are the other manifold sets of nerves of similar nature related to the various planes of sensation in the visible and invisible worlds. These all then constitute the personal actor within, and in these is the place to seek for the solution of the problems presented by mesmerism and hypnotism.

DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?

In the *Young Man* the Rev. Charles A. Berry describes his experience in the North-West of Canada, which is under a strict prohibition law. He went in a picnic to the Devil's Lake, and on putting up his horse at the inn he was invited by the landlord to look over the premises. After a while he was asked with various winks and signs if he would like anything to drink. Mr. Berry says:—

My curiosity was increased when, after asking for a cup of tea, my new acquaintance winked at me again. I did not see where the joke came in. I was not long, however, in finding out. The North-West Territories are within the operation of a Prohibition Law. With a view to protect the Indians from themselves, and to protect the State from the mad frenzy of the Indians, it has been found necessary to keep the noble savage and the fiery liquor as far apart as possible. It is, I believe, a penal offence to hold, still more to sell, any form of spirituous or alcoholic drink. The law is very stringent, and the official guardianship of the district very keen. But all the same there is not an inn, and scarcely a house,

where these prohibited beverages may not be obtained. Mine host, when he asked me what I would drink, meant his wink to convey the assurance that I was near enough to civilisation to get gloriously drunk if I wished. I established sufficient confidence between myself and my host to set his tongue going on the subject of Prohibition Laws. And what I have to report is that if that man strayed for a tenth of his talking time into the path of truth, the Prohibition Law doesn't prohibit. He assured me that as much drunkenness can be witnessed in the Rockies as in any place with the same number of people; with the difference that it is a more mad and diabolic intoxication up there, owing to the vicious doctoring of the drinks for the greater profit of the vendor. The methods adopted for getting the drink in are very ingenious, some of them daring, some even comic. One method used to be to fill egg-shells with whisky, and to seal up the shell, in a way not easily detected, with a coating of lime. It was not until the importation of eggs surpassed any reasonable consumption of those delicacies, that the officers on watch began to suspect the fraud. Then kerosene barrels were turned to use as secret carriages for the coveted dram. Even logs of timber have been known to convey more spirit than sawdust. Ingenuity is still at work in devising schemes for breaking the law, and that they are successful is only too evident to the most casual observer. For my part, I was forced to the conclusion that whatever benefit may accrue to the public from a stringent regulation of the liquor traffic, the only hope of solid improvement lies in working away at individual men, and in elevating their tastes and desires.

CRYPTOPHONES FOR MILITARY AND NAVAL PURPOSES.

THE *Rivista di Artiglieria e Genio* gives a very complete description, with illustrations, of the cryptophone, which was first designed as a scientific novelty by Lieutenant-Colonel Henry, of the French Engineers, in 1883, but which has since been perfected by him, with the assistance of M. Berthon, so as to become applicable to military and naval purposes. The apparatus, as used for field service, consists of a highly sensitive vibrator, with cardanic suspension, and a microphone suitably arranged in a pine box, which is buried two to three feet under the road which it is desired to keep watch over. The apparatus is connected by wires with the indicator at the observing station. The vibrator is of so sensitive a nature that it becomes set in action by the passage of half-a-dozen men along the road or by the vibration caused by a cart being driven along within a hundred yards of where it is placed. As soon as it begins to act it rings a bell, or shows a signal, at the observing station, whereupon the listener connects the land wires with those of a telephone, and can then hear distinctly the noise made by the traffic passing over the road, and also tell in what direction the movement is taking place. The whole apparatus as fitted for field service, is easily portable, requires no special re-adjustment when shifted from place to place, and is comparatively cheap. The apparatus used for naval purposes is somewhat similar to that employed on land, except that special arrangements have to be made to keep the inside watertight and to equalize the internal and external pressures, so as not to destroy the sensitiveness of the vibrating needle or the tension of the diaphragm. In the experiments carried out at Brest and Cherbourg it was easy to note the regular thud of the screw of a vessel entering or leaving the harbour one-and-a-half or two kilometres away. Four cryptophones, costing altogether from £60 to £80, placed on board an ironclad would be sufficient to warn the ship of an approaching torpedo boat and to indicate the direction in which it was travelling.

THE WOMEN WARRIORS OF DAHOMEY.

THE recent French operations in West Africa have called into existence a number of articles on Dahomey past and present in the current French periodicals, the most interesting among them being "The Military Forces of Dahomey," in the *Revue Scientifique* of April 23rd, and "The Attack on Kotonou, March 4th, 1890," in the *Revue Bleue* of April 30th, both by M. Jean Bayol. The former article is a study of the whole military organisation of Dahomey, while the description of the attack on Kotonou two years ago illustrates very forcibly the art of warfare, with its defects, as practised by the Dahomeyans, M. Bayol having been one of the Europeans at Kotonou on the night of the attack.

M. Bayol estimates the number of regular soldiers who live by warfare at Abomey and in the various camps on the north and west frontiers in times of peace at ten thousand to twelve thousand, and the other contingents raised in different parts of the kingdom at ten thousand men. In any case, he is sure that the Dahomeyan army at the present moment does not exceed twenty-two thousand men.

THE AMAZONS.

In his palace the King of Dahomey is guarded by an army of women, whom travellers have called Amazons. In Dahomey they are called Mimos, familiarly wives of the king, but this name is still less appropriate than that of Amazons, for these female soldiers are bound to a life of celibacy, and might more correctly be designated vestal warriors. This Pretorian Guard has often distinguished itself in battle, and no soldier ever had greater or more undaunted courage than have these women, whose every thought is one of conflict. They are recruited from the children of the chiefs, or from the young girl captives in the service of the king's wives. Their dress consists of a vest without sleeves, very short trousers, over which again are cotton drawers, long in times of peace, and shortened during war, and a cap on which is embroidered an alligator or some other animal. The Amazons live in the different palaces of the king at Abomey, and their number does not exceed fifteen thousand. They are divided into two battalions, but both are under one chief, who is always a woman who has made herself illustrious by her exploits. This guard keeps by the side of the king in his expeditions, and only marches against the enemy on the express orders of the monarch.

A man found guilty of adultery has to carry the cannon on his shoulders, and perform the functions of an artilleryman. The charge consists of powder, wool, large stones, etc. The Dahomeyans have no cavalry. Only the important chiefs are allowed a horse, and the number of horses does not exceed thirty. They are mostly small, weak animals, and the art of horsemanship is absolutely unknown.

MANŒUVRES.

All the military education which the Dahomeyan soldier receives he has to pick up from his companions. He only needs to know how to charge and fire his gun, and the "annual customs" give him opportunities of otherwise familiarising himself with his arms. But in warfare, firearms are not in favour; the Dahomeyan soldier then rather relies on his knife and his aglopo. The long marches and the continual dancing develop his physical strength. At the grand festivals the soldiers dance before the king, promising him victory in all his future wars. The Amazons are very jealous of their male rivals; they go through the same exercises, and in their war songs they tell their master that he is stronger than a lion, and that with him nothing is impossible; they vow that they will conquer his adversaries and

devour their guns, and these declamations naturally please his Dahomeyan Majesty greatly.

THE DEFENCES OF DAHOMEY.

Dahomey proper considers itself invincible. Among its natural defences may be mentioned the great forests south of the Lama, and the marshy Lama region itself, which it would be difficult for troops to cross, and which, in the rainy season especially, would present serious obstacles to an invading army. The army marches in the following order: (1) Troops furnished by tributary countries; (2) slaves of Dahomey; (3) regular soldiers; and (4) the Amazons and the royal or rear-guard. The Dahomeyans carry on a regular war of pillage. Informed by numerous spies of the state of things in the village, they arrive at break of day, and attack one point, giving out wild cries and firing their guns. The terrified inhabitants take flight, but it is only to fall into the hands of other hostile troops scattered on all the routes leading from the village. With all their bravery the Dahomeyans seldom attack a town which would offer any resistance, and very rarely storm one.

THE ATTACK ON KOTONOU.

At the end of the Franco-Dahomeyan conflict, Bédazin's army surprised Kotonou on March 4th, 1890, and was repulsed. The army, in fact, became demoralised and fled, and the king found himself compelled to establish posts of Amazons on the various routes to stop the soldiers in their flight. A few executions, as terrible as they were summary, restored order in the royal army. It was the French quick-firing guns that had frightened the Dahomeyan soldiers, and the moral which the King drew from the incident was that, as the gods had remained mute spectators during the attack, he would do well to help himself. He therefore ordered one thousand Snider guns from a German house at Togo, and since then many similar guns have been supplied by German houses at Whydah. It is estimated that about three thousand of these modern arms are now in the Dahomeyan army.

NANSICA.

Among the killed at Kotonou was Nansica, who had been the favourite Amazon of King Gélé-lé. She was the intrepid warrior who, only a short time before, had had the honour of inaugurating the great *fête* by cutting off the first captive's head, and as soon as her task was accomplished she fell into a sort of delirium, waving before the silence-stricken crowd the sacred knife dripping with blood, while her companions took up their furious dance, and the king smiled; and amid the enthusiastic acclamations of the future king, Bédazin, and the whole army they thundered forth their triumphal hymn:—

Dahomey, thou art master of the universe;
Thy daughters are more courageous than the men.
We, the Amazons, defend our king, etc

OTHER ARTICLES.

In the *Revue de Famille* of May 15th M. Alexandre L. d'Albécq, who was a resident in Dahomey for several years, and who from 1887 to 1891 followed closely the Dahomeyan imbroglia in its different stages, describes interestingly the country and the people and his own various experiences. M. James Lauson, in the *Revue Française* of May 1st, criticises the French action, or rather inaction, in the present affair. Instead of acting promptly, France is organising a military administration on a large scale, whereas the Dahomeyans, without being a *quantité négligeable*, are not worth a costly scientific and strategic plan. In the same magazine M. Edouard Marbeau writes a note on "What the English have done for the Ashantees."

SOUTH AFRICAN PROBLEMS.

FROM A FRENCH POINT OF VIEW.

M. CHARLES DE COUTONLY has given us, in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 1st, the third instalment of his exhaustive study of our South African Colonies. He traces the material progress of the Cape Colony since its acquisition of Home Rule, and says that it was aided by three successive levers—diamonds, ostrich feathers, and the Transvaal gold fields. But none of these would have contributed to the prosperity of the colony as they have done were it not for its independent position. He devotes several pages to the South African railway system (which has attained its present development by means of the three factors above-named, most of all, of the gold fields), and gives a clear summary of the events which led to the Transvaal loan of 1890, and subsequent crash and panic. One remarkable feature is the importance he appears to attribute to German influence in the Transvaal—a point to which he returns again and again.

THE KALAHARI RAILWAY.

The idea of the projected Transkalahari Railway, according to him, is purely political—first mooted in order to neutralise the German project of a line from Damaraland to Lourenco Marques. Surveys undertaken by the English syndicate showed quite clearly that it was impossible for the Cape Government to construct the line out of its own resources; British capital was needed, and it was obvious that an Afrikaner ministry did not wish for a railway in their midst which should be entirely in the hands of the home country. At this juncture, Mr. Cecil Rhodes founded the South Africa Company, and undertook the construction of the railway, while accepting in its entirety the programme of the Cape Government.

A FRENCH VIEW OF MR. RHODES.

"By a somewhat curious arrangement, the Cape Government became Mr. Rhodes's banker, by advancing the funds for the railway, and receiving a mortgage on the line, the materials, and a concession of 1,500,000 hectares, granted by the Empire. In other words, it acquired the line, and the land traversed by it, in advance. At last Mr. Rhodes became Prime Minister of the Cape, and now turns out to have been in treaty with himself. He has been lending money to himself. This may appear almost too subtle to grasp—but the sum and substance of it is that the Transkalahari Railway will not belong to England, but to the autonomous Cape Colony, and perhaps to a future United States of South Africa. At present the Kimberley Vryburg section, one hundred and fifty kilometres, is all that is completed. Those who foresee the day when English engines will run between Cape Town and Cairo are tolerably far-sighted; for it will be long enough before Afrikaner engines (which are not quite the same thing), appear on the banks of the Zambesi. By that time, perhaps, the situation will have changed in many respects."

TOWARDS SLAVERY?

In summing up, M. de Coutonly puts forward a view which, though recently championed with almost cynical bluntness by President Reitz—and more or less explicitly avowed by many others—will be far from finding universal assent, either at home or in Africa. But the full force of it is not at once apparent to the casual reader. What he says is: "Material progress in these countries has hitherto consisted in opening up means of communication and preparing for the future. It will then be necessary to regulate the labour question, and put an end to the system of native reserves, for this will be the only means of developing agriculture." This means that all natives are to be deprived

of the land they now hold, whether as tribes or as individuals, so that they may be forced to work on the plantations of white men who may require them. President Reitz has distinctly said—though, we are glad to see, not without provoking a great deal of opposition in English-speaking South Africa—that the tribal system must be broken up and the tribal lands seized, in order to make the natives take their proper place, and work for the white man. If this is not slavery, what is?

THE AFRIKANER LANGUAGE.

This part of M. de Coutonly's article is very interesting, and will be new to most readers. The Dutch language would never have attained the prominence it has, but for the fact that it was acquired by the Hottentots (who forgot their own unpronounceable tongue in favour of it) and many of the other natives of the Colony, and was also spoken by the Malay slaves imported from Java. The early colonists were but thirty thousand in number, and one-sixth of them were French Huguenots who, however, were compelled by edict to drop their own language. Mr. Du Toit, the most passionate champion of pure "Afrikaans," belongs, curiously enough, to one of these families. It is well known that "Cape Dutch" differs considerably from the speech of Leyden and Amsterdam. The difference is, perhaps, in some respects in favour of the former. It resembles English, in that superfluous inflections have been dropped and the troublesome grammatical gender of things without life abolished. Still, it may surprise us to hear that it is, according to Mr. Du Toit, the most perfect of languages, somewhere about the level of Sanskrit, but a little higher! It would certainly seem to be easier to learn than the Dutch of Holland, and we fancy that the pronunciation has been considerably modified by English intercourse—not to mention climatic influences. A dry climate and pure air must surely affect the vocal organs otherwise than the atmosphere of the aguish fen which the Batavians conquered from the sea. Mr. Hofmeyer's party, on the other hand, are trying to re-introduce the language and literature (which, by the way, is richer than many people think) of Holland—at any rate, as a subject of study in schools and universities.

PRESIDENT REITZ AS A POET.

It seems that he published, some time ago, a volume of poems on "Afrikaans," of which he was supposed to be the editor, but was in reality the author. M. de Coutonly gives translated specimens, but it is a little difficult to judge of them in French prose. They seem to be rough and racy; one of those quoted deals with the iniquities of one Koos (i.e., Jacob), who is so far dead to all honourable feelings and sense of nationality as to allow himself to be called "Jimmy"—and even to prefer the English name. How different from "Uncle Tys," who cannot, or will not, speak English, sticks to his psalm-book "with notes" (the old-fashioned edition for congregational singing; you may see them in the pews of the Dutch Church in Austin Friars), and regards even a recently-printed Bible with horror, as a modern innovation. This is sufficient to give the key-note of the president's lyre.

M. de Coutonly concludes his article by a reference to the projected Pretoria University, in which he sees another artful dodge of those Germans. It would have been "supplied with professors from among the many privat-docenters of the Vaterland, and would have sent on its students to Berlin and Leipzig rather than Utrecht or Leyden." Whether this is really so—or whether the Germans are to M. de Coutonly as the head of Charles I.—it really seems very hard to say.

THE AMERICAN WOMAN.

AS SEEN THROUGH GERMAN SPECTACLES.

In *Westermann's Illustrierte Monatshefte* for May, Herr Adolf Schaffmeyer begins a series of "American Sketches," his first dealing specially with the American woman.

"The almost universal opinion of the American woman," he writes, "is that she is very free, that she dresses elegantly and rather conspicuously, passes a great part of the day in a rocking chair reading novels, and takes little or no interest in her house, the cares of which she leaves to the servants." In this there is a grain of truth, for the American woman is free in her manners, she does read novels, and even scientific works with great interest, as she is as anxious to learn as she is intelligent, and she does not devote more time to her housekeeping than is absolutely necessary. The extraordinarily practical household arrangements and the absence of the husband during the whole day, whereby dinner is postponed till evening, give the American woman an amount of time which she can utilise for her own purposes.

In no other country, perhaps, is the position of woman, and especially that of the young girl, so privileged and independent. The world of men show the fair sex quite unusual deference, and yet the fair sex enjoy a rare measure of personal freedom; and as a natural consequence the young girl has developed great independence of character.

In the early settlements in the New World women were very sparsely represented, and on account of their rarity were held in great esteem. Probably the American woman has not forgotten this esteem, though it has long been numbered among the things of the past; for what a woman once wins for herself she holds fast with all the perseverance of her nature. In any case the American woman rejoices in her privileged position as a sacred treasure, and watches over it with the militant jealousy with which a hen guards her chickens. She is also fully convinced that of all the women in the world she alone has her proper position, yet believes, besides, that she has not yet got half of the rights which belong to her.

The American woman is ambitious—a born conqueror, who, not contented with ruling a continent, extends the field of her deeds to the Old World, and has found her way among the highest aristocracy. In her nature she has nothing of the modesty of the violet, but she is intelligent, and has tact enough to be at ease on every occasion and in every situation. But she must shine; only in the warm sunlight of comfort and luxury does she come to her full bloom, while in the misery of poor circumstances the best in her nature is apt to get lost.

According to the German ideal, a woman should devote herself to her house, her husband and her family, and think of herself last. With the American woman wealth seems to be a part of her character. The American husband showers comforts, luxuries and pleasures on his wife and daughters. He is a beast of burden, always at work and trying to make money, without a thought of resting or enjoying the fruits of his labours in his old age. The woman knows how to enjoy; she pays much attention to her dress, and even in straitened circumstances, she can appear to greater advantage than the woman of any other nation.

She does not bother about needlework, and the darning of stockings is an unknown art to her. Intelligent, aggressive, and very energetic in her championship of the rights of women, she has opened out a wider field of activity for herself than the four walls of her home. She

has begun to practise as a lawyer in the courts of law, and to preach the gospel from the pulpit, and though these are still isolated cases, they are milestones on the path of the emancipation of women. As reporter and detective she is making her first attempts, and she has even been a candidate for the office of president. She fears nothing, and who can tell where she will be a hundred years hence? But in the lower classes she fears one thing, and that is the position of a servant in a strange family. She prefers to be a factory hand, in a morally and physically unhealthy atmosphere, to being a servant in the richest and best household.

The freedom of movement of the young, unmarried American woman has often been the admiration of the Old World. On the one side there is the guardianship, the supervision of the mother, the separation of the sexes, strict etiquette, and on the other the most perfect freedom of movement in the world, seeing and being seen. The natural intercourse from youth upwards between the two sexes develops in the woman a delicate feeling of propriety, and the ability to resolutely defend herself. She sees the things of the world very clearly, and has naturally rather a cool and calculating than a passionate and overflowing heart. Love at first sight does not exist. It is as if love in the great republic had also become republican, and must introduce his Bill, to be discussed, accepted by both houses and receive the consent of the executive before it can become law.

The gallantry of the American man to the fair sex is proverbial, but it is also a necessity, for without it the American girl would soon be hampered in her movements. Even the laws of the land protect her. It is chiefly to the natural social intercourse of the American woman that the world owes one of the most charming creations of a free society—flirtation, an idea which has found its way across the sea into Europe. It is the blossom, the poetry of personal freedom in the intercourse of the sexes with each other. In America marriage is often thoughtlessly undertaken, and divorce is frightfully common.

In the smallest things the consideration shown to the weaker sex is most marked. A man dare not ask his servant girl to black his boots. He wears them dirty all day, and only in the evening when his day's work is over, he calls a street shoeblack to his aid. On the farms, too, the American girl never milks the cows; indeed, as regards agricultural labour she is curiously inconsistent. In all intellectual labour, she requires the whole domain for herself, and yet she considers it great barbarity to be asked to do the healthiest field labour.

THE WOMAN MOVEMENT IN GERMANY.

Most people interested in the Woman Question have probably heard of the *Deutsche Frauenverein Reform*, which was founded at Weimar in March, 1888, and of which Frau J. Kettler is president. Last October the Society changed its name to the *Verein Frauenbildungs Reform*, thus showing that the question that women should enjoy exactly the same educational privileges as men is the chief feature in the Society's programme—that is, that women should be admitted to the universities, the medical schools, etc. With this idea in view, the erection of high schools where girls can have exactly the same training for the university as boys have, is one of the first objects of the Society, and for this purpose a special fund will be opened. A wise step was the recent decision that men may become members of the Society. The organ of the Society is the *Frauenberuf*, a bi-monthly, edited by Frau J. Kettler, and published by the Society at Weimar.

THE ROTTENNESS OF MODERN SOCIETY.

BY A BRACE OF ODD PROPHETS.

LADY JEUNE, in the *North American* for May, and Mr. Godkin, in the *Forum*, both take up their parable against the evils of modern society.

Lady Jeune, as the wife of the President of the Divorce Court, and as one of the few who still attempt to hold some kind of a salon in London society, speaks with authority when she proclaims that:—

The decay of strong religious belief in some sections of English society is at last beginning to have effect in sweeping away some of the strongest restraints to which human nature can be subjected.

THE WORSHIP OF WEALTH.

It would be idle to deny that recent scandals in London society, which have been the talk of the world, and the existence of which surprised and shocked the moral sense of England, are only the outcome and logical result of the easy-going manner in which women of the highest rank and culture have allowed the old-fashioned rules and restraints which governed society to be relaxed.

When all that is needed to insure an entrance into the highest society in England is unlimited wealth, where morality is unnecessary, and where it is patronised by the highest in the land—is it to be wondered at that the deterioration which is going on is much more complete, and will be more disastrous in its effects than any one likes to admit? How can we chide and condemn the vices of the poor in England when the example set them is what we see?

From *Funny Folks*.]

LADY JEUNE'S PICTURES OF LONDON SOCIETY.

[May 21, 1892.]

THE MARLBOROUGH HOUSE SET.

Lady Jeune seems to agree with Mr. Gladstone in thinking that English society is distinctly more rotten now than it was thirty years ago. The smart set, with the Prince of Wales at its head, has eaten its way into what used to be regarded as the distinctive glory of English life. The Marlborough House set has a great deal to answer for, but possibly it never expected that it would be arraigned before the bar of the American public by Lady Jeune. Having taken up the rôle of a prophetess, Lady Jeune does not mince her words. She declares:—

Luxury, ease, comfort, are the watchwords of a large part of society in London, and they are undermining our society as surely and as certainly as they did that of ancient Rome.

FOR THE FOREST OF DEAN.

The following passage is excellent:—

There is a great difference between an affectation of being shocked and a real manly protest at much that is going on around us. But neither is of any avail to stop a condition of things which, bad as it is, is condoned and accepted by those whose position and weight should make them raise up their voice in protest. This is an age of charity, and where there is no open scandal, no breaking of the new and most important addition to the moral law, "thou shalt not be found out," it is much more convenient to shut your eyes, and not incur the displeasure of the great ones of the world by crying in the wilderness.

Alas! things are much worse than this, for when there has been open scandal and the most cynical defiance of

the new addition to the moral law, the great ones of the world and the Church have never a word of protest against the attempt of the most flagitious of adulterers to force his way back into public life.

THE IDLE RICH.

The other writer who appears unexpectedly in a prophet's mantle is Mr. Godkin, of the *New York Nation*, who has an article on "Idleness and Immorality" in the *Forum* for May. He points out that the idle rich are increasing in numbers, and as they increase in numbers they decrease in practical utility. The last thing in the world they think of is either to justify their existence or the manner of their existence. The only serious occupation they have is the hunt after new forms of amusement or new places to play in. This leads directly to immorality of the grossest kind.

THE ONE RESOURCE OF IDLENESS.

There is one distraction, however, of which the idle class can hardly be said ever to tire, and which idle people can hardly be considered capable of avoiding, and that is the distraction of love-making under more or less illicit conditions. This is what they fall back on when all else fails or becomes vapid. When men and women are thrown together in the midst of luxury without duties or responsibility, and without exposure to any criticism except what comes from persons similarly situated, the possibilities of scandal grow very rapidly, and the air is soon filled with it. The sexual passion is of all passions the most wayward, watchful, and readiest for temptations.

Mr. Godkin attributes to English country houses and the multiplication of fashionable resorts, where the pressure of public opinion is not felt, a great share in the decadence of public morality. In these great fashionable resorts, crowded by the rich in summer and winter, the air becomes charged with amorous electricity, and society goes rotten in consequence, which is most disastrous to social well-being. The remedy, he thinks, can only be found in the resolute resistance of the individual conscience, and he invites the wealthy youth to betake itself to newspaper work and demagoguery. There never has been in the history of the world such a field as writing and oratory now afford:—

Public functionaries are becoming more and more the puppets of the managers outside, and the managers are whatever public opinion lets them be or insists on their being. The coming rulers of men are those who mould the thoughts or sway the passions of the multitude.

This witness is true.

A DEFENCE OF THE GIRL OF THE PERIOD.

THE daughter of one of the best known of our men of letters sends me the following defence of the English young lady of the period:—

Lady Jeune is hard upon the people she lives among. Her article in the *North American Review* must be hailed with rapture by the many who, being neither rich nor smart, view the magic circle of "society" from the outside. People who have tried in vain to get inside the ring can now, on the highest authority, call the grapes sour. We of the majority who, even in London, live "far from the madding crowd," may indeed think ourselves well out of it. Lady Jeune has allowed us all the pleasure of seeing how the society trick is done—though we may have neither the wish nor the power to play the game ourselves.

Society, then, means the notorious—chiefly the notoriously rich, but including also the very smart and the very pretty. The franchise even extends to the people of talent, talent for

art or politics or literature; but this latter class must have the further qualification of a talent for getting on, that is, for amusing the rich, the smart, and the pretty. My own experience of society people is very small. I believe what I am told about them. But in defence of that much-abused person, the girl of the period, I wish to say a word or two.

"Modern girls" are spoken of in a mass, but I think they differ considerably. To be sure they all, except a few advocates of hygiene and women's suffrage, wear much the same clothes. They all try to talk about the interests of the day. They all want to make each other believe that they have a great deal to do. But there the likeness ends. Taking first the "going out girls," Lady Jeune says they live in a whirl of dissipation, read any bad book they hear mentioned, and discuss it freely. If this be so, did bygone generations never try to be impressive, and pretend in their innocence to understand what they knew nothing about, or is this a modern failing?

Moreover, shyness takes odd forms, and may make a girl put her oar in at the wrong moment, because she wants to seem less awkward than she feels.

I know few of the society girls who pay visits all the winter and go to parties all the spring. In the eyes of most of their contemporaries they are a small and highly favoured minority. Among my friends, however, those who go out the most have the least liberty. They are hemmed in by small proprieties. Their reading is restricted within the narrowest limits, and they would never dream of opening the unpleasant novels whose names we are so tired of hearing. As to being *blasé*, and not caring for any but the best balls—of course, poor things, their vanity would make them say so. Lady Jeune says that the fashionable world lives in a perpetual racket, so, of course, its votaries wish to imply that they do the same. After all, when a girl has been out five or six years, it is no wonder if a few balls go a long way with her. It cannot be very amusing to dance with boys much younger than herself.

My own idea is that the society girl will soon be a thing of the past. Lady Jeune says that the young married women get most of the fun, and surely this is only natural. There must always be a large proportion of girls who do not marry. What are they to do? Going round in the mill of drums and tea parties would be dreary work, even if it was attainable, which it is not always. Are they to be called "modern"—that most scathing of all epithets—because they do not care for the "crushes," which Lady Jeune herself describes as tedious? How much more tedious for girls who probably know none of the assembled celebrities!

Modern young women are accused of being emancipated. But up to what age are they to remain bread-and-butter misses? Since most of them are not to marry, is it not more sensible for them to stand on their own feet and not depend on self-denying chaperons for their walks and amusements? As to the reading of books formerly forbidden, I do not see how a girl can be blamed for reading what she hears her betters discussing.

In the face of Lady Jeune's adverse criticism, I venture to suggest that the modern girls may be no worse than their predecessors. Why grudge them the liberty to judge for themselves in the small matters of every day? The vast majority live quiet home lives, seeing very little of society, but enjoying that little fully as much as their grandmothers. Far from being *blasé*, I think the girl of the period touchingly grateful for small mercies. One wonders at the patient crowds who throng the park to watch "Society" riding and driving. They enjoy gazing through the gate of a paradise they will never enter.

Lady Jeune judges, I suppose, from the infinitesimally small proportion of really "smart" girls. Of them I know nothing. But she is the last person from whom one would have expected this sweeping condemnation of thousands of inoffensive, contented people.

ANOTHER BATCH OF EDITORS.

Search Light is getting on. It is said to have a monthly circulation of 70,000, and there is no doubt about it being



MR. S. LOW.

thoroughly readable and interesting. It is well put together, and full of interesting reading from cover to cover. The first article on "Modern Journalists" this month is devoted to Mr. Low, of the *St. James's Gazette*, a gentleman whose personality is by no means so well-known as that of his famous predecessor, Mr. Greenwood. He is thirty-five years old, was educated at King's College, and obtained a Balliol Scholarship. He was converted to Toryism by the Bulgarian atrocity agitation, which converted the Nonconformists into Gladstonians. After leaving Oxford he became lecturer on "Modern History," at King's College, London, and soon after joined the staff of the *St. James's Gazette*.

The editor of the *St. James's Gazette* is a pleasant, agreeable man of the world, with singular conversational power. He is a great reader of books in many languages, and thinks a good novel almost as interesting as a Blue Book; and he will talk to you on most subjects under the sun except himself.

Of Mr. Clement Scott, the subject of the second sketch, who is a Catholic, we are told that he—

Has made his home on the top floor of one of the fine old



MR. CLEMENT SCOTT'S DEN.
(From a photograph by J. H. Gear.)

houses overlooking Lincoln's Inn Fields. There, in his cosy study, lined with rare curios and works of art belonging to the early English period, he has received many of the most noteworthy men and women of the day.

The other articles are devoted to Mrs. Crawford, of Paris; Mr. Edmund Yates, of the *World*; Mr. H. W. Massingham, who, it seems, began life as a journalist at the early age of seventeen; and to Mr. Pulitzer, of the *New York World*, who gives the following receipts for success in journalism:—

A paper should make enemies constantly, for only by making enemies can a journal expose rogues and serve the public; the most valuable paper to the public is that which has the most enemies, and I am glad to say that my paper have many.

EMERSON ON COBDEN.

In the *Atlantic Monthly* for June there is an interesting description of Cobden in a letter from Emerson, dated "Manchester, 28th of January, 1848." Emerson writes:—

Last night, as I believe I have already told Lidian, I heard the best man in England make perhaps his best speech—Cobden, who is the *cor cordis*, the object of honour and belief, to risen and rising England: a man of great discretion, who never overstates nor states prematurely, nor has a particle of unnecessary genius or hope to mislead him, nor of wasted strength; but calm, sure of his fact, simple and nervous in stating it as a boy in laying down the rules of the game of football which have been violated—above all, educated by his dogma of Free Trade, led on by it to new lights and correlative liberalities, as our Abolitionists have been, by their principle, to so many reforms. Then this man has made no mistake. He has dedicated himself to his work of convincing this kingdom of the impolicy of Corn Laws, lectured in every town where they would hear him, and at last carried his point against immense odds, and yet has never accepted any compromise or stipulation from the Government. He might have been in the Ministry. He will never go there except with absolute empire for his principle, which cannot yet be awarded. He had neglected and abandoned his prosperous calico printing to his partners. And the triumphant League have subscribed between sixty and eighty thousand pounds as the Cobden Fund, whereby he is made independent.

It was quite beautiful, even sublime, last night, to notice the moral radiations which this Free Trade dogma seemed to throw out, all unlooked for, to the great audience, who instantly and delightedly adopted them.

In a subsequent letter written from London, Emerson says:—

In this city and nation of pomps, where pomps, too, are solid, I fall back on my friends with wonderful refreshment. It is a pity, however, that you should not see this in England, with its indescribable material superiorities of every kind; the just confidence which immense successes of all pasts have generated in the Englishman that he can do everything, and which his manners, though he is bashful and reserved, betray; the abridgment of all expression which dense population and the roar of nations enforce; the solidity of science and merit which in any high place you are sure to find (the Church and some effects of primogeniture excepted). But I cannot tell my story now. I admire the English, I think, never more than when I meet Americans. Everything centralises in this magnificent machine which England is. Manufacturer for the world, she is become, or becoming, one complete tool or engine in herself.

WALT WHITMAN.

TWO VIEWS OF "LEAVES OF GRASS."

MR. JOHN BURROUGHS, in the *North American* for May praises Walt Whitman as the Poet of Democracy. He suffered alike from false praise and false censure. His true merit lies in the degree in which he has spoken in the spirit of democracy, of science, and of the modern.

MR. BURROUGHS' ESTIMATE.

Of his "Leaves of Grass" Mr. Burroughs says:—

His purpose is rather to show a towering, loving, composite personality moving amid all sorts of materials, taking them up but for a moment, disclosing new meanings and suggestions in them, passing on. The book is from first to last a most determined attempt on the part of a large, reflective, magnetic, rather primitive, thoroughly imaginative personality to descend upon the materialism of the nineteenth century, and especially upon a new democratic nation, now in full career upon this continent, with such poetic fervour and enthusiasm as to lift and fill it with the deepest meanings of the spirit and disclose the order of universal nature. The college, the church, the club, the lyceum—the influences and currents they set going—a career of honour and distinction, or of usefulness and respectability—all these things are voiced in our standard poets. What Whitman has expressed, or aimed to express, is more latent and dynamical—more like the climate, the geology and geography, and the brawn and fecundity, of a new continental race. He would not be the schoolmaster of the people, he would be their prophet and saviour.

Everywhere the poet identifies himself with this typical, composite, democratic man, measuring himself by the largest standards, matching his spirit against the cosmic forces, and appropriating to himself all the sins, sufferings, joys, heroisms of mankind.

Our poet's aim is to outline a typical democratic man and to treat him absolutely as he is in himself, to speak out of the facts of the human body, the human passions, and the moral and spiritual nature *per se*, without any reference to precedents or conventions, or to schools or creeds; to unfold and exploit the natural abyssal man, stripped of all artificial trappings, freed from many of the distinctions imposed upon him in civilised society and exulting in that freedom.

HOW "LEAVES OF GRASS" WERE WRITTEN.

Frank Leslie's *Popular Monthly* for June reprints from the *New York Star* of 1885 Walt Whitman's account of how he wrote the "Leaves of Grass." Before he began he prepared himself for the work by following a course of reading in the open air:—

Later, at intervals, I used to go off, sometimes for a week at a stretch, down in the country, or to Long Island's seashores; there, in the presence of outdoor influences, I went over thoroughly the Old and New Testaments, and absorbed (probably to better advantage for me than in any library or indoor room—it makes such difference *where* you read) Shakspeare, Ossian, the best versions I could get of Homer, Eschylus, Sophocles, the old German Nibelungen, the ancient Hindoo poems, and one or two other masterpieces, Dante's among them. As it happened, I read the latter mostly in an old wood. The "Iliad" (Buckley's prose version) I read first thoroughly on the peninsula of Orient, north-east end of Long Island, in a sheltered hollow of rocks and sand, with the sea on each side. I have wondered since why I was not overwhelmed by those mighty masters. Likely, because I read them, as described, in the full presence of Nature, under the sun, with the far-spreading landscape and vistas, or the sea rolling in. I absorbed very leisurely, following the mood.

THEIR OBJECT.

His chief object was to attempt some worthy record of that entire faith and acceptance which is the foundation

of moral America. It was his way of justifying the ways of God to men:—

To formulate a poem where every line should directly or indirectly be an implicit belief in the wisdom, health, mystery, beauty, of every process, every concrete object, every human or other existence, not only considered from the point of view of All, but of Each.

As for the poems which have created most offence, he maintains that they cannot and must not be omitted:—

From another point of view "Leaves of Grass" is avowedly the song of Love, and of Sex and Animality—though meanings that do not usually go along with those words are behind all, and will duly emerge; and all are sought to be lifted into a different light and atmosphere. Of this feature, intentionally palpable in a few lines, I shall only say the espousing principle of those few lines so gives breath of life to my whole scheme that the bulk of the pieces might as well have been left unwritten were those lines omitted. Difficult as it will be, it has become, in my opinion, imperative to achieve a shifted attitude from superior men and women toward the thought and fact of sexuality, as an element in character personality, the emotions, and a theme in literature. I am not going to argue the question by itself; it does not stand by itself. The vitality of it is altogether in its relations, bearings, significance—like the clef of a symphony. At last analogy the lines I allude to and the spirit in which they are spoken permeate all "Leaves of Grass," and the work must stand or fall with them, as the identified human body and soul must remain as an entirety. And in respect to editions of "Leaves of Grass" in time to come (if there should be such), I take occasion now to confirm those lines with the settled convictions and deliberate reviews of thirty years, and to hereby prohibit, as far as word of mine can do so, any elision of them.

Australian Epitaphs.—In the *Sydney Quarterly Review* for March there is an article on Australian God's-acres, from which it seems that the Australians will contribute their fair share to the collection of curious epitaphs which abound in the literature of older countries. Here, for instance, are two, one for a man and the other for a woman:—

Beneath this sod lies Wrestler Tim,
A Dalesman he, and huge of limb;
But the champion's belt, it went from him
When the Death Angel wrestled a fall with Tim.
Fair Widow Dumping lies under this stone
A striking female with muscle and bone.
Her lovers she thwacked, she would not say "Yea,"
Still true to cold Dumping, she always cried "Nay."

The following is even more remarkable:—

You may pray for the soul of Digger Dunn
Who's gone a-fossicking for kingdom come;
But he cares not a cuss, does Digger Dunn,
For his cheque was passed in in "fifty-one."

The monumental inscription over a much-married lady stands in need of a commentary. A woman who has been able to secure no fewer than six husbands can hardly be regarded as the unluckiest of her sex:—

Six feet under this turf lies Mally McMahon, the unluckiest woman in X—, inasmuch as, born on April 1st, 1816, this sore distressed female, after burying and lamenting five stalwart husbands, was herself interred by the bereaved sixth, Justin John McMahon, on Ash Wednesday, 1860.

Thou had'st no luck through all thy life
Till death did close thine eyes.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, Ernst II., who is celebrating his golden wedding, describes his courtship in Heft. 12 of *Ueber Land und Meer*. Several other copiously illustrated articles connected with the anniversary appear in the same magazine.

SOME GOOD CLAIRVOYANT STORIES.

MR. J. M. SOAMES is a gentleman whom I should much like to see, and still more I should like to see his wife, who, according to an article which he has written in the *Contemporary Review*, is a clairvoyant as extraordinary as the wife of the author of "Nature's Secrets." He calls his article "Trace," the meaning of which is that the impression of any influence is stamped for ever on the subject, and remains there till all time, so that it conveys to the clairvoyante a knowledge of the nature and character of the owner, besides his personal appearance and the scenes through which he has passed. He gives several instances in which his wife has been presented with a crystal, a purse, a ring, and an ear-ring, and was able to describe with minute details where they had come from; and on one occasion she entered so entirely into the history of the object which she held in her hand that she became seasick in describing how it had crossed the sea in the midst of a dreadful storm. On another occasion, when a ring was given her, she described the lady to whom it belonged, the place in which she died, the dress she wore, and also described the appearance of her husband and his emotion on looking at his wife's corpse. The "trace," therefore, in this case had lasted for twenty years and had survived all other impressions subsequently produced upon the ring. In another case she found a lost ear-ring which had been given up as hopelessly lost. This is, however, nothing beyond that which many clairvoyants will do at any time. The reconstruction of the scenes of the past and the emotion which they occasioned is much more remarkable. How the thing is done Mr. Soames does not know; but on that subject he writes as follows:—

If it be permitted to be known, I shall try to ascertain by what power he or she is able to see what is seen.

I may here say that once or twice my wife attained the highest development possible, that of trance or ecstasy, when she really passed beyond my power, but could inform me of subjects of which I had no conception, but when I asked her any questions upon what she was speaking of she replied that the *Master forbade her to tell* anything more than what she actually spoke to me. For this reason I say, *if it be permitted to be known*.

It is most difficult to think of everything in the excitement of the moment of experiment. The excitement is very great. Again, the subject is apt to get weary. What the power is capable of has yet to be re-ascertained, for I am sure that in days long gone by much more was known of it, and kept secret, than is even dreamt of in the present day.

The Rev. Minot Savage, in the *Arena* for May, contributes some well-authenticated stories of clairvoyance and of communications from the dead. I only quote the first, which tells how the bodies of two drowned boys were discovered by the aid of a clairvoyant. The two boys were missing and nobody knew where they were. After they had dragged the pond and scoured the country far and near, one of the neighbours decided to go to Boston and consult a clairvoyant. After trying two in vain, she at last came to a third, who at first said she was exhausted and could not see her, but afterwards informed her that after a little rest she would give an interview. What happened is thus described:—

When the medium came again into the room, she walked directly to the fireplace and stood with her back to Mrs. D. Then before either of them had spoken a word by way of preliminary, she said, "They went east before they went west." The railroad station is east from the house in which

they lived, and the pond is west. Then she added, "They saw the fire, and so went to the water." It was afterwards found that some men were burning brush near the lake, so knowing it would be some time before the next train, it is supposed that, boylike, they were attracted by the fire, and went to see what was going on. The medium then went on to speak of a boathouse with a hole in its side. This was not mind-reading, because Mrs. D. knew nothing of there being any boathouse or boat. She continued and described a boat,—a narrow boat, painted black." Then she cried out, "Oh, dear, it was never intended that more than one person should get into it at a time!" She told how the boys went through the hole in the side of the boathouse, found the boat, got into it, and pulled out on to the water. She said they had gone but a very little way before the younger brother fell overboard; then the older one, in trying to save him, also fell into the water. Then she added, "The place where they are is muddy, and they could not come to the surface. Why," said she, "it is not the main lake where they are, but the shallow part which connects with the main lake, and they are so near the shore that if it were not this time of the year (March), you could almost walk in and pick them up." She spoke of the citizens' interest in seeking for them, but said, "They will not find them; they go too far from the shore. They (the bodies) are on the left of the boathouse, a few feet from the land."

Mrs. D. then said, "If they are in the water, they will be found before I can reach home."

The medium replied, "No, they will not be found before you get there; you will have to go and tell them where I say they are, and then they will be found within five minutes after you reach the lake." Then she made Mrs. D. promise to go with them to the lake, and added, "They are very near together. After finding one, you will quickly find the other."

In spite of all that Mrs. Y. had said, Mrs. D. was still as incredulous as before. But she had undertaken to see it through, and so started for home. She arrived at five o'clock. Immediately they took a carriage and started for the lake. As they came in sight of the place, Mrs. D. recognised the boathouse, with the hole in the side, as the medium had described it. The "narrow boat painted black" had also been found drifting in another part of the lake.

Mrs. D. stood on the shore while two boats put off, in which were men with their grappling irons. In one boat was the elder brother, or half-brother, of the missing boys. He was holding one of the grappling irons; and after only three or four strokes of the oars, he exclaimed, "I have hold of something!" The boat was stopped, and he at once brought to the surface the body of the older boy, William. In a few minutes more, and close to the same place, the body of the other boy, Joshua, was found. The place was shallow and muddy, as the medium had said; and held by the mud, the bodies had not risen to the surface as otherwise they might have done. The bodies were now placed together in a carriage, and before six o'clock they were in their mother's house.

At the close of the Boston interview Mrs. D. asked the medium from what source she got her alleged information, and she said, "The boys' father told me." The boys' father was the second husband of Mrs. C., and had been dead for several years, while the mother was then living with her third husband.

Here then is the story. I have in my possession the account as given by Mrs. D., who is still living and is a personal acquaintance. I have the account of her daughter, who well remembers it all. I have also the account of Mrs. C., the mother; of Mr. C., the father-in-law; of the elder brother, Charles; of the sister of Mrs. D.; of the lady who was at that time post-mistress of the town; of a man who came into Boston after grappling irons with which to search the lake; and also of two or three other persons whose names, if given, would be recognised as connected with one of the distinguished men in American history.

GREAT LITTLE MEN.

LITTLE FELLOWS ARE THE FELLOWS FOR WORK.

THERE is a very amusing article in the June number of the *Gentleman's Magazine* by Mr. Philip Kent on "Brains and Inches." Balzac says that the little fellows are the fellows for work, and Mr. Kent has gathered together a number of practical illustrations of the proverb that "the best goods are packed in the smallest bundles." He quotes Bacon, Fuller, and Balzac's sayings on the relation between over-developed inches and under-developed brain. From the ample "scratch" catalogue that Mr. Kent has collected, it would seem as if the great majority of the men who have helped to make the world have been descendants of Zachæus, and the rule appears to hold good in all callings and professions. That the best generals and the greatest conquerors, like Attila, the "Scourge of God"; Aetius, commander-in-chief of the Roman troops in the time of Valentinian; Timour the Tartar, "the terror of the world"; Charles Martel; Condé; Marshal Luxembourg; Sir Francis Drake; and Admiral Keppel—"little Keppel" and "the beardless boy," as he was called—were all small men. Titus was one of the best and smallest Roman emperors. Frederick the Great did not err on the side of height. Oliver Cromwell, who towered over his generation, did so only mentally, being lacking in inches; while Napoleon Buonaparte and his great rival, the Duke of Wellington, may fairly be described as tiny men, the former standing about five feet one and three-quarters in his stockings, and the Iron Duke beating him in this respect only by about six inches. Nelson, five feet four, comes midway between the victor and the victim of Waterloo.

SHORT MEN OF LETTERS.

"Most of us scribblers look best on paper," once remarked a grandson of Jerrold's to the writer of the article, and the truth of the remark seems to be borne out by the record of the physical inches of literary men from all time. Boccheris, one of the wisest and most able of Egyptian kings, was a dwarf. Æsop is represented as a misshapen hop-o'-my-thumb. Horace was a sleek, fat little man, the Emperor Augustus testifying to the fact by writing to him that, "though he lacked inches, he lacked not paunch." The great Chinese sage, Confucius, only reached middle height. Shakespeare was seemingly never measured, or, if he was, his height has not been handed down; but Milton was shortish. Dryden, "Poet Squab," was dumpy, as was also Lord Macaulay. Mrs. Carlyle speaks of "poor little Dickens," his rival, Thackeray, boasting of a larger allowance of inches, though not of brain power. Moore was only five feet, and when it came out that he and "Thomas Little" were one and the same writer, a wag remarked that "Moore was Little and Little is Moore." Cowper barely reached middle height, Pope was a pigmy of four feet six, and Voltaire and Scarron were mere Liliputians, while Swift's giant intellect was lodged in the brain of a rather stout, ungainly man of just five feet eight. Lord Lytton was about five feet six, Anthony Trollope about five feet ten, and John Stuart Mill five feet eight.

Coming to the arts, we have Bruneschelli, the architect, and Michael Angelo, both small men. Sir Christopher Wren could not have been better fitted with a surname. Turner was very small, and David Garrick was known as "Little Dave." The record of theologians seems to be less ample, but Calvin was a little man, Martin Luther reached medium height, whilst Melancthon and Erasmus were mere mites of men.

Great lawyers and statesmen are often little, as witness Lord Somers, Lord Shaftesbury—of whose pigmy

body Dryden speaks—Lord Camden, Sir Alexander Cockburn, five feet six; and Lord Chancellor Westbury, nicknamed "Little Bethel." Adolphe Thiers is described as "soft and sausage-like on the whole, five foot three at most, and ends neatly in fat little hands and feet." Lord John Russell was a little man. Mr. Gladstone runs to length more in his speeches than in his inches, being about five feet eight; whilst Lord Beaconsfield was five feet nine. In fairness to the poor big fellows, it must be added that nature has not neglected them entirely in the matter of brains, and the writer quotes some six-footers—Scott, for instance—as rivals to the dwarf geniuses.

SUNDAY CLOSING IN WALES.

IN the *Welsh Review*, Mr. J. Woodford Causer says that my remarks about Sunday closing in Cardiff are being quoted all over the country by the publicans to prove the failure of Sunday closing in Wales. As we know of high authority that the devil can quote Scripture on occasion, so I am not responsible for what the licensed victuallers do with my observations. But it is absurd to pretend that I have said anything against the Sunday Closing Act in Wales when, in the article that has caused all the hubbub, I expressly stated that, outside Cardiff, every one seemed to think the Sunday Closing Act had been remarkably successful.

As for Mr. Causer's statement that there cannot be found in Cardiff a responsible, unbiassed authority who would give the number of shebeens as one thousand two hundred or as being nearer one thousand two hundred than one hundred, I have only to state that I found such an authority, and that nothing was further from my mind when I went to Cardiff than to say a word about shebeening. One thousand two hundred was the figure given to me by an authority which, notwithstanding all that is said to the contrary, is more credible than any other that can be named. But, I have no wish to press the point as to the exact number of shebeens. To avoid dispute I said, "Let us admit, if you please, that there are only five hundred shebeens. Should we not get them put down," and because I endeavoured to meet the objections of my critics by volunteering to reduce the figures given to me by more than fifty per cent., in order to prove that there was still great need for increased vigour in dealing with this evil, Mr. Causer says that I "admit that there may have only been five hundred." What I said was that even if there were only five hundred, something more ought to be done.

It is amusing to read that Mr. Causer entirely agrees with me in thinking that the police of Cardiff are determined to carry out the law, and that they are under the best chief constable in the country. He had better go to the chief constable, and ask him how it is that although this is so, shebeening exists, and to such an extent as to damage the cause of Sunday closing throughout the whole of the country. The number of public-houses I gave was accurately stated. Public-houses were used, of course, as meaning full-licensed public-houses; off-licenses were not included, but even when they are added, you have three hundred and fifty licensed drinking places closed, and one thousand two hundred unlicensed shebeens opened. Mr. Causer says that not more than one-fourth or one-third of the shebeens are actually running on any one given Sunday. That may be. If so, the net effect of Sunday closing in Cardiff is that, while three hundred and fifty licensed houses are closed, about the same number of unlicensed houses are opened.

This is very unsatisfactory, and calls for more vigour on the part of Sunday closers in Cardiff to enforce the law which stands on the Statute Book.

THE GENIUS OF MR. FRANK HARRIS.

"ELDER CONKLIN."

I AM delighted to see Mr. Frank Harris's short stories once more in the *Fortnightly Review*. It is a welcome change from the dull old rigmarole of Mr. Mallock, who has fortunately been shunted after boring the readers of the *Review* for some months. Mr. Frank Harris's new story is called "Elder Conklin," and it goes far to justify those friends of his who have always said that there lay in the editor of the *Fortnightly Review* a vein of real genius. It is true the story is marked by Mr. Harris's unfortunate limitations. In none of his stories, so far as they have seen the light, is there any woman who is other than a beautiful, capricious, vain, and more or less objectionable animal. The girl in the new story is, in some respects, a higher type than those he has presented us with hitherto, but she is a selfish, imperious, shallow creature, who would be simply detestable were it not for her physical beauty, the loveliness of which "comes upon the astonished senses like a warm perfumed wind."

The story in itself, like all Mr. Harris's stories, is very simple. A young Boston man goes out to Southern Kansas to study law, as he was not rich enough to do it in the East. He takes a school to keep himself until he could find a place in some lawyer's office, and falls in love with Miss Loo, a girl of seventeen, whose character Mr. Harris delineates with fidelity as from life. The story of the mutual attraction and repulsion of the cultured Boston man and the Kansas child of nature, the perpetual cooling down and heating up of the somewhat tepid affection of her Eastern suitor, are described with skill, but for neither one or the other can the reader feel any affection. The figure which makes the story is that of Elder Conklin. He is a wonderful creation, and if Mr. Harris had done nothing else but picture this old man, he would have done enough to have given him a high place among the few who can really write.

There are two great scenes in the story. The first is that of the prayer and penance of Elder Conklin; the second is that in which, single-handed, with a shotgun in hand, he defied the military authorities to lay a finger upon his corn, which he had raised on Indian territory. I have only room to quote from the first of these scenes. Loo Conklin was determined to get married and go East. She wanted a piano, and a dowry to set her husband up in his profession. In order to secure the funds, her father, who doted upon her, had cheated a cattle dealer by heavily watering herds of cattle which had been purposely made to suffer agonies of thirst before being sold. His daughter's suitor, not knowing anything beyond the fraud, had roundly taxed him with it. The old man said nothing, but at night the young man was startled by seeing the Elder leave the house in his nightshirt and bare feet and walk down to the river's edge. He followed him, and this is what he saw:—

In mute surprise he watched the old man tie his night-shirt up under his arm pits, wade into the ice-cold water, and kneel down. Then he heard the Elder begin what was evidently intended to be a prayer. At first the phrases used were conventional, but gradually the old man's earnestness and excitement overcame his sense of the becoming, and he talked to God of what lay near his heart in simple words and disjointed phrases.

"That young man to-day jes' jumped on me! He told me I'd plagued them cattle half dead to death, and I'd acted lies and cheated Ramsdell out of three hundred dollars. 'Twas all true. There ain't no doubt about that. I s'pose I did plague the cattle, though I've often been as thirsty as they

were—after eatin' salt pork and workin' all day in the sun. I didn't think of that when I salted the floor. But I did act to deceive Ramsdell, and I reckon I made nigh on three hundred dollars out of the deal. 'Twas wrong. But see here"—and unconsciously the old man's voice rose—"You know all my life, O Lord. You know everythin'. You know I never lied or cheated any one for myself. You know I've worked hard and honestly for over forty years, and always been poor. I never troubled about it, and I don't care now, but fer Loo.

"She's so pretty and young. Jes' like a flower wants sunshine, she wants pleasure, and when she don't git it, she feels bad. She's so young and soft. Now she wants a pile of money and a planner, and I couldn't git it for her no other way. I had to cheat.

"O Lord, ef I could kneel down hyar and say I repented with godly repentance fer sin an' determination never to sin agen, I'd jest do it, and ask you to pardon me for Jesus' sake, but I can't repent—I jes' can't! . . . You see my heart, O Lord, and you know I'll go on cheatin' ef that'll get Loo what she wants. And so I've come down hyar to say that Loo ain't with me in the cheatin'; it's all my sin. I know you punish sin. I know you'll punish the stiff-necked sinner. I'll take the punishment. Put it right on to me. I'm the sinner, that's justice; but, O Lord, leave Loo out; she don't know nothin' about it. I'm the sinner; I'll bear the punishment; that's just; that's why I've come down hyar into the water to show I'm willin' to bear what You send. Amen, O Lord God. In Jesus' name. Amen."

And the Elder rose quietly, came out of the creek, wiped his dripping limbs with his hand as well as he could, and then let down his nightshirt and prepared to climb the bluff.

As for the second scene, I need only say that it makes us fully understand the enthusiasm which led Bancroft to say:—"He is a great man and a hero, and if he had lived in another time or in another place poets would have summed up his courage." For the story my readers must go to the *Fortnightly*, and they will find it well worth their while to go there, if only to make the acquaintance of Elder Conklin. There is profound art in the fashion in which Mr. Harris contrasts the stern, simple character of the old Elder with the vain coquetry of his selfish child, for whom he sacrifices everything, but who in the end—

But no, beyond saying that the end is tragic without any vulgar slaughter; tragic in the sense of an old Greek tragedy, in which we are awed by—

"The grim-eyed doom, from out the trembling gloom."

I will say nothing that might diminish the pleasure of the readers of the story in the *Fortnightly*.

Facts about the Midland.

THE *English Illustrated Magazine* for June devotes its railway article to an account of the Midland locomotive works at Derby. On the Midland the engines are repainted every three or four years; two are painted every day. In their workshops at Derby they burned 105 million cubic feet of gas in 1891. The Midland employs 52,000 men, owns 2,150 engines, 4,389 carriages, and close upon 105,000 waggons. They have a stud of 4,464 horses. They have just invented a new plan for warming the carriages in cold weather by using water from the engine boiler. The water circulates the whole length of the train, and returning to the tender, is injected into the boiler again. In their hotel at Liverpool, they have no fewer than 210 telephones and 33 miles of wire in the house. At St. Pancras they have 1,100 incandescent lamps.

POETRY IN THE PERIODICALS.

THE following admirable sonnet by Mr. Archibald Lampman appears in *Harper* for June :—

Behold I lay in prison like St. Paul,
Chained to two guards that both were grim and stout.
All day they sat by me and held me thrall :
The one was named Regret, the other Doubt.
And through the twilight of that hopeless close
There came an angel shining suddenly
That took me by the hand, and as I rose
The chains grew soft and slipped away from me.
The doors gave back and swung without a sound,
Like petals of some magic flower unfurled.
I followed, treading o'er enchanted ground,
Into another and a kindlier world.
The master of that black and bolted keep
Thou knowest is Life; the angel's name is Sleep.

MY SWEETHEART'S FACE.

Mr. John Allen Wyeth, in *Harper's Magazine*, has the following pretty verses on his "Sweetheart's Face" :—

My kingdom is my sweetheart's face,
And these the boundaries I trace :
Northward her forehead fair;
Beyond, a wilderness of auburn hair;
A rosy cheek to east and west;
Her little mouth
The sunny south.
It is the south that I love best.
Her eyes, two crystal lakes,
Rippling with light,
Caught from the sun by day,
The stars by night.
The dimples in
Her cheeks and chin
Are snares which Love hath set,
And I have fallen in !

NATURE.

Mr. W. P. Foster, in the *Century*, has a poem on "Nature," from which I quote the last three verses :—

There is an undertone in everything,
That comforts and uplifts,
A light that never shifts
Shines out of touch on the horizon ring.
I know, behind yon mountain's gloomy sides,
There's something waits for me
That I may never see—
Some love-illuminated face, some stretched hand hides.
Some spirit, something earth would half disclose,
Half hide, invites the soul
Unto some hidden goal,
Which may be death, or larger life—who knows ?

THAMES'S POETS.

In the *English Illustrated Magazine* for June, Mr. E. J. Milliken has a poem of some length, entitled "A Pageant of Thames's Poets." Taking as his text that Shelley delighted to glide along in his boat upon the Thames when the fit of poetry was upon him, Mr. Milliken says :—

But Thames hath many another winding haunted
By memories of the wandering sons of song,
And many another nook is ground enchanted,
Its wooded slopes and devious shores along.
Chancer at Donnington ! The Kennett sounded
On Geoffrey's ear five hundred years ago,
And there, by Thames's sylvan scenes surrounded,
The cheerful bard forgot the courtier's woe.
And gentle Spenser oftentimes would wander
In his great day "by Thames's lovely side,"
None sang its sweetness with effusion fonder,
None limned its beauties with more loving pride ?

Among the other poets who are associated with the poem are Milton, Denham, Cowley, Pope, Thomson, Collins, Wordsworth, Hood, Cumnor, Taylor, Phineas, Fletcher, and Coleridge.

NUREMBERG.

Julia C. R. Dorr, in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, has a pleasant poem on Nuremberg, from which I quote one stanza :—

Oh, the charm of each haunted street,
Ways where Beauty and Duty meet—
Sculptured miracles soaring free
In temple and mart for all to see,
Wherever the light falls, Nuremberg !

THE FALLEN ELM.

Mr. Alfred Austin, in the *National Review*, has a long and beautiful poem upon "The Fallen Elm," in which he begins by lamenting the fall of his mountain, but after he had finished his lament a voice in the branches speaks and bids the poet "Pity me not. I am alive still," and then the elm explains the innumerable joys that were still in store for it when used in the service of man.

I shall listen, hushed, to the stars at night,
Shall abide betwixt earth and sky ;
While one lives and works at a lofty height,
One may change, but one does not die.

The most curious fancy is that in which the elm contemplates its conversion into a desk for a lame clerk in the church, when it will hear the choir, smile at the bride, listen to the christenings, and assist at the funerals, for, says the elm—

'Twas a cheery and wild-wood life I led,
But as pagan as bird or beast ;
For I never was christened, or church'd, or wed,
Or tithed by the village priest.

LORD LORNE AS AN IRISH POET.

The Marquis of Lorne has broken out in some curious places before now, but it was hardly to be expected that he would make his appearance as an Irish poet. This, however, is the case, and we have three verses of his, entitled "An Irish Peasant's Soliloquy," in *Good Words*. It tells the story of how an Irish peasant left his native village of Bally as a broken-hearted emigrant, only to discover, as many others have before him, that misfortune was a blessing in disguise. The last verse tells the tale of how he prospered across the Atlantic and how it happened :—

But soon as I landed I earned my own living,
My ventures I made a success, one and all—
Still fast, as I asked her, Dame Fortune kept giving,
And rich the poor emigrant now ye may call !
For Mary was mine anyhow, and old Bally
I bought with the gold that grew under my feet :
She's Queen, and I'm Lord, of the mountain and valley,
The cows and the butter, the pigs and the peat !

"THEY ARE NOT DEAD."

Mr. A. C. Wilson, in *Good Words*, writes two verses "They are not Dead." The first verse is as follows :—

They are not dead, the dear ones we held dearest ;
They live and love where death shall be no more.
Perchance e'en now they may to us be nearest,
Praying and watching, as in days of yore.

That word "perchance" is an evil word, and will have to be eliminated before the apostle's boast "Oh ! death, where is thy victory ; oh ! grave where is thy sting," is other than an idle vaunt.

NEW WAGNERIANA.



A SCHEME has recently been announced to the effect that it is proposed in the autumn to perform in English a number of Wagner's operas at the Covent Garden Theatre at popular prices, a body of enthusiastic Wagnerians intending, with the co-operation of Sir Augustus Harris, to provide a guarantee fund to defray the expense of the experiment. For the present, the effect produced by the performance during the current season, and after a ten years' interval, of the "Ring des Nibelungen" was awaited with anxiety by those who do, and probably by those who do not, regard Wagner's music-dramas as the music of the future.

Meanwhile Wagner literature grows apace. One of the most interesting undertakings is the English translation of "Richard Wagner's Prose Works" for the Wagner Society by Mr. William Ashton Ellis (33, Southampton Street, Strand), translator also of Hans von Wolzogen's "Key to Parsifal" and Arthur Smolian's "Themes of Tannhäuser," and editor of the Society's quarterly journal. Six parts are to be issued every year till the English edition of the "Prose Works" is complete, the price to non-members of the Society being 1s. for each part. In the eight numbers which have already been published, Wagner's literary activity appears in his ideas on "Art and Revolution," "The Art Work of the Future," etc., besides an autobiographical sketch, which brings his life-story down to 1842.

In another recent work, "Wagner as I Knew Him" (Longmans, Green and Co. 7s. 6d.), the late Mr. Ferdinand Praeger may be said to take up the life-story at the point where Wagner in his autobiography left off, for it was in the spring of 1843 that Mr. Praeger says his acquaintance with Wagner began at Dresden. The book, which is full of new reminiscences, also throws new light on many important events in Wagner's career, the most significant, perhaps, being Mr. Praeger's



(From *Vanity Fair*, May 19, 1877.)

graphic account of the revolution in Saxony as compared with Wagner's conflicting statements with regard to his own share in it. Unfortunately, Mr. Praeger did not live to see his book through the press, and as he also suffered from the disadvantage of having to dictate it, this may account for some of the errors and contradictory statements which have been passed. For instance, Mr. Praeger says in one place that he was Wagner's personal friend for nearly half a century, whereas the acquaintance only began in 1843, or according to Wagner himself, only in 1855, and the intimacy does not seem to have lasted even to Wagner's death, which took place in 1883.

Another curious but indispensable contribution to Wagner literature is a volume entitled "Wagner en Caricatures," by M. John Grand-Carteret (Librairie Larousse, 19, Rue Montparnasse, Paris. Paper covers. 4 francs). M. Grand-Carteret, who, in the light of our *fin-de-siècle* way of shirking long dry biographies, conceives the book of the future as one that will be rather looked at than read, believes it to be his mission to classify and bring to light the best work from the pencils of the satirists. His latest volume consists of some 130 reproductions of French, German, English, and Italian caricatures, portraits, and autographs, etc., with some original sketches, signed J. Blass, Moloch, and Tietz-Bognet. It is a most interesting collection of graphic attacks on Wagner, which no one certainly ever thought of preserving. Yet they remind us among other things how much Wagner was for years ridiculed in his own country, by German artists too, and both to the Wagnerian and to the anti-Wagnerian these forgotten caricatures will now return as a revelation. They are all classified and explained in vivacious (French) letterpress.



THE FIELD OF BATTLE AT BAYREUTH.

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Mr. Gladstone as a Romp.

MR. JOSEPH RAYMOND writes me as follows from Hornsey:—

The illustration in your "Sketch of W. E. Gladstone," which I have read with very great interest, of Gladstone's house, Carlton House Terrace, and the scenes with his grandchild, recall to my mind a rather humorous incident I was a witness to on my first introduction to the right hon. gentleman in, I think, the year 1848. Having a business engagement with Mr. Gladstone, I was escorted by the footman to his library, from which sounded shouts of childish laughter and other merry sounds, so much so that the footman's tap was unheeded. He smiled, and said, "You had better go in, sir, they won't hear our knocks," and opening the door, I entered. What I saw has been deeply impressed on my memory ever since. It was this: The right hon. gentleman was on his hands and knees, a boy sitting astride his back, holding the collar of his dressing-gown, while another boy—rather bigger—held the tails of the dressing-gown as reins, and belaboured the impromptu horse with a thin cane! It was difficult to judge who was deriving the most enjoyment from the proceedings, Mr. Gladstone or the boys. Neither seemed the least disturbed at my presence. Mr. Gladstone calmly rose, at once entered upon the business that took me there, and left the room to consult Mrs. Gladstone. The boys entered respectfully into conversation with me, and on my asking them if what I had witnessed was their usual pastime, answered: "Their papa always allowed them to have a short romp with him every morning after lessons." Since that time I have watched Mr. Gladstone's career with great interest, and the more I know of him, the more I admire him, although not always able to see the way he leads.

A Catholic Tribute to the Methodists.

In the *Catholic World* for May, Prof. W. C. Robinson devotes the first article to an account of the "Methodist Book Concern of the United States." Mr. Robinson says that that agency has done more than anything else to extend, solidify, and establish Methodist principles and discipline among the people of the Anglo-Saxon world. The article speaks very highly of Methodists and Methodism, which is not unnatural, for the author sees in Methodism a religious movement which has inculcated Anglicanism with Catholic energy and has prepared the way for the perception and acceptance of Catholic truth. He says: "Far be it from any Catholic to speak of Methodism as an enemy. What English and American Christianity would have been without it can hardly be conceived, and its value as a forerunner of the Catholic Church in its return to the place from which it was expelled three centuries ago is quite incalculable." That is good reading for the Methodists. The Book Concern began in 1789 with a borrowed capital of £120; it has now a gigantic building as its headquarters, which cost, including land, one million dollars. It publishes one bi-monthly review, eight weekly newspapers with a weekly circulation of 150,000. It publishes weekly, monthly, and bi-monthly papers and leaflets for Sunday schools at the rate of three and a half millions per annum. The net capital of the eastern and western branches in 1891 was 3,000,000 dollars, and the sales in the same year exceeded two millions. In 1848 every Methodist on an average spent a shilling in the publications of the Book Concern; in 1891 he spent about four shillings. The moral that Mr. Robinson draws is that if the Methodists can do this the Catholics can do it also, and that they must set about doing it without more delay, using the Catholic press as the substitute for the Methodist Book Concern.

The Reunion of Christendom.

THE movement in favour of the reunion of Christendom makes itself felt everywhere. Mr. Learned's paper in the *Andover Review* for May gives an interesting account of the unfortunately abortive attempt to unite the Presbyterian and Congregational churches of Japan. The hitch came in with the Congregationalists, because of such differences as the rights of pastors as such to be members of councils, and the provision of relief for a brother unjustly condemned by a local church.

Under the title of "The Youngest Child of the Church," there is an interesting account given of the Society of Christian Endeavour in *Our Day* for May. The writer of the article, the Rev. F. E. Clark, says that the Society is hastening the glad day of Christian harmony and unity, not by destroying the denominations, but by leading them to see that the word Christian has a wider significance than any denominational name.

President Elliot, of Harvard, has horrified orthodox America by making a speech at Salt Lake City in which he classified the Mormons as a Christian Church, and drew a parallel between the Mormon Fathers and the Pilgrim Fathers as defenders of religious liberty.

A Mammoth Potato.

THE epicures of the world may rejoice in the discovery of a new diet in the shape of the mammoth potato of Montana. Usually the very big potato is bad eating, but this is not the case with the monsters which are grown in Montana. According to Mr. Julian Ralph's article in *Harper's* for June, the mammoth potato is destined to carry all before it as an eatable:—

There are no such potatoes in the world as are grown in Montana. They attain prodigious size, and often weigh three, four, or five pounds apiece. Eighteen such potatoes make a bushel. To the taste they are like a new vegetable. The larger ones are mealy, but the smaller ones are like sacks of meal; when the skin is broken the meal falls out like flour. It must very soon become the pride of every steward in the first-grade hotels, restaurants, and clubs of the cities here—and even in Europe—to prepare these most delicious vegetables for those who enjoy good living. As these potatoes of the choicest quality can be cultivated in all the valleys east of the Rocky Mountains, there will soon be no lack of them.

Roman Rule in Canada.

IN an article on "Church and State in Canada," in the *Andover* for May, Mr. Stetson gives the following list of measures which, in his opinion, are due to the Catholic supremacy in the Province of Quebec:—

(a) The law establishing religious orders: under which the bounty of the State is bestowed upon the religious refugees from persecution in France and other countries.

(b) The law authorising the organisation of canonical parishes as civil corporations having a legal existence: a law which emphasises the close relation of Church and State.

(c) The law exempting ecclesiastical and religious educational property from taxation, provincial or municipal: property the exact value of which cannot be determined, but is supposed to reach a hundred million of dollars in the Province of Quebec.

(d) The law by which the education of all classes is put under the immediate control of a body ruled by the bishops of the Roman Church, and which was obtained by their influence.

This, with the law establishing in Canada foreign religious orders, marks a long step backward toward the days of Jesuitical propagandism, whose shackles even Italy long since cast off.

The Horses of London.

MR. GORDON concludes his very interesting series of articles upon the horses of London in the *Leisure Hour* for June. He calculates that there are 300,000 horses in London, half of whom are second-hand. The value per head can hardly be less than £25, so that the cost price is seven millions and a half. As they probably cost half a sovereign to keep them a week, every horse eats its value in the year. The horses of the Life Guards only cost £40 per head when they are four years old, and they are all cast when fourteen. Each horse has to carry twenty-three stone. Twenty-six thousand horses are killed every year, and seventy tons of meat per week are turned out to feed the cats and dogs of London. One hundred and eighty-two and a half tons of deal are used every year in skewering the horse meat turned out by Harrison Barber. I am sorry Mr. Gordon's articles are finished; they have been some of the best of their kind that have appeared in magazines for many a long day.

How King Osric's Body was Found.

THE Dean of Gloucester describes in *Good Words* how he discovered the remains of Osric, King of Northumbria, under the tomb which occupies the place of honour in Gloucester Cathedral. On the night of January 7th, 1892, he caused two panels on the south side to be removed, and there was found a long leaden coffin lying exactly beneath the king's effigy. The top of the lead coffin was broken, and a few small bones could be seen. The lower end of the coffin was perfect, and a grey dust marked the position where the legs and feet of the ancient king had lain. They did not disturb the dust, but restored the coffin to its ancient resting place. The dean took the hint that the king's body really did lie there from a paragraph in Leland. He says it is the oldest known remains of the Saxon kings in England. The skull of Oswald, however, which is in Durham Cathedral, is a hundred years older than the remains of King Osric.

The Metropolitan Tabernacle.

DR. PIERSON, writing in the *Missionary Review* for May, says that it is a mistake to regard the Metropolitan Tabernacle as a Baptist church. It is much too composite a church to be classed as belonging to any one denomination. He says:—

One must live in the atmosphere of this great church, as I have done for many months, to understand Spurgeon; what he was and still is in his undying influence this monumental church shows. It is called a Baptist Church, but that is not its name; it is the "Baptised Church of Jesus Christ." Mr. Spurgeon aimed, without being trammelled by tradition or denomination, to build up one church on purely New Testament principles; and I am clear in pronouncing it the nearest approach to what seems to me a primitive apostolic church in simplicity of faith, worship, ordinances, and work. It is a Baptist Church in this, that it emphasises believers' baptism by immersion, and resists infant sprinkling as tending to "baptismal regeneration;" it is Congregational in that it is not affiliated with any outside body except in fraternal bonds—advisory, not compulsory—and that it emphasises the autonomy and autocracy of the individual, independent Church; it is Methodist in zeal, fervor, aggressive activity, and even in the audible responses to prayer and to Gospel preaching; but it is Presbyterian in this, that it makes the bench of elders the ruling court of authority and discipline. It may be questioned whether it be not the purest specimen of a Presbyterian Church in its essential polity. Mr. Spurgeon held that there is no authority for distinguishing the minister and elder save as to functions—that the word presbyter, elder, bishop, mean one and the same office in different aspects.

The One Live London Morning Newspaper.

MR. MASSINGHAM, in the *Leisure Hour*, devotes himself to a well-deserved panegyric upon the *Daily Chronicle*. He omits, however, to say that he himself has played no small part in the creation of this new journal, for new journal it is. It can hardly be said that the list of leader writers is strong, nor is the foreign correspondence worthy of the praise which it receives at his hands. Mr. Massingham says that every one asks how the *Chronicle* is going at the General Election, but he does not attempt to answer the question, probably for the good reason that he does not know. Mr. Massingham says:—

The *Chronicle* depends less for its large and growing circulation on the baser sides of English life—scabrous divorce cases, vulgar scandal, and the great betting madness—than any of its contemporaries; it has largely dethroned the criminal from his place as the hero-in-chief of the English newspaper; and it has set up instead the social reformer, the practical worker, and the pioneer to fields of fresh intellectual and moral interests. Mr. Massingham does not promise us that the *Chronicle* will devote a page a week to woman's movements, but that no doubt will come.

The Tercentenary of Trinity College.

In the *Lyceum* for May a Catholic writer devotes considerable energy and eloquence in denouncing Trinity College, Dublin. From the Catholic point of view Trinity College is hateful as a Roman conqueror was to the aborigines of Gaul or Britain, and no Catholic, therefore, must willingly attend the tercentenary celebration:—

It was on the Roman Triumph that Trinity had intended to model its tercentenary. During three hundred years it has done battle with the Irish people. It has existed to wage war against their property, their religion, their political hopes and aspirations. It has more than held its own against them; it has grown rich by plundering them; has filled its halls by perverting them, has educated its graduates and chosen its representatives to denounce and revile them. Why should it not seek—nay, perhaps, even hope—to secure a band of captive Irish Catholics, who should grace the pageants in July, and prove to the learned world how thorough has been the victory of the College? Trinity, like the *Times*, is an unflinching gauge of any measure's usefulness to Ireland: the blessing of the College proves the measure to be a curse.

Newspapers in the United States.

Our Day gives an analysis of the figures in "Rowell's Newspaper Press Directory," from which it appears that in 1890 there were in the United States and Canada 17,760 periodicals, with a circulation of 41½ millions. Of these 1,260 are weeklies, 2,000 monthlies, and 1,536 dailies, with a circulation of 6,650,000. The yearly issue of all periodicals is about 3,500 million, or an average of 267 periodicals per year to every five persons, or five per week to every family. In 1883 there were 456 Sunday papers, in 1890, 650; of these 294 are not printed on Sunday, and not always sold on Sunday. Of the remainder, 151 are issued seven days a week, and all but twenty of these are morning papers. Two hundred and five dailies come out on Sunday, but not on Monday. Only 356 of the 1,552 dailies issue Sunday editions. Seven newspapers have a circulation of over 100,000 a day; six of them have Sunday editions, the exception being the *Chicago Daily News*.

THE REVIEWS REVIEWED.

THE NINETEENTH CENTURY.

THERE is a great deal of confused general reading in the *Nineteenth Century*, but, with the exception of Mr. Champion's brief paper on "Protection as Labour Wants It," and St. Leo Strachey's "Ulster and Home Rule," the articles might have appeared any time between January and December.

WILL ULSTER FIGHT ?

St. Leo Strachey says Ulster will not fight—but it will offer a passive resistance to the Dublin Parliament in all its work—Belfast and the neighbourhood will organise a Voluntary System of Government with arbitration instead of Law Courts, and an Amateur Police Force. If an attempt is made to compel them to submit, then it will take 15,000 troops, with artillery and gun-boats, to hold down Belfast alone, while 50,000 men would be needed in Ulster. Home Rule, therefore, cannot pacify Ireland because of Ulster.

If any proof of that is needed, look at the fact that the most religious, the most serious-minded, the most earnest, and the least political people in the North are quietly deciding that they will take the awful responsibility of resisting the law—a responsibility which may cost them their lives and their worldly goods, and may give over their homes to anarchy and destruction.

Fee-f-o-fum ! If Belfast means really to fight, Belfast will make what terms it pleases; but so long as they do not enrol a single volunteer, or make the least preparation to delimit their frontier, all this talk about resistance is a mere waste of breath.

THE INEFFICIENCY OF THE ARMY.

After reading Mr. Strachey's declarations that we shall need fifty thousand men to hold down Ulster alone, it is not pleasant to learn that the Army is quite inefficient to do its regular work, even with Ulster at peace. There are only thirty-two thousand infantry of the line over twenty years of age at home altogether, and what are they against a rebellious Ulster ? The article is a critical examination of the report of Lord Wantage's Committee. We could hardly declare the Quaker rebellion of Belfast a great war emergency, but until we do make such a declaration, we should be hard put to it to find the troops required in the North of Ireland. Such, at least, is the obvious reflection that comes from the juxtaposition of the two articles. Possibly, in the next number, Mr. Arnold Forster, if he is not too much engaged in electioneering, will elaborate this point, in order to kill two birds with one stone, i.e., in order to encourage his fighting Ulstermen, and to secure at the same time a reform of the Army.

DOES IRELAND BLOCK THE WAY ?

Yes, says Mr. Herbert Gladstone, it does, very badly ; and he proves it by Table A, Table B, and Table C, giving analysis of Hansard's for the past twelve years, from which it appears, that, in twelve years, the House of Commons have talked 85,000 pages full of Hansard, of which 24,000 pages are occupied with Irish affairs and 15,800 pages to questions, so that, of the whole, the total number of pages devoted to English, Welsh, Scotch, and Imperial business, are only 45,000. Ireland, therefore, has occupied one-half of the time of the House of Commons in the twelve years.

During the Liberal administration, Irish business occupied 19,073 pages per Session ; under the Tories it occupied 20,043 pages per Session. The Irish block, therefore, is just as great under the Tories as it was under the Liberals. To hand over the Irish affairs to Ireland will save 25 per cent. at least of our Imperial time, although allowance is made for the number of Irish debates that will be taken at Westminster after Home Rule.

A BUTLER'S VIEW OF MEN SERVICE.

Mr. John Robinson has been prompted by Lady Greville's article in the February number of the *National Review* and Lady Aberdeen's article in the March *Nineteenth Century*, to set forth his view of the average man-servant. He admits that he is a very poor creature indeed, whose ambition never soars beyond the ultimate proprietorship of a pub. Domestic service is a splendid training in blackmailing and peculation. They have plenty of food, but it is badly cooked and is served up cold again and again, until it goes to the swill-tub. The custom of supplying household beer tends constantly to make drunkards of domestics, and if employers once realised the amount of disgusting animalism this habit perpetuated they would stop it at once. He would cut off half the meat and all the beer, and improve domestic service all round as a consequence. Servants must be treated as men, and freed from the degrading sycophancy which now demoralises them. Put service more on a level with a trade ; let better service be required, but let the servants be treated as men. So says Mr. John Robinson.

CRIME AND CIVILISATION.

The Rev. W. D. Morrison, Chaplain of Wandsworth Gaol, has an article on the increase of crime, in which he maintains that everything proves that with civilisation crime increases. The figures which he gives are very discouraging, and they all point to the conclusion that in the last ten years serious crime has unmistakably increased in England and Wales :—

Police statistics are a striking confirmation of prison statistics, and the statistics of trials ; and all of them point with singular unanimity to the conclusion that crime during the last thirty years, for which we possess official returns, has not decreased in gravity, and has been steadily developing in magnitude.

MUST WE KEEP OUT JEWISH PAUPERS ?

Lord Dunraven answers this question in the affirmative in a paper entitled, "The Invasion of the Destitute Alien." He puts the case in favour of excluding the pauper immigrants forcibly and at some length. He says :—

As to their capacity for work and knowledge of trade their habits, instincts, and social condition generally :—there can be no doubt that the majority of immigrants are sober and thrifty to the last degree, and in these respects set a good example to many English working men. But, on the other hand, their standard of life is far below that of the lowest and poorest classes among us, and they will work for hours impossible for an Englishman to endure, and for a wage insufficient to keep his body and soul together. The practical, tangible question to be dealt with is the paralysing, demoralising, body-and-soul destroying effect upon our own people of placing them in direct competition with a lower type of humanity. It is the actual physical presence of this lower type of human organism among us that is so objectionable.

A PLEA FOR PROTECTION.

Mr. Champion has a brief paper on "Protection as Labour Wants It." He says that the working men are unanimously in favour of eight hours and higher wages in all national and municipal institutions such things simply mean so much more in the pound in the income tax or the rates. He is also in favour of these things in industries which must be carried on within the country, as locomotion, distribution, building, baking, etc., and he is quite willing that the extra cost should fall on the consumer. He would exclude all foreign immigrants, as the Americans exclude the Chinese. He also wants protection for all products of his labour that is sold in the home market from the competition of the products of the underpaid foreign labourer outside this country. There remains the most vital and important question of all, that is to say, the foreign market. Mr. Champion does not hesitate at this, but boldly declares that if it is proved that it is high wages only that destroys the export trade he is quite willing to meet that difficulty by bounties. A pleasant prospect, truly! He winds up his article by declaring that we must revise our trade policy in order to cement our Colonial alliances, and build up in our Empire an irresistible force on the side of true freedom and progress.

DID DANTE STUDY AT OXFORD?

Mr. Gladstone has a short article, in which he discusses the evidence which can be adduced to prove that the great Italian poet visited Oxford. To the scholar in Dante's time England only existed for Oxford, and if Dante came to England, there was only one place that he could come to, and Mr. Gladstone thinks that he did go to Oxford, not to saunter by the Isis, but in order to visit—

Haunts already made illustrious (to cite no other names) by Roger Bacon, by Grosssetête, and by Bradwardine. He went to refresh his thirst at a fast-swelling fountain-head of knowledge, and to imp the wings by which he was to mount, and mount so high that few have ever soared above him, into the empyrean of celestial wisdom.

OTHER ARTICLES.

In "The Story of an Unhappy Queen," there is a rather good ghost story which tells how the ghost of the murdered Königsmarck, with a bloody mark across his mouth, where she had stamped upon him as he breathed his last, sat at the deathbed of Elizabeth von Platten, and remained sitting there until she died, his shadow only melting away as she expired. There is a long article on "Some Great Jewish Rabbis," a very short article on "Ovid Metamorphosed," Vernon Lee writes on "Tuscan Sculpture of the Renaissance," and the Rev. Dr. Jessop tells the story of the life of the Rector of Harpley, the Rev. John de Gurney, in the fourteenth century. Lady Violet Greville has a light article on "Women and Worship in Burmah," and J. D. Rees a little paper describing a funeral sacrifice in India.

THE NEW REVIEW.

THERE are several good articles in the *New Review* for June.

THE KANAKA IN QUEENSLAND.

I am glad to see Mr. Archibald Forbes takes the same view of the Kanaka question which I expressed last month. Speaking from a local knowledge of the Colony and of the trade, he says:—

It may be accepted that private enterprise cannot be relied on to systematise the honest recruitment of Polynesian

labourers. The enterprise, for many reasons, is one that should be undertaken by the Government. So would the arrows of aspersion be blunted, so would abuses be stamped out. With official headquarters in a central island, Government schooners plying among the islands and steadily returning to the general rendezvous, and a Government steamer plying between that dépôt and the colony, the recruiting machinery would be adequate and unimpeachable. Such an establishment would cost the Colonial exchequer nothing, maintained as it would be by the increased capita- tion fee which the planters would gladly pay.

A DAY AFTER THE FAIR.

It is rather odd to read an article like Ernest Pinard's, in which the old Minister of the Interior of the Empire at the time when the Franco-German War broke out, endeavours to prove that the war was forced upon the Empire by the politicians of Paris. M. Pinard had the reports of the prefects who almost always testified to the burning desire of peace in the Provinces. The Emperor declared emphatically in favour of peace, but in his new position of constitutional Monarch he had no alternative but to take the step which plunged Europe into war. Who, then, was it who made the war? According to M. Pinard, it was the Parisian Press, the vast majority of which, with Emile de Girardin at their head, declared, morning and night, that peace would be "essentially illusive, shameful, sinister, ridiculous,"—all of which is equivalent to saying that the Imperial Ministry was utterly useless for the one purpose that a despotic Government is worth having. Its head wanted peace; the immense majority of the people had a burning desire to get out of war, and yet they allowed these rulers of France—the clamour of the Parisian Press—to plunge the nation into ruin!

A FORECAST OF THE GENERAL ELECTION.

Sir Richard Temple seems to be living in a fool's paradise of the most foolish kind. It is almost incredible that an intelligent citizen who has had some experience in affairs, and into whose mental condition there has never been a Commission de lunatico *inquiendo*, could write such rubbish. Sir Richard thinks that, even when he states his case in moderation, Unionists can count upon a majority of sixty-two. The *Times* Commissioner thinks the majority of the Unionists will be fourteen. His forecast comes out something as follows:—

Conservatives	254
Liberal Unionists	42
Gladstonians	200
Nationalists (Irish)	82
	578

Such are the hopes with which a foredoomed party comforts itself up to the very declaration of the poll.

ENGLISHWOMEN IN INDIA.

The Hon. Mrs. Neville Lyttelton has a pleasant, gossip article on this subject, beginning with the Anglo-Indian flirting, whose motives are vanity and reaction from a monotonous and lonely existence, resulting in a craving for some excitement. The alternative of flirting is shooting. The wife of a local superintendent of police, says Mrs. Lyttelton, spoke with feeling—

Of the monotony of her life until she took to shooting with her husband. One other lady, the wife of a collector, I met in the Kanara forest, in the south of the Bombay Presidency, where the shooting is done from trees. She was then elated at having shot her first head of big game, a hyena, but I have since heard that she has shot tigers, big sambar, panther, bear, and black-buck, everything, in fact, except elephant and bison. Such spirited reaction from the inertia to which the

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But besides the flirts and the hunters, there are a great number of women who are doing admirable work, of whom Mrs. Lyttelton gives due meed of praise.

A SPECIFIC AGAINST THE RACING MANIA.

Mr. T. Longueville, writing on "Racing and its Fascinations," concludes his article with the following suggestion. He says:—

In case I may have scandalised anybody by enlarging upon the interests and pleasures of an institution so fraught with evil as the Turf, I will conclude by prescribing an infallible panacea to such as may be anxious that their boys should never care for racing:—At the age of nine make them learn the Scale of Weight-for-Age by heart, and from ten to fourteen make them invariably commit the names and weights for the Spring and Autumn Handicaps to memory. Oh, how they will hate racing for the rest of their lives!

THE CONTEMPORARY REVIEW.

THE *Contemporary* once more has the most articles that bear upon the current questions. The *Nineteenth Century* of this month might appear at almost any other time, so little bearing have its articles upon contemporary events. I have noticed elsewhere the articles on "Woman's Suffrage," and Mr. Guinness Rogers' exposition of the relations between the Nonconformists and Mr. Gladstone, as also Mr. J. M. Soames's article on "Clairvoyance."

THE BISHOP OF COLCHESTER ON THE HIGHER CRITICISM.

The Bishop of Colchester concludes his articles on Professor Driver's method of dealing with the New Testament. He is very pessimistic. He considers that among the consequences likely to ensue if the views of the extreme Rationalists on the Old Testament were to become more universal the first and most obvious would be that we should have no Bible left. The Old Testament could never be employed again, even as a lesson book for the instruction of the young; our efforts in the vast and ever-growing fields of Christian missions would be paralysed, and the position of the Church would be seriously affected if its clergy should become to any large proportion converts to the distinctive views of rationalistic critics. Already he thinks that the extreme latitudinarian party have taken up a position which has reached the furthest limit of tension, and must produce sooner or later a distinct line of cleavage.

THE RUSSIAN BOGIE ONCE MORE.

An old resident, who dates from Constantinople, writes an article on the "Fate of the East," the gist of which is that the old delusion about Constantinople is alive still, and that, no matter how much we may object to it, we shall be driven inevitably to oppose any advance of the Russian Empire to South-Eastern Europe. He admits that we cannot do anything to prop up the rotten fabric of Ottoman rule, but he does not allude at all to what is a much greater danger than an attack on Constantinople by Russia, viz., that the Tzar may put the Sultan in his pocket; that is to say, that the Ottoman Empire, daily growing feebler, will be compelled to lean more and more upon its powerful neighbour, and, in the end, we shall have to deal with a Sultan who is as much under the orders of St. Petersburg as if he were a Russian General appointed by the Tzar and supported by the Russian armies.

A REPLY TO MR. REID.

Mr. Pitt Lewis, M.P., attempts to reply to Mr. Reid's article on "The Promise of Home Rule" which appeared in the April number of the *Contemporary*. Mr. Pitt Lewis assumes unhesitatingly that some settlement of the Home Rule question is inevitably demanded by wise statesmanship, but he devotes the whole of his ingenuity to proving that it is impracticable, and that Mr. Reid's own scheme is beset with obstacles so many and so formidable as to render its adoption in practice impossible.

FIFTY THE POOR EURASIAN!

The Rev. Graham Sandberg has an article which is very melancholy reading, entitled "Our Outcast Cousins in India." They suffer from the want of energy and a hereditary languor, and they have neither the physical strength or the stamina to work day by day under the Indian sun. They cannot live upon the wage which is sufficient to keep the Hindoo in comfort, and, as a rule, they are all hopelessly in debt. The Eurasian clerk is being weeded out of the subordinate Government offices, and no Eurasian is allowed to enter the army. He thinks that by removing these restrictions and developing the Anglo-Indian and Eurasian Association, which has been formed somewhat on trades union lines, a great deal might be done to impart tone to this spiritless race. There are twenty-one thousand of these Eurasians in Calcutta alone. They are, as Bishop Wilson said, the fruits of our sins, children of our own faith, living, sinning, dying, despised of all men as the very sediment of a city of pagan Asiatics. The only good thing he has to say about them is that the Eurasian women very seldom take to prostitution.

NATIONAL REVIEW.

THE *National Review* for June is bright and readable. I have noticed Alfred Austin's "Fallen Elm" (a dialogue) elsewhere. There is nothing particular in the article upon "Ulster," but there is a very readable article upon "Ancient Rome and Modern London," by Edward J. Gibbs. Mr. Gibbs maintains that ancient Rome was at least as populous and probably much wealthier than modern London. He gives facts and figures in support of his contention, and estimates the population of ancient Rome as over 5,000,000, for whom food, wine, and oil, baths, theatres, and amphitheatres were provided for free, or at extremely low charges. In the magnificence and beauty of its public places, in its splendour of its gratuitous entertainments, and its liberality to the poor, ancient Rome was much superior.

There is also a very pleasantly written, gossipy article, upon the "Earl of Albemarle," which is full of stories of the Princess Charlotte, the Duke of Wellington, and other notables of the early part of the century. Another pleasant paper is that entitled "Yeomen and Sportsmen," by Mr. T. E. Kebbel. Mr. Kebbel discusses the probable effect of the Small Holdings Bill to game and field sports. He thinks it has in it the elements of mischief, but, as a general rule, he does not think sportsmen will have anything to fear from yeomen.

Mr. Arthur Symonds gives an account of the verse of "Paul Verlaine," but does not essay to render the French verse into English prose or poetry. He declares that the art of Paul Verlaine is something new, absolutely new, to poetry. "A Poseuse of the Eighteenth Century," is the term by which Mrs. Andrew Lang gives us an account of Madame de Genlis. "A London Editor," writing on "Authors, Individual and Corporate," appears to be rote

sarkastic. The great daily newspapers, says this London editor, "are one and all of them aglow with talent. From the *Times* to the *Star* they are, or deserve to be, the literary wonder of the age. As regards insight, vigour, form, and finish, the leading articles in the morning journals are, as a whole, simply unrivalled in English rhetorical literature, and even journalism displays marvellous versatility of imagination, humour, and expression. The time is at hand when almost the only volumes instantly commending themselves to the public will be those bearing the warranty that the contents have already appeared in the great newspapers and great periodicals." What a pity it is that this London editor should shroud the brilliance of his genius behind a *nom de plume*!

There is an interesting article on the "Dutch Peasantry," and Mr. Traill, in his article on "Stage Struck," concludes with a speculation as to whether the people whom he thinks it witty to call prurient prudes, or the party of gratuitous games, will carry the next London County Council Election.

THE FORTNIGHTLY REVIEW.

The most interesting paper in the *Fortnightly*, the Editor's story, is dealt with elsewhere.

THE GLADSTONIAN SECRET.

The most ingenious article is the anonymous paper which opens the *Review*, entitled, "The Gladstonian Secret." The gist of it is that Mr. Gladstone has no intention of explaining the provisions of his Home Rule proposals before the General Election, or of bringing in his Home Rule Bill immediately after the election, but as soon as the dissolution is announced he will address a letter to the Irish people asking them to trust him, even although they do not immediately understand his methods of fulfilling his promises. A settlement, a peaceful settlement, of Ireland is the one thing upon which the Liberal party has set its heart, but since the Prime Minister has taken to threatening civil war, Mr. Gladstone is supposed to proceed:—

It is necessary that the Party of Progress should take the utmost pains to free itself of all responsibility for disorders that seemed incredible till the first Minister of the Crown commended and extolled the contrivers of them. Therefore — And then I should add in brief, plain terms that should the Liberal party be replaced in power after the election, its first act will not be to produce a Home Rule Bill of its own independent construction; its first act will be to invite the Opposition leaders to a conference for the immediate and peaceful settlement of an increasingly dangerous question.

Mr. Gladstone's calculation, as the anonymous writer proceeds to show, is based upon the assumption that the millions would acclaim this as a generous, large-minded, and magnanimous course which would render it very difficult for the House of Lords to throw out the Bill if rejected, and still more difficult to ensure the return of Unionist members. It is an ingenious theory and carefully worked out.

"THERMIDOR."

In the article on M. Victorien Sardou and "Thermidor" we have a genuine, unmistakable interview, naked and unashamed, taking its place quite naturally amongst the magazine articles of the month, and it is an innovation which should be followed. No one could write so interesting an article about "Thermidor" as the man who conceived it and wrote the play, and as M. Sardou could not very well write it himself he has been interviewed, and the interview is very good reading. He conceived the idea of the play originally as far back as 1864, but its production was postponed from time to time, and when

at last it saw the light he accuses M. Clemenceau of getting up a riot which led the Government to interdict the performance. It cannot, therefore, be performed on any stage belonging to the French Government, but it is going to be given elsewhere in Paris.

EGYPT IN 1882 AND 1892.

Sir W. T. Marriott has an article in which he deals faithfully with Mr. Gladstone for his Newcastle speech, and appeals to the electors to avoid the crime of arresting the beneficent progress which has taken place in Egypt. He gives us a sample of that progress in the following pregnant sentence:—

Ten years ago wise prophets would tell you that there were three things that were impossible in Egypt:—1st, to make it solvent; 2nd, to collect the taxes without the free use of the kourbash; 3rd, to execute public works without that forced and cruel labour which went under the name of the *corvée*. Now, not only is Egypt solvent, but the use of the kourbash and the *corvée* have both been abolished.

Another seven years of good government, he thinks, will put things straight.

LORD LYTTON'S PLACE IN POETRY.

Mr. W. H. Mallock indulges in a very eulogistic criticism of the late Lord Lytton:—

To begin, then, he, of all English poets, is the one who, since the days of Byron, has had the largest experience of life. We can, therefore, before we begin to discuss the merits of his poetry, say that as a poet his position is thus far unique. Now, whilst few of our modern poets have excelled him in devotion to his art, none have come near him in point of mundane experience.

As he thinks thus of the man it is not surprising that he thinks as highly of his poetry. He says:—

Of all English poetry since the days of Byron, it is that which is fullest of the most various life, of various life experienced most directly, and of the wisdom that comes of this kind of experience.

The best monument, therefore, which can be raised to his memory, would be another edition of his poems

THE BENGALIEE IN POLITICS.

Sir Lepel Griffin has one of his characteristically rude articles on the place of the Bengalee in politics. Sir Lepel says that the Bengalees are like women, and therefore he draws the conclusion that they are to be despised, as they do not possess the virile virtues which Sir Lepel Griffin exemplifies in his own magnificent person. It is the manly races of India, the Sikhs, Rajputs, and Mahrattas, who are unsurpassed as soldiers, that he admires, not merely because of their fighting qualities, but because "the epidemic of self-government, the influenza of politics, as enervating, as demoralising, has passed them by." A nice virility this which leads the writer to speak of the self-government which has been for a thousand years the very breath of our national life as enervating and demoralising. It is such distorted caricatures of the real manliness of our race which enable us to understand the truth that lies in Heine's bitter saying about the odiousness of the Englishman.

AN ANATHEMA UPON THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

Mr. George Moore tells us—

That nearly all artists dislike and despise the Royal Academy is a matter of common knowledge. Whether with reason or without is a matter of opinion, but the existence of an immense fund of hate and contempt of the Academy is not denied. From Glasgow to Cornwall, wherever a group of artists collects, there hangs a gathering and a darkening sky of hate.

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THE NORTH AMERICAN REVIEW.

THE *North American Review* contains three articles noticed elsewhere, Mr. Burroughs on "Walt Whitman," Mr. Smith on "The Famine in Russia," and Lady Jeune upon "London Society." Mr. Gladstone concludes his papers on "The Olympian Religion."

THE MAN OR THE PLATFORM?

Several Senators and Congressmen discuss the question whether the man or the platform, personality or principle, is the more potent in politics. They are somewhat school-boyish, are these good legislators, in their little essays, and naturally enough have come to diametrically opposite conclusions. Mr. Boutelle declares that the principles and policies of the parties will this year, as in past years, have greater influence with the voters than the personality of the candidate. Mr. William Wilson, however, believes that the man in the long run is more important than the platform. Mr. Kilgore says:—

The history of Presidential contests demonstrates, with fairly conclusive force, that the personality of the candidate has more to do with success than any declaration of principles contained in the platform.

PHILOSOPHY OR BILE?

It is seriously to be feared that there is something wrong with Mr. Goldwin Smith's digestive organs. We have long been accustomed to his atrabilious method of looking at things, but nothing that he has written in the past shows so clearly the influence of jaundice as his paper on "Party Government on Its Trial." Mr. Smith surveys America, Canada and England and sees that everything is shockingly bad. He is distracted when he looks at England and listens to proposals for the payment of members:—

A strange sight it is, that of a highly-civilised, wealthy, refined, and luxurious community thus calling in the barbarians, and plucking a social revolution on its own head, to satisfy the desperate ambition or the party animosity of a small number of its members. Nothing short of a revolution—political, religious, social, and economical—is the price now bid by a party in England for a change of government.

Mr. Smith's conclusion is that elective government has been weighed in the balances and found wanting—

Party government, many of the people who are not politicians are beginning to admit, is on its trial. But we must ask whether elective government is not on its trial also; or, rather, whether elective government, properly so-called, has ever in the case of nations or large constituencies really existed, or can be made really to exist?

Unfortunately, Mr. Smith does not tell us what the remedy is or what substitute we can find for elective government. Possibly he inclines to the government of the world by Mr. Goldwin Smith, but before he is installed as universal dictator it is to be hoped, for the sake of his future subjects, he will first submit to a course of Cockle's or Beecham's pills.

A WICKED ARTICLE.

General B. F. Butler is still living, a fact which is to be regretted for some reasons. Had he been gathered to his fathers some years ago he would not have disgraced American literature by the paper which the *North American* does itself discredit by publishing, under the title of the "Behring Sea Controversy." General Butler objects to the treaty referring the Behring Sea question to arbitration. He devotes the chief part of his paper to a denunciation of Great Britain. The silly comments of some of our newspapers are denounced as "the grossest national insult of the vilest sort," and therefore General

Butler proceeds to threaten war against perfidious Albion with his loudest bray. The following passage is amusing:—

War permits the confiscation of all property of one belligerent found on the shores or within the jurisdiction of the other. Every debt, demand, certificate of stock, due from an American would be at once forfeited and confiscated. Every rood of our land owned by English syndicates or subjects would be lost to her. It would seem as if we could find the means to carry on the war by selling her property in open market, and using the proceeds.

It is a mistake to treat General Butler too seriously, and the only wonder is that the *North American* should have demeaned itself by printing such an article

LORD LORNE ON THE BEHRING SEA QUESTION.

Lord Lorne says that there has been recently discovered in the Behring Sea a tract of a hundred thousand square miles fishing ground, in which there are found cod of as good quality and as numerous as those of Newfoundland. His solution of the Behring Sea question is as follows:—

When the arbitration has done its work the seal-fishing industry must be protected by a sensible close time, giving the subjects of the United States and Britain each the power to use and not to abuse the advantages given by the northern migration of the fur seal. It is incompatible with any international comity that one power alone can patrol the open sea. Other provision should be mutually made for the preservation of the seal species, not by the dragging in of ancient alleged Russian exclusive privileges, but by the sensible delimitation of seasons for hunting, based on scientific investigation, which shall be impartial and founded on painstaking observation and practical experience.

THE CHINESE QUESTION AGAIN.

Mr. J. Russell Young, in an article on "The exclusion of the Chinese from America," says that the debate which preceded the passing of the Exclusion Bill lasted exactly fifteen minutes. The debate was closed after a quarter of an hour, when 179 voted for the Bill and 43 against it. He thinks that it will have the gravest consequences in Pekin—

There will be no Chinese retaliation to invite military interference. It will come in a silent, effective way—in the atrophy of trade, the gradual diminishing of influence, the American lowering the flag which for a generation held the first place in China, the keen Englishman and the persistent German taking his place.

This makes Mr. Russell very mad, because he thinks that America is the true natural ally of the Chinese. As for the emigration from China that could be directed wherever the Americans pleased—

There is no reason why American statesmanship should not direct the over-flowing tides of Chinese life towards Borneo, New Guinea and the Congo.

WHY SHOULD AMERICANS HAVE DEAR CABS?

Mr. A. J. Cassatt calls attention to the miserable cab accommodation of the United States. In London there are 12,000 cabs used 125,000 times a day, at an average of less than two shillings per ride. In Paris there are 30,000 cabs used 250,000 times a day on an average of less than two francs. In New York there are only 1,500 public conveyances of all kinds, which are only used 10,000 times a day at an average of four shillings per fare. The pavement of the streets of American cities is so bad that cab horses are killed out in three years, whereas they live five years in London and Paris. The annual sum in repairs is 50 per cent higher in America than it is in Europe. Yet cabs and harness can be had as cheaply, horses cost less, and provender is cheaper.

THE FORUM.

In the *Forum* for May there are several interesting articles, one of which, Mr. Godkin's, is noticed elsewhere.

THE SILVER CRAZE.

The first place is given to three articles on the Silver Question by writers who are very much opposed to the free coinage. Mr. Harter, who did a good deal to defeat the Bland Bill, declares that the net effect of free coinage would be to rob everybody who had saved anything of thirty-three per cent. of their savings. If America continues this wild craze for free silver, a fair crop in Europe next year would bankrupt the United States. Mr. Villas is almost equally strong, and Mr. Hemphill reproves the South for its advocacy of free silver. He declares that it was only by the help of Republican votes that the solid South was prevented from wrecking at one and the same moment the fortunes of the party and finances of the country.

THE STANDARD OIL TRUST.

The solicitor of the Standard Oil Trust, Mr. Dodd, gives a very interesting account of the working of that greatest of all the trusts of the United States. He declares that it is only in the United States where trusts are regarded with hostility. In England the right of association for business purposes without limitation has been recognised and legalised. American corporations can only be formed under the State law. If they could have been formed under the Federal law, a trust would never have been heard of. The Standard Oil Trust is one of the most successful of all those which have been brought into existence. The net effect of the working of the Trust, he declares, has been enormously to diminish the cost of oil, and practically to save the petroleum industry, which would otherwise have been driven from the field by Russian petroleum. In 1872 refined oil averaged about a shilling a gallon; in 1890 it had fallen to 3d. a gallon. The output had risen from 248 million gallons to 13,027 million gallons in 1891. Mr. Dodd's paper is extremely interesting and full of suggestive facts.

THE CANADIAN BANKING SYSTEM.

Mr. Wilkie, general manager of the Imperial Bank of Canada, declares that the Canadian banking system is almost ideal, and is a model which the United States would do well to follow. The Canadian banker secures safety, convertibility, and elasticity for bank notes without any monopoly:—

The holder of a Canadian bank-note has as his security: (a) a first lien upon all the assets of the bank itself; (b) a first lien upon the double liability of the shareholders of the bank; (c) the "bank-note circulation fund" of, say, \$1,600,000; (d) the absolute guarantee of every other bank in Canada.

DO FACTORIES INCREASE IMMORALITY?

Mr. C. D. Wright maintains that in the New World, as in the Old, working women are upon as high a plane as any class in the community. Fallen women come much more from domestic servants than from the factories. Mr. Wright's conclusion is as follows:—

I used to think that industrial pursuits engaged in by woman might cause her some degradation, or at least bring to her a loss of respect, which is always disastrous in any sense; but I have become convinced that a loss of respect does not occur from the co-employment of the sexes, and that the mingling of the sexes, either in industry or education, does not work harm to society, but on the contrary

brings great good and secures that very respect which is essential to honourable social and family life.

A PLEA FOR AN AMERICAN CATHEDRAL.

Bishop Potter has been in St. Paul's and St. Peter's, and his soul pines after a cathedral for America. At present, he says—

There are not five church edifices in the United States which, for dignity, monumental grandeur, nobility of conception, or proportion, are worthy of being mentioned. And it would seem to be worth while to consider whether, the country having spent the first hundred years of its existence in making itself extremely rich and extremely comfortable, it might not be well to set about building at least one noble structure which did not weave, or print, or mould, or feed, or lodge, save as it wove the garment of an immortal hope, and fed, and formed, and housed those creatures of a yet loftier destiny who are immortal.

The true idea of a cathedral, he says, is that it is vast, stately, majestic in proportion and appointments. It is for the honour of God, and not for the glory of man, and it is free to all alike. There is no cathedral in America that can equal in splendour the offices of a life insurance office. Although Bishop Potter does not say so, his paper suggests that Mammon is the real tutelary deity of America.

"ROOM, ROOM, STILL ROOM."

Mr. Edward Atkinson writes an article, in which he traverses very rudely the conclusions of the pessimists who declare that the United States is getting crowded. He says that the whole of the wheat crop is raised upon not two per cent. of the area of the country. He also says that there is room enough to stow away comfortably all the surplus population of the universe in the United States. There is no lack of land, neither can one see any likelihood of there being any lack of land, even in any computable period of time. There never was such an optimist as Mr. Atkinson.

THE WOMAN'S EXCHANGE.

Mrs. L. M. Salmon criticises the women's exchanges which have sprung up in America within the last fourteen years from the point of view of one who recognises their utility but who thinks that they might be much more useful than they are at present if they would convert them into a household exchange and put their institution upon a purely business basis. The exchange seems to have got in it a good idea, and will take a very important place in developing woman's occupations. It has enabled many women to make a living by working and selling things in their own homes. The article is a useful one, and should be read by those interested in women's work.

OTHER ARTICLES.

Mr. E. P. North describes the immensity of the traffic which passes through Detroit, and pleads for the construction of a deep-water canal through the State of New York to the great lakes. Mr. Ulysses D. Eddy has a brightly written paper on the blundering interference of what he calls "My Business Partner, the Government." If only the American were not to be coddled, scolded, but permitted to manage his own affairs, and left very much alone by his Government, he thinks he would very soon make his mark in the neutral market. Mr. Anton Seidl maintains that America will never produce national music until opera is given in English, and, pending the advent of a great American composer, all foreign works should be translated into English. What is needed is American operas, and to get them there should be a school of opera.

THE ARENA.

The *Arena* for May completed its fifth volume. In the course of the year the editor says he has increased his circulation by thirty-three per cent. I quote elsewhere from Miss Willard's article on the "Cause of Women" and one of Mr. Savage's tales of clairvoyance.

IN PRAISE OF ZOROASTER.

Dr. Bixby devotes an article to "Zoroaster and the Doctrine of Persian Dualism." He is extremely sympathetic and eulogistic, not without cause. He says that Zoroaster preaches that:—

"The divine creation is no quiescence, but that eternal 'onward march,' that ceaseless development, in which the divine will is ever 'from seeming evil still educing good in infinite progression.'"

If Zoroaster had taught no other truth, this alone would entitle him to be considered a worthy forerunner of the Christ, a Prophet of the Most High, who sought with all his heart and might to build up that kingdom of truth, righteousness and purity, which is the most genuine kingdom of God.

Dr. Bixby quotes the following definition of God from the Parsee catechism:—

My name is he who may be supplicated; the most pure; he who takes account of the actions of men. My name is the Living One; the all-beholding one; the desirer of good for my creatures; he who cannot be deceived; the tormentor of tormentors; the creator of all.

"The tormentor of tormentors" is good.

THE USE OF PUBLIC WAYS.

There are two articles on this subject; one by Mr. Leland Powers, who argues in favour of allowing all the monopolists of lighting, tramways, etc., to make what use of the streets they please, without paying a farthing for the privilege, for he thinks that—

The increasing public sentiment in favour of requiring compensation from these corporations for the use of streets has arisen from a misconception of the relations existing between them and the general public.

Dr. Solomon Schindler replies by setting forth the obvious answer to Mr. Power's contention, which is that no one wishes to hamper the conveniences of civilisation, but that it would distinctly conduce to the cheapening of transport, the supply of water, etc., if they were transferred from the hands of private monopolists to the hands of the municipality. All that is recognised in the Old World, and it is curious to find it still being debated as if it were an open question in the great Western Republic.

THE POLITICAL VALUE OF LANGUAGE.

The enormous advantage of the English speech as a means of binding together the English-speaking race, is suggested by the statement made in Dr. Blum's article, entitled "Felix Austria." It is somewhat encyclopaedic in its details. The gist of it is that Austria will break up and the various States will gravitate in the direction of those which speak the same language as themselves. Austria's great want is a common language:—

In order to secure to all the nationalities the enjoyment of equal rights the courts and other Governmental offices are obliged to keep interpreters and do the work in two or more languages, causing a great loss of time and large expenses. It happens frequently during sham battles that sentinels or sergeants leading advanced posts report to an officer in a language which he cannot understand, or receive orders which they are unable to comprehend.

OTHER ARTICLES.

A lady writing on "The Strength and Weakness of the People's Movement," calls attention to the fact that the popular movement in the United States has one great peculiarity—it has not as yet produced any leader. It has teachers, but a leader in the true sense is yet wanting who will be able to harmonise the workmen of the town and the country. Dr. Hartt, writing on "Alcohol and its Relation to the Bible," declares that the champions of temperance—

Confound essential distinctions, remorselessly trample upon the records of universal experience, misinterpret the judgment of Scripture, and distort the instructions of science.

HARPER.

In an article on "The Social and Intellectual Position of Eastern Peru," in *Harper* for June, it is stated that the young educated Peruvian has not the courage to cast off his allegiance to the Church, but supplants the old creed with a mystery of spiritualism. This strange belief is gaining ground each day, and its advocates point with pride to the United States as the source from whence proceeded this new light for needy souls. Mr. Julian Ralph, in his article on "Montana, the Treasure State," says that in addition to the gold, silver, lead, iron, tin, rubies and sapphires, this enormously wealthy State is almost certain to become before long a rival to Kimberley diamond mines; De Beers must look out. The June number of the series of articles on "The Armies of Europe" is devoted to the Austro-Hungarian army. It is written by Baron von Khun and is copiously illustrated, as usual. Mr. Charles Waldstein has the first place with a paper entitled "Funeral Orations in Stone and Wood." Apart from its illustrations it is interesting for the contrast which it enables its readers to make between the funeral oration of Pericles and the speech of President Lincoln at Gettysburg.

SCRIBNER.

The first article in *Scribner* for June, describes Mr. Jaccaci's ascent of Mount Aetna. It is notable chiefly for its bringing into clear relief how much larger Aetna is than Vesuvius. Jaccaci, whose style is somewhat grandiose, says beside Aetna one remembers Vesuvius's sputterings as the effort of an infant. When you are less than half way up the summit of the snow clad peak you are a thousand feet above the summit of Vesuvius. The height of Vesuvius is not above 4,000 feet as against 11,000 feet of Mount Aetna. There are three articles in *Scribner* which are noticed elsewhere. One Mrs. Burnett's interesting account of the Drury Lane Boys' Club, and a City Missionary's elaborately illustrated paper on Life in New York Tenement Houses, and the article on Rapid Transit in Large Cities. There are more over average articles in *Scribner* this month than is usual. There is an interesting account of the Cattle Trails on the Prairies which dates back to the days immediately after the war, when the cattle kings of Texas made their fortunes. There is another paper that recalls more terrible memories by David Swing, describing the great fire of Chicago in 1871. There is a scientific paper on Sea Beaches, which explains lucidly, with the help of some illustrations, the formation of sea. Sand, the writer says, is much harder than pebbles. The hardest pebbles will hardly stand a year's steady threshing on the shore, but sand endures for ages.

THE CATHOLIC QUARTERLY REVIEW.

THIS *Review* is one of the best written and most interesting of all the Catholic publications. The April number, which only reached me in the course of last month, is exceptionally good. There is a charming article on "Father Hermann," by Theodora L. L. Teeling, which gives a very striking picture of a devout Catholic priest who was born a Jew and became a Christian. He was a great pianist and was well known in the great world of London. Among other incidents in his life, one of the most remarkable was that in which he attended the Spanish murderers who were hanged at Newgate in 1864. He died of small-pox while ministering to the French prisoners in the fortress of Spandau during the war. Protestants will be interested in reading Augustine Hewitt's article on the "Catholic Idea in Prophecy." Mr. Hewitt says there is no safety outside the Church wherever there is safety that is inside the Church. The Church is co-eval with the human race; it embraces all who have faith and the love of God. Every soul in which faith, hope, and charity reside is united to the soul of a Church by the Holy Ghost. Entirely in accord with the liberal teaching of this article are the papers on "Cardinal Manning," one "In Memoriam," and the other "The Last of the Three Great English Cardinals"—the latter by Mr. Arthur F. Marshall, in which he says that the Cardinal's historical figure will probably be that of the Englishman who killed prejudice more than any Englishman since the Reformation. There is an instructive little paper on Church and State in France, and a curious article on Beatrice and other allegorical characters of Dante by a writer who is quite sure that Beatrice was the Church. The *Scientific Chronicle*, as usual, is very interesting. The chief place is devoted to an article on "Lighthouses and their Construction." Another scientific article gives an account of "Some Notable Catholic Astronomers." The writer of the Lighthouse article pleads for the use in the lower part of lighthouses of cast-iron blocks, which are seven times heavier than sea water, whereas stone has only twice the specific gravity of water. Hence when the waves rise round a lighthouse built of stone, half of its weight practically disappears.

THE CENTURY.

MR. ALBERT SHAW adds Buda-Pest to his series of "Studies of Great Cities." The article is copiously illustrated by Mr. Pennell, and gives the Western World for the first time some idea of what Buda-Pest is like. It has a town council of no fewer than four hundred members. The death rate has been reduced from forty-five per thousand twenty years ago to twenty-nine per thousand, chiefly by an improvement in the water supply. Mr. Shaw gives to Mr. Korosi a well-deserved meed of praise. He appears to be a statistician who is also a politician. It is the veritable growth of a new metropolis that Mr. Shaw describes. Mr. Shaw thinks that Hungary is preparing to play an unprecedentedly important rôle in the political life of Europe. Mr. Steadman, in his fourth paper of his series of the "Nature and Elements of Poetry," discusses the part played by melancholia. Mr. Russell gives an account of a second visit which he paid to Mount St. Elias, the great Alaskan snow mountain. The paper on early political caricature in America contains many interesting illustrations. The most curious feature of them is that of the long speeches which are put into the mouths of all the characters, a form of art which has almost disappeared. Mr. Holder, in his paper on "The Great Unknown," strings together several testimonials as to the original of the great sea serpent. In the spring of 1885, it seems that the Rev. Mr. Gordon,

of Milwaukee, President of the United States Humane Society, found the carcass of a saurian forty-two feet long, almost exactly the same length and shape as the clidastes, whose bones have been found in the Bad Lands, of Kansas. Mr. Schwatka describes the cave-dwellers who live in the Sierra Madra on the border land between Mexico and the United States. Castelar continues his paper on Columbus, and mentions that when forty-nine years of age he fell in love with a fair lady of Cordova, by whom he had an illegitimate son. When the Ultramontanes proposed to canonise Columbus, they married the two lovers long after death, so as to make them husband and wife. The frontispiece is devoted to Roswell Smith, who gave his life to the *Century Magazine*, and projected the "Century Dictionary." It was his deeper intention "to make all his work as a publisher serviceable to that kingdom for whose coming he prayed. He desired that the two magazines, especially, should be powerful instruments of righteousness. That the tone of them should always be elevated; that nothing impure or unworthy should be allowed to appear in them; that they should never be permitted to assail or undermine genuine faith or pure morality; that they should pour into the community a constant stream of refining influence—this was his central purpose, his lofty ambition." Mr. Gosse sings his requiem in a touching little poem. The editor says that he believes that Roswell Smith came nearer realising the strictest editorial idea of what the publisher and chief owner of a periodical should be to that periodical than has often been seen in the literary and publishing world.

THE COSMOPOLITAN.

In the *Cosmopolitan* for June, Mr. St. George Mivart begins a series of papers entitled "Evolution and Christianity," the first of which deals entirely with evolution, and has nothing whatever to do with Christianity. Excepting evolution, he thinks there is no other possible explanation of the enigma presented by the indication of affinity between different creatures which have successively peopled the earth. Mr. Brander Matthews, writing on "Recent British Fiction," praises Tess, of the "D'Urbervilles," as proving that Mr. Hardy is the foremost novelist in England. "David Grieve," he says, is lacking in beauty and in art, and fails to charm. Mr. du Maurier's "Peter Ibbetson" is a book to be treasured. Mr. Barrie's "Little Minister" is the work of a highly-gifted literary artist. Mr. Edward Wakefield's paper on New Zealand is excellently illustrated, and mentions among other things that New Zealand is becoming the rendezvous of sportsmen from all parts of the world. Wild bears and stags, which turn the scale at 450 lbs., are only some of the attractions which the colony offers. But the chief glory of New Zealand is its trout fishing. New Zealand trout sometimes weigh 28 lbs. Mr. Murat Halstead's paper on "Our National Political Conventions" is in order at the present time, when the American conventions are about to meet to choose the candidates for the Presidency. Like to it is the article on the town meeting. Of more general interest, however, is the account of the Fur Seal Rookeries in Alaska, and Mr. Carroll Wright's explanation of the working of the Department of Labour. There is an interesting paper on Gen. Sheridan's Personality, dealing as it does with one of the most striking, but to Englishmen one of the least known, figures of the American Civil War. The account the writer gives of the writing of the well-known poem upon "Sheridan's Ride" is very interesting. It was suggested by a front-page illustration in *Harper's Weekly*, and was written by Buchanan Reid while the company were sitting at tea.

THE REVUE DES DEUX MONDES.

THE *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 1st opens with a singularly fresh and powerful study of life in a little-known region of France—the limestone *causses* of the Aveyron and Lozère—by M. Emile Pouillon, whose name we do not remember to have met with before.

A WITCH STORY.

His story, "Les Antibel" (concluded in the mid-May number), is cast in a peculiar, semi-dramatic form, the speeches being headed as in a play, and the connecting narrative and local description cast into the shape of immensely lengthened stage directions. The merits of this form of art may be open to discussion; but there can be no doubt that, in the present instance, it lends itself to strangely vivid and concentrated effects. The story is a tragedy of common life, that has somehow, in the telling, caught an echo of the impressiveness of a Greek drama. An elderly farmer, not long a widower, marries again, against the wishes of his mother, who declares that the dead wife will haunt the house and curse it. But the bride, the former shepherd-lass, is good as well as young and pretty, and all goes well in spite of the mother's ill-will, till Antibel's only son returns from the wars and is bewitched—so he himself thinks—with a lawless love for Jane, his father's wife. He fights against it—he does his best to hide it under an assumed dislike—at last he betroths himself to Mette, Jane's younger sister, who loves him; but all is of no avail. At last, in one mad, miserable moment, he tells Jane everything, and throws himself over the cliff before his father's eyes. "La Gate"—the old witch whom poor heart-broken Mette has been consulting in her despair—is suddenly heard calling along the mountain paths: "That which was to happen, has happened!" she says, "Jane is dead. The owl has been hooting it for the last quarter of an hour. We know who has done it—the owl and I!"

And then, raising her voice, so that the sound, beaten back from the rocky side of the mountain, comes back to them in a weird, ghostly echo, she cried, "It is Fabiane, Antibel—Fabiane is having her revenge!" Fabiane was the dead wife.

THE PHILANTHROPY OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

M. Ernest Lavisse contributes the third of his papers on "Frederick the Great before his Accession." It contains a great deal of interesting matter relating to the Crown Prince's opinions on religion and philosophy, as revealed in his familiar correspondence. The following is only one of many passages worth quoting:—

Again, and more especially, he tells us that he loves humanity. Yes! but how much easier that is than to love men. And, moreover, this lover of humanity rather disconcerts us by his declamations on the idiocy and wickedness of men—for this young prince is bitterly severe on us, poor flock that we are. Is Frederick's humanity then hypocrisy? No, surely. He finds within himself a certain feeling for human dignity, he has respect for intellect, a passion for knowledge—these, too, are humanity. In seeking employment for his genius he finds no nobler one—as, in fact, there is none—than that of feeding, as best he can, the sheep whose shepherd he was born, of lessening the burden of their miseries and their superstitions. Only—is not increasing the value of his flock a good pastoral calculation? The humanity of these eighteenth-century princes requires of them no sacrifice, no renunciation of themselves; it is an *instrumentum regni*, or, if you like, a method of government; it is intellectual rather than sensitive, belonging to the head rather than the heart; it is a very cold humanity, which can be practised without any necessity for being compassionate,

tender, and humane. Let us, then, leave these adjectives aside, and simply say that Frederick was a sage.

MARRIAGE IN BATTALIONS.

M. G. Valbert writes a solid historical article, taking as his text the recently published correspondence of Carl Friedrich, Markgraf of Baden, with Dupont de Nemours and the Marquis de Mirabeau—the crabbed old "Friend of Man." He wanted these two philosophers to help him manage his realm. The letters embrace all subjects, from farming to popular festivals. The latter were a strong point of Dupont's, and he wished to have all marriages celebrated on a fixed annual holiday. The description of the ceremonies on this occasion is too good not to quote, though it loses in the transfer the peculiar sentimental solemnity which makes it so irresistible in French:—

The girls to be married on this great day should all be clad in white linen, with pink ribbons. All these young hearts are beating—all these beautiful cheeks coloured with the liveliest crimson. They would be unable to keep their ranks, unless each one had her mother beside her to support her steps, and, at certain intervals, an old man to regulate the march of the column. The charming battalion deploys to the right of the square, and the band heralds its arrival by the liveliest strains. On the other side are the lovers, whose tender affection is to be crowned on this solemn day. The Prince addresses them, in a simple, pathetic, and noble discourse. Each one of them, by way of answer, while having his right hand on his musket (resting the butt on the ground) passes his left arm round his betrothed, and gives her a kiss on the cheek.

It is not stated what amount of drill was necessary to get through the above manoeuvre in a satisfactory and effective manner. M. Valbert has a suggestive comment on the strange liking of the men of the First Revolution for this sort of thing:—

This (the above letter) is Rousseau-and-water very much sweetened—or rather it is Bernardin de St. Pierre before Bernardin had appeared. But we find the same thing in the thickest of the Terror—people's minds are turned to rustic idylls; the festivals proposed by Saint-Just have a great resemblance to Dupont's, and the imagination of men of blood has back windows opening on an Eden. The Revolution was at the same time a history and a romance.

Dupont's letters to the Prince are, moreover, valuable from a historical point of view—throwing new light, in particular, on several points connected with the fall of Turgot.

M. Charles de Contouly's third article on South Africa, and M. Deltour's paper on the Deaf and Dumb Institution at Paris, are more fully noticed elsewhere.

A NAPOLEONIC IDEA.

For the mid-May number, M. Taine, in opening a series of articles on "The Reconstruction of France in 1800," treats of educational institutions founded by Napoleon, "in whose hands," he says, "the school became the ante-chamber to the barracks." His educational ideas were part of his military system, and a favourite plan of his was the classification of every male creature in France from a military point of view—so that none should escape—even poor fat M. Cambacérés, the least martial of men. "We must," said the Emperor, "have Cambacérés here, in a position to take up his gun if necessary. . . . Then we shall have a nation built with lime and sand, capable of defying centuries and men." The plan was not favourably received by the Council of State, whose members had no wish to be classified and ordered off on active service. The whole article is valuable, like all M. Taine's, but somewhat solid.

LEONARDO DA VINCI.

M. Gabriel Séailles writes on "The *Æsthetics* and the Art of Leonardo da Vinci," and discusses the disputed question whether that many-sided man spoilt his art by his application to science. M. Séailles thinks not:—

The genius of Vinci is formed of an intimate interpenetration of science and art. The scientist and the artist in him are not two strangers who live side by side, unacquainted with each other; whatever he may do, they are both present, and each has a share in his work. Whatever the antithesis, he resolves it by embracing both its terms. Where some say *Reality*, and others reply *the Ideal*, he is a stranger to these voluntary impoverishments; like Plato's child, he refuses to choose, and takes everything. A realist he certainly is. No one has better observed what exists than he, no one has fixed a clearer-seeing eye on things. Painting is an imitative art; he wants it to go far enough to produce the illusion of reality. But in what does imitation really consist? In repeating the things we have before our eyes? A poor ambition! The thing is to "convert one's self into Nature," by dint of studying the processes by which she constructs bodies and gives them their appearance. Living in the mind, the observations of the scientist become the habits of the artist. The painter can then project on the canvas whatever images he pleases. Does this mean that he will lose himself in fancy, in vain fictions? No, for the forms he imagines are always composed of real elements, combined according to necessary laws. The painter is more than the disciple of Nature; his genius is Nature herself continuing her work through the human mind.

OTHER ARTICLES.

There is a slight pathetic sketch by Ouida—whether a translation from the English, or an original contribution in French, there is nothing to show—of an Italian peasant woman walking twenty miles to meet her son, whose regiment is passing, and finding him dead—worn out by a forced march on a hot day. Under the title of "The Testament of Silvanus," the Vicomte de Vogüé has endeavoured to trace, in fragments of an imaginary autobiography, the influence of Christianity on a mind trained in the Greek philosophy of the first century. It is a delicate introspective piece of work, not well adapted for summary or quotation. M. F. Musany's article on horse breeding in France, and M. E. Marin la Misler's on the Australian colonies, are noticed more fully elsewhere.

THE NOUVELLE REVUE.

THE two numbers of the *Nouvelle* for May are not of any special interest. No less than four articles deal with the relations between France and Russia, viz.—two by a writer who styles himself "The Diplomate," entitled "Russia and the Quai d'Orsay"; one on "The Mistakes of the Past," by Jean de Allabine (described as a Russian with grievances against Russian diplomacy), and one which is rather curious, by M. François de Mahy, headed "Un Pende Politique métropolitain à propos de politique coloniale."

THE POLITICS OF THE BIBLE SOCIETY.

M. de Mahy accuses the French Protestants of co-operating with the British and Foreign Bible Society in undermining Russian influence, and drawing France *notentim volentim* into the orbit of the "two great Liberal Teutonic powers!" As a matter of fact, we believe, none of the active evangelistic or philanthropic work carried on by French Protestantism could subsist for any time without foreign—and more especially English—help; but in this "international methodism," as he calls it, M. de Mahy sees a grave danger to France. "If I were in a position to give them (the 'Methodist leaders') a piece

of advice," he says, "I would say to them, with Joad: 'Rompez, rompez tout pacte avec l'impïété!'"

"The impiety would in this case be the persistence in a policy which leaves the French coast insufficiently defended.

"It would be in not leaving the nation full, entire, and absolute liberty to choose its own alliances.

"In continuing to favour English colonial expansion and fetter our own.

"In not treating fully, absolutely, and unmistakably the ties and traditions, practices and customs, which connect our Bible and Missionary Societies with those on the banks of the Thames.

"In attending meetings, at the Hôtel du Louvre, in order to listen to the complaints of Anglo-Hova agents against France, with regard to Madagascar; in joining international committees at Geneva or elsewhere, in order to listen to the complaints of German agents against a friendly Power." (This appears to refer to the intolerance of the Russian Orthodox Church in the Baltic Provinces!) "The unpardonable iniquity lies in espousing the cause of these Germans against any person or nation, and of these Hovas against France."

This is strong language, and may, perhaps, best be passed without comment. M. Funck-Brentano's article, "La Ville du Meuble," deals with that particular aspect of the labour question presented by the cabinet-makers of the Faubourg St. Antoine, and is instructive, if not readable. More interesting are M. Edouard Shure's paper on "The Popular Poetry of Brittany," and M. Maurice Fleury's on "The Teaching of the Salpêtrière"—though the latter contains nothing particularly new in its description of the phenomena of nervous hallucination and hypnotic suggestion.

HYPNOTIC EXHIBITIONS.

M. Fleury strongly objects to the lectures at the Salpêtrière being thrown open to the public; while, at the same time, he assures the numerous persons who have asked for admission that they would probably be disappointed, if they expected anything sensational. The experiments by which most is learnt produce results of a comparatively simple nature. Besides, the proceeding is open to two objections: first, the moral wrong of taking advantage of the position of poor patients, in order to make an exhibition of them which can benefit no one; and secondly, that the spectacle of hysteria is by no means an innocuous one. By this M. Fleury does not mean that there is any impropriety—the word has quite lost the signification vulgarly attached to it—but all nervous phenomena are contagious, and the inconvenience of including some of the spectators among their patients would be sufficient to deter most doctors from opening their lectures.

OTHER ARTICLES.

M. Henri Chantaurin gives the first instalment of his notes on the "Salon of the Champs-Élysées," and M. Fritz Zepelin, whose paper on Danish literature we noticed last month, contributes an article on the Golden Wedding of the King and Queen of Denmark. It contains rather an interesting statement of the little State's position in European politics, and leads up to the inevitable moral of the Hercules' choice between the Russian and the German alliances. The former, of course, includes France—always Denmark's friend, which Germany has never been, and never can be.

M. J. Ayumi reviews, in a careful study, the pessimist novels ("Antona de la Caserni," "Le Nomini Perraux," "L'Opium," etc.) of M. Paul Bonnetain.

How to Learn a Language in Six Months.

IN reference to the article on the learning of languages in the last number of the REVIEW, I am requested by the manager of the Berlitz school for teaching languages, in Chancery Lane, to state that Herr Berlitz preceded M. Gouin by two years in applying the natural method, as he began to teach in 1878. Mr. J. Howard Swan, to whom I communicated this statement, writes as follows:—

1. M. Gouin first published a pamphlet on his system in 1875, at Geneva; this disposes of priority claim. 2. I have read the Berlitz books. They are not much more than "Ollendorf and oral teaching"; they are better, but in their examples they employ arbitrary, absurd, and illogical statements. We give nothing that is not logical and true. 3. He deals constantly with the substantive. This, as Gouin says, is death to a "system." For a system or method you must have order, and this can only be obtained by the "verb." 4. The Gouin system is, or can be, carried into all departments, and goes into science, literature, and history as part of the system. 5. It is applied to classics equally well. 6. The development occurs with almost mathematical regularity. 7. All the words in the dictionary are included in the full system. 8. There is an entirely novel grammar, and so forth.

Mrs. M. J. Yates, of the Birmingham Linguistic Reform Association, also writes to claim that Mr. Rodger, who founded no fewer than ninety-two associations for the oral teaching of foreign languages, anticipated M. Gouin in his discovery. Two articles kindly sent me on this subject by Prof. Blackie and Mr. Walter Wren are held over owing to pressure on space.

Out of Darkest England.

The following letter has been issued on behalf of the "Darkest England" Social Scheme:—

London, May, 1892.

From personal witness, or credible report, of what General Booth has done with the funds entrusted to him for the Social Scheme which he laid before the country eighteen months ago, we think that it would be a serious evil if the great task which he has undertaken should be crippled by lack of help during the next few years. We therefore venture to recommend his work to the generous support of all who feel the necessity for some serious and concentrated effort to grapple with the needs of the most wretched and destitute, who have so long been the despair alike of our legislation and our philanthropy.

ABERDEEN

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BASIL WILBERFORCE.

Subscriptions should be paid to the account of William Booth, Social Account, at the Bank of England, Law Courts Branch, or sent to him at 101, Queen Victoria Street, London, E.C. All amounts will be duly acknowledged.

Some Parliamentary Peculiarities.

"The Stranger in the House," in *Macmillan's Magazine* for June, gives the following details concerning some of the peculiarities of well-known Parliamentary men:—

Mr. Matthews has a curious way of holding up two fingers when he is addressing the House, after the manner of a Catholic prelate blessing the congregation. Perhaps he is not aware of that: many persons are quite unconscious of their mannerisms. Mr. Gladstone, for example, probably does not know that he is in the habit of scratching the top of

his head with his thumb-nail. There is a well-known member who takes himself into custody by a firm grip on his collar whenever he rises to speak; and another finds relief from his nervousness by buttoning and unbuttoning his waistcoat. A third will begin a speech at one end of a bench and finish it at the other end, not having the slightest idea that he has moved an inch. The British "er, er," pronounced in a sonorous tone by way of filling up gaps, is heard in its greatest perfection from Sir William Harcourt. Until he gets well started and warmed up, his speech consists mainly of "er, er." Mr. John Morley has a trick of doubling himself nearly in two, and then starting back as if a spring were suddenly touched. Mr. Balfour anchors himself fast to the box on the table.

Mr. Walter Crane on the Modern Age.

In the *Cosmopolitan* for June, Mr. Walter Crane makes his wail over the mischief which modern life is doing to the artistic sense:—

Commercialism, he says, is here joined hand to hand with utilitarianism, and the two giants have the world in an iron clutch. Their shield is monopoly; their sword is competition; their voice is the voice of the boomer. What chance has the still small voice of art to be heard?

My conclusions are that (1) the restless and discordant aspects of much modern life, the result of certain economic conditions, are unfavourable to the development of a fine artistic sense; that (2) while admitting that modern life is not without certain pictorial aspects, the exclusive study of pictorial aspects tends to produce indifference to the higher monumental and decorative kinds of design; and (3) that the economic conditions aforesaid discourage artistic sincerity and tend to reduce artistic production to the level of all other marketable commodities produced for profit rather than for use and enjoyment.

Mrs. Burnett's Boys' Club.

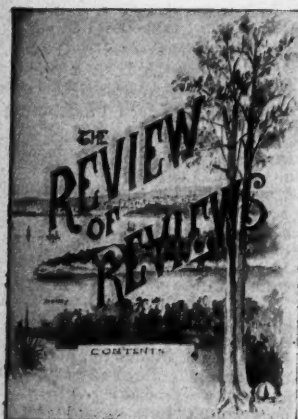
MRS. FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT has a very interesting paper in *Scribner* for June, in which she describes in her bright fashion "The Drury Lane Boys' Club: What it Grew from, What it Is, and What we Hope it Will Be." The club was begun by four boys, who suggested that their mother should sell her mangle and place the cellar at their disposal for a club-room. The mother agreed, and the mangle was sold for fifteen shillings. The boys drew up rules for their little club, one of which was that no bad language was to be used. From that cellar club the institution grew until Mrs. Burnett took it in hand. Then they got a building at 30, Kemble Street, Drury Lane, which was fitted up as a boys' club. Mrs. Burnett is delighted with Shoolbred's linoleum, and praises the glacier window decoration with which she has covered the windows of the library club-room. The room used as the library was the gift of her son, whose life, although short, has left touching memories behind it. The whole paper is full of human interest, and a cheery spirit of confidence and hope.

Women Bicyclists.

Mr. Thomas Stevens, in *Lippincott* has an article on the "Bicycling Girl," in which he says that the bicycling girl, the nearest approach to a winged cherub yet permitted in this earth, is the most fascinating result of the new pastime. The homœopathic physicians of Chicago unanimously declare that bicycle riding is one of the most wholesome and healthy forms of exercise that women can indulge in. An old lady of 60 trundles her bicycle regularly through the streets of Cincinnati. It is the easiest thing in the world for a woman to learn to ride the ladies' safety, and all teachers agree that women learn quicker than men.

OUR AUSTRALIAN EDITION AND ITS COVER.

THE RESULT OF THE COMPETITION FOR DESIGN.



From Mr. P. G. Home, Streatham Common.

ONE hundred and fifty designs were sent in response to our appeal for designs for the cover for the Australian edition of the REVIEW OF REVIEWS. The conditions of the competition were:—

A prize of £10 10s. for the best design suitable for the cover of the AUSTRALIAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS. The design must contain the title and some design emblematic of Australia and the place of the magazine in the English-speaking world. It is optional whether any or all of the contents are to be shown on the cover.

All designs to be sent in before May 15th, marked with name and address of sender.

The designs sent in were of very varying degrees of merit, some being very elaborately finished, and others being very little better than mere outline sketches of designs which may have existed in the minds of the designers, but which have never got themselves adequately translated into visible shape in black and white. The designs came in from all parts of the world, and one reached us from as far away as Winnipeg. After examination, it was decided to award the prize to the following competitors:—

1st Prize, £5 5s., Mr. W. B. PRATT, 20, Newgate St., E.C.
 2nd Prize, £2 2s., each, { Mr. H. SOMERFIELD, 2, Myddelton Sq., Clerkenwell, E.C.
 Mr. E. GUERNSEY, 67, Eland Road
 Lavender Hill, S.W.
 3rd Prize, £1 1s., Mr. LEON V. SOLON, Stoke Villa, Stoke-on-Trent.

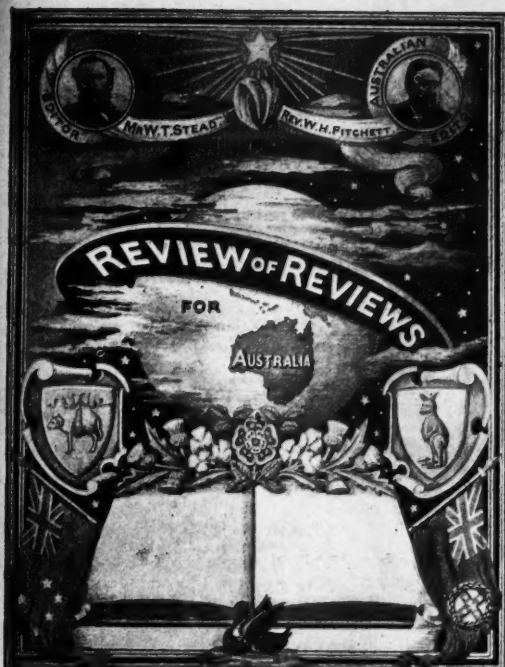
The reason why the award was divided into four was because the design ultimately adopted was made up from the first with suggestions from those bracketed second. In justice to the competitors, the original designs as sent in are printed here in reduced facsimile, the first on the adjoining page being the cover of the Australian edition as ultimately adopted. Mr. Solon was awarded a recognition on account of the originality of his design. For the most part the designs were somewhat conventional, although two ideas were common to most, the central conception of the world naturally figuring prominently in most of the designs, and most of the artists supplying the Australian colouring by bringing in the eternal kangaroo. We have kangaroos of every kind and in every variety of attitudes. I reproduce the best kangaroo—in fact, the only kangaroo that has got a tail worthy of the important part which the kangaroo plays in Australian

heraldry. Our artists, as a whole, were very weak in their kangaroos' tails, and even in the selected design the unfortunate marsupial seems shaky on its hind legs. The artist excused himself, however, on the ground that the shape of the heraldic shield rendered it impossible for him to give the noble dimensions to the tail which should properly belong to it. We have kangaroos hopping, kangaroos standing up in admiration of the event of the new production, and one literary kangaroo is diligently perusing the REVIEW OF REVIEWS; in fact, we had such a variety of these animals that we felt about them as the Australian squatter does about the eternal rabbit, and in the selected design it will be seen that this distinctive animal is reduced to very small dimensions. The idea of Mr. Léon Solon, that of a female figure who is distilling the AUSTRALIAN REVIEW OF REVIEWS from a crucible into which she is carefully putting all the other periodicals of the world, is ingenious and well executed.

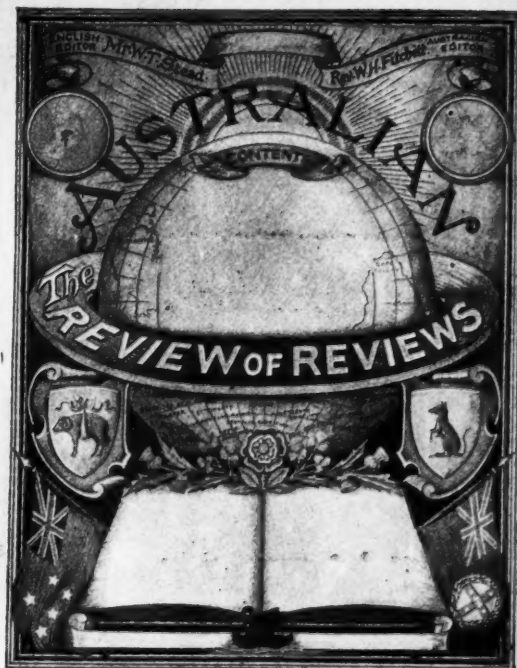
The design which was ultimately adopted had Mr. Pratt's as its basis, but is modified by the introduction of the lovers' knot of Mr. Guernsey and the alteration of the central globe more in accordance with Mr. Somerfield's design. Mr. Pratt, to whom has been awarded the first prize, kindly undertook to make the requisite alterations, which resulted in the cover as it now stands. The editors are represented as almost turning their backs upon each other, an event which I hope may never happen in real life, but as we are at the Antipodes this may be overlooked.



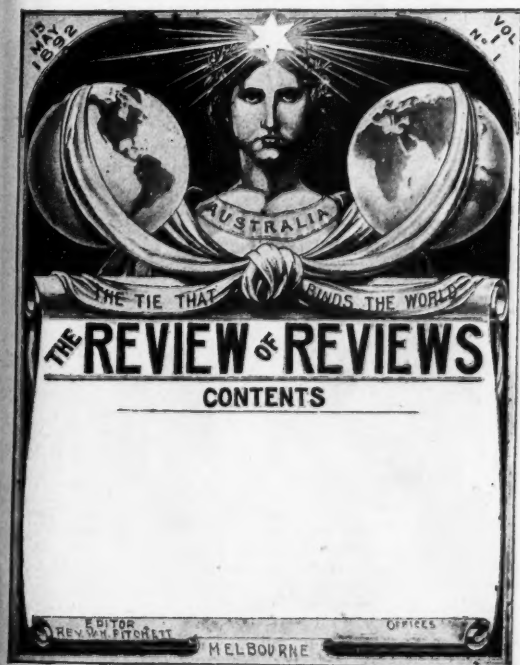
REV. W. H. FITCHETT,
Australian Editor.



THE DESIGN ADOPTED.



By Mr. W. B. Pratt, 20, Newgate Street, E.C. (FIRST PRIZE)

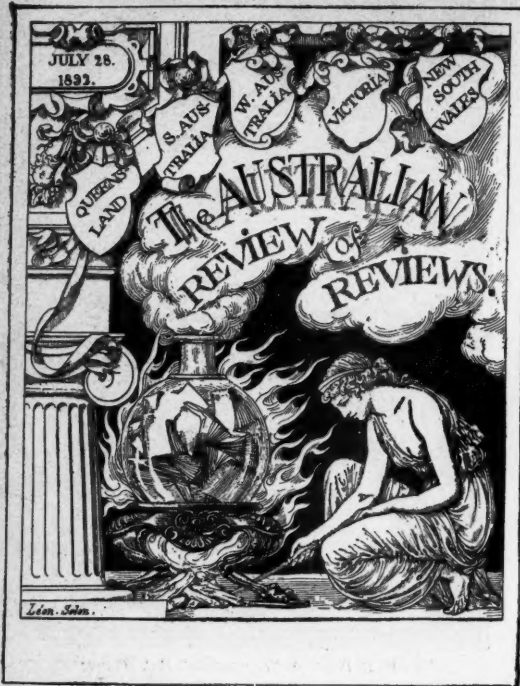


From Mr. E. Guernsey, 61, Eland Road, Lavender Hill, S.W.

[SECOND PRIZE DIVIDED.]



By Mr. H. Somerfield, 2, Myddelton Square, Clerkenwell, E.C.



By Léon V. Solon, Stoke Villa, Stoke-on-Trent. (THIRD PRIZE.)



By Miss Marion Reid, 58, Dennington Park, W. Hampstead.



By Mr. Philip H. Newman, 21, Endsleigh Gardens, N.W.



From Mr. J. S. H. Fenahay, 12, Southwood House, Highgate.

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SOME NOTABLE ARTICLES.

Great Thoughts this month is a very varied and entertaining number. The series of articles "Why I am What I am" are continued by the Rev. Joseph Wood, D.D., as a Primitive Methodist, and the Rev. F. W. Browne, as a Bible Christian. Mr. Raymond Blathway contributes interviews with the Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, M.A., and the editor of *Harper's Magazine*, and the number also contains articles on a portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, Mrs. Luke, Mr. H. W. Lucy, and Mr. J. G. Whittier. The Rev. W. J. Dawson's entertaining "Florentine Days" are continued, and Mr. W. M. Patterson's story "The Will of God" draws to a close.

In the *Sydney Quarterly* for March the interesting leaves from A. G. Hamilton's note-book are continued. Mr. Hamilton says that he has ascertained by actual experiment that a flying beetle of the cockchafer family, when put under a glass dish, on a table cloth, which weighed a pound and a half, was able to push it about for several inches; that is to say, he moved for a length of six times his body a dish 1,750 times his own weight. If a man who weighed twelve stones were proportionately as strong as the beetle, he would be able to push along level ground a weight equal to 131 tons.

The Bishop of Worcester, reviewing the result of the higher criticism on the inspiration of the Old Testament in the *Review of the Churches*, says that the panic which has been caused by the critical theories is very unreasonable. He says so long as we start from our theories of what the Bible ought to be instead of humbly trying to find out what it is we will increase our doubts and difficulties and give much room for our unbelief.

Katherine Tynan, in the *Catholic World*, has a pleasant and interesting paper entitled "Personal Recollections of Cardinal Manning." She says, "his heart was as wide as the heart of the Church, so often misunderstood by those of her own community," including, it is to be feared, his own successor. She says the world is very lonely to one who saw him but seldom; what his loss is to those to whom he was father, friend, comforter and guide, God only knows.

There is a short but interesting article upon American glaciers in the *Californian Magazine* for May. Its author, Mr. Charles Ames, describes the Muir Glacier. The Muir Glacier, which is forty miles long and twenty-five miles broad, is only three miles wide when it enters the sea. It is a thousand feet in height from the bottom, and in some places 500 feet above the sea. It moves at the rate of forty to sixty feet a day, but it is receding faster than it advances, and ere long will dry up. It contains 1,000 square miles of ice.

According to the *Missionary Review*, Great Britain and Ireland brew more beer every year than the German Empire, and more than twice as much as Austria-Hungary. The beer production of the world is estimated at over 50,000 million gallons per annum. In 1891 Great Britain produced 1,500 million gallons. Great Britain spends on an average twenty shillings for drink for every half-crown it gives to religion. Ireland, in 1890, spent about eleven million sterling on drink; its total rental did not come to more than nine million sterling.

There is an article in the *Annals of American History* upon the working of the Australian ballot in America by a writer who is immensely delighted with the change for the better which the ballot has introduced, and he proposes to press on the work of reform by introducing something analogous to the English Corrupt Practices Act.

There are two pleasant natural history papers in the *Atlantic Monthly* for June, one by Agnes Repplier upon her cat Agrippina, and the other upon the Witching Wren, by Louise Chandler Moulton.

Writing on French Girls' Schools in *Macmillan* for June, Mrs. Sandford says:—

The chief point, indeed, in which the French system of elementary education struck me as distinctly superior to our own is that it is so much better in touch with the parents.

An interesting account of St. Louis, the carnival city of America, appears in *Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly* for June. An Autumnal Festivities Association has been formed with the object of raising a million dollars to be spread over three years' festivities, and for the general aid and advancement of the town. Six hundred thousand dollars have already been subscribed, and it is expected that 250,000 visitors will visit St. Louis during the six weeks which will be given up for the enjoyment.

There is a very appreciative article upon Prof. Drummond in the *Homiletic Review*. It is written by the Rev. D. Sutherland, Charlottetown, Prince Edward's Island, and is entitled, "A Prophet of the Nineteenth Century." He says Prof. Drummond is a unique figure in religious circles, one of the most daring thinkers and brilliant preachers of the day.

There is an interesting article in the *New England Magazine* upon "Village Life in Old England," by Mr. Reuben G. Thwaites. Mr. Thwaites does not mistake the English village for Paradise or Utopia, but he describes it with loving sympathy:—

Though we could easily suggest reforms, sadly needful, what American would wish at heart to have the England we love so well Americanised? Seeing how deep-rooted are the customs of the English, how tenacious they are of their opinions, how prejudiced against fresh ideas, one is disposed to conclude that rural England will ever be Old England, the dream of the poets and the despair of reformers.

There is an interesting account of the German Protestant Social Congress which has recently held its annual meeting in Berlin in *The Review of the Churches*, with portraits of Professor Adolph Wagner, and Court Chaplain Stocker, the President of the Congress.

The *Esquiline* for May contains a translation of the letters of M. de Chateaubriand to Madame Recamier in the closing years of his life, when he was ambassador at Rome.

Mozart and his "divine music" are dealt with from the occult point of view by Herr A. Fitger in the *Sphinx* for May. Mozart, he says, had only to touch the strings to take us up to spheres which could not be moved by

earthly passions, where pain is softened to a simple adagio and joy does not go beyond the rhythm of a scherzo, and in which the blessedness of a divine peace is poured out upon us.

There is an excellent article on "Contemporary German Novelists" in *Blackwood* for June. The writer gives an account of novels by Sudermann, Max Nordau, and Emil Franzos. Another out-of-the-way paper gives an account of the insurrection in Mongolia and the ruthless manner in which it was suppressed.

In the *Month*, the late Earl of Denbigh describes how his wife was cured of sciatica of the worst kind by a peasant near Foligno, whose family possessed a miraculous power of curing such diseases received direct from St. Peter and St. Paul. The family was named Cancelli. They had entertained the Apostles one stormy night, and as a recompense received the power, by invocation and the sign of the Cross, of curing all rheumatic diseases to the end of time. The power was only granted to male descendants in a direct line, residents in that place. Lord Denbigh knew another case, within the last three years, of an instantaneous cure being wrought by the same means.

In the *Journal of Education* there is a vigorous rejoinder by Sir James Crichton Browne's attempt to answer the attack upon girls' high schools.

In the *United Service Magazine* Mr. George Fleming, C.B., has a very interesting article on the "Shoeing of Army Horses, Ancient and Modern." A complete revolution has been brought about since Tel-el-Kebir was fought in the shoeing of army horses. Instead of carrying a great lumbering field forge weighing twenty-one pounds in order to make articles weighing five pounds, the United Horse Shoe and Nail Company furnishes machine-made horse shoes and nails, which enable one man to keep one hundred and fifty horses thoroughly shod all the year round; whereas, in the old system, three men were needed to shoe forty horses.

Literary Opinion devotes its first article to an eulogistic notice of Mr. Froude, and begins a series of papers by Mr. H. D. Lowry, on "Some Aspects of the Novel." It deals with the supernatural in fiction. Mr. Lowry holds that as it is the general belief at bottom that the supernatural does happen, therefore, for the novelist, it does, and sometimes must.

One of those papers which are very pleasant light reading is General Middleton's paper in the *United Service Magazine*, entitled "An Old Soldier's Pets." They were as follows:—A Capuchin monkey, a young kangaroo, a magpie, which saved itself on one occasion from being worried by a dog by whistling the first three or four bars of "Nix my Dolly, pals;" a "nilgai," which he tried to ride, and which nearly killed him; a couple of mongooses, two young tigers, a couple of monkeys, an otter, and a small black bear. Most of these animals came to a violent end.

"Queen Victoria at Home," by M. Ernest Tissot, gives a picture of the Queen's home life from her "Diaries," etc.

The Flying Machine of the Future.

MR. HIRAM MAXIM, in the *Cosmopolitan* for June, explains how he hopes to be able to fly. He thinks he could construct a successful flying machine if he had £20,000 placed at his disposal. In two years he would be ready to start. He explains all about how he proposes to construct the "aeroplane," which he would work by steam:—

A well-made small engine and boiler need not consume more than two pounds of petroleum per horse-power per hour. For a five hours' run the motor, fuel and water need not weigh more than twenty-five pounds, and the distance travelled over would be about 250 miles.

He would prefer to construct his machine of strong steel tubes, as steel is considerably stronger, weight for weight, than aluminium. He would drive it by two screws, very light and strong, of large diameter. The surface of the aeroplane would be covered with closely woven and light silk.

A Continuous Railway.

THE London County Council, which is at present perplexing itself concerning the difficulties of underground railways, will do well to read the article on "Rapid Transit in Cities," which appears in *Scribner* for June. Among the inventions which have been invented by Americans for getting the overcrowded city workers into suburban residences the most novel is "the Multiple Speed Railway," which has been invented in Chicago:—

One enemy of railroads is friction, and another momentum, or that stored-up energy which makes trains unwilling either to stop or start. If they could be kept always moving and without stops, the motive power would be much less than now.

It has been supposed (except by horse-car conductors) that it was necessary to stop a car to let passengers get on and off, but this plan does away with all that.

Imagine a continuous line of platforms on wheels moved by electric motors at the rate of three miles an hour, at which speed persons can step on a moving platform from a station. Alongside of this is another line of platforms moving six miles an hour. We step upon this. Beyond this are the cars, moving nine miles an hour, into which we step and take our seats. There being a continuous line of cars the whole length of the road, the carrying capacity of this system is enormous, being at least three times as great as that of the Brooklyn Bridge cars.

It is stated that this system will be used to carry passengers about the World's Fair grounds.

Fashions of To-day.

LAST year Messrs. Hatchette published a high-class weekly illustrated paper, known in Paris under the title of *La Mode Pratique*. Messrs. Sampson Low and Co. have undertaken to bring out an English edition of this fashion journal. The first two numbers are now before us. Each of the numbers contains four of the large coloured photos published weekly in *La Mode Pratique*, which are executed by an entirely new process. They are very pretty pictures. All the illustrations are photographs from living models, and if the magazine has no other reason for support, it would deserve it because it wages war against the fashionable wasp waist, to which the health of so many women is annually sacrificed. The managers of the English edition, which has Miss Veva Karland as its London editor, are prepared to receive orders for dresses or other articles illustrated in *Fashions of To-day*, which will be carefully attended to in Paris.

THE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The Home and Haunts of Shakespeare.—In our notice of this splendid work last month we inadvertently quoted the mode of publication and the published price wrongly. The *English Edition* of it is copyright in this country, and is solely and wholly published by *Messrs. Sampson Low, Marston and Company, Limited*. It is not issued by them in parts at all, but only in sections at £2 12s. 6d. each; and of these five will complete the work. These sections are issued in very handsome cloth-bound portfolios. It is quite distinct and apart from the American edition, which, of course, cannot legitimately be imported into this country.

ART.

BLACKBURN, HENRY. *Academy Notes and New Gallery Notes.* (Chatto and Windus.) 8vo. Paper. 1s. each.

Mr. Blackburn triumphs over all his competitors by reason of the superior advantages which the more convenient size of his handbooks gives to him. "Academy Notes" describes only a selection of the more important and meritorious pictures, giving reproductions of a large number, but "New Gallery Notes" goes away altogether with the need of an official catalogue, each picture being described, and, as before, many being reproduced. The printing is good.

Cynicus, the Satires of. (Cynicus Publishing Co., 69, Drury Lane.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 3s. 6d.

Of the merits of Cynicus's rough and forcible cartoons we have already had occasion to speak, and specimens of his work have appeared in our caricature pages. The present volume is a reduced, uncoloured reprint of his first book. All our social sores are here attended to, and Cynicus has a lively lash.

PERROT, GEORGES, and CHARLES CHIZEP. *History of Art in Phrygia, Lydia, Caria and Lycia, and History of Art in Persia.* (Chapman and Hall.)

These volumes are beautifully printed and illustrated, and carefully translated. The greater part of the first of the two before us is occupied with the history of art in Phrygia. Their skill was expended chiefly upon their funeral and religious architecture; it is, therefore, to their rock-hewn tombs and sacred places that we look for what is most characteristic. Some very good reading may be found in the book apart from questions of art, such, for example, as the chapter on the Lycian customs about woman's rule, or the very interesting accounts of an early—perhaps the earliest coinage—700 years before Christ. The companion volume is devoted to the Persians. M. Chizep gives beautiful "restorations" of the palace of Darius and the hall of Xerxes, and the frieze in Susa. Phrygian art was important for its originality, Persia is interesting from its complexity. Persia continued to flourish for over twelve centuries, during which her art touched nothing it did not adorn; and the beautiful drawings, some of them most delicately coloured, with which this volume presents us, are like a dream of the Arabian Nights. Persia art is not preserved for us by funeral or religious architecture, its artist and architect found their chief field in building royal palaces. The translation is not only done out of French but into English, which is a rare treat.

BIOGRAPHY.

COTTON, J. S., M.A. *Mountstuart Elphinstone.* (Oxford: The Clarendon Press.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 217. 2s. 6d. With map. Elphinstone was, perhaps, the greatest of the civil servants of the East India Company. Arriving in India in 1786 he was given a position of great responsibility, and rendered great service in crushing the power of the Marathâ chiefs, Sindia and Holkar. The series to which he belongs—"Rules of India"—has had no better or more interesting volume.

Eminent Persons: Biographies Reprinted from the "Times" 1880-1889. (The Times Office.) 8vo. Limp cloth. Pp. 311. Among the forty-three admirable newspaper biographies which here find a place are Alexander II. (of Russia), Matthew Arnold, Marshal Bazaine, Lord Beaconsfield, John Bright, Robert Browning, Charles Darwin, Mr. Fawcett, Mr. Forster, Frederick III. (of Germany), Gambetta, President Garfield, Garibaldi, George Eliot, General Gordon, Victor Hugo, Lord Shaftesbury, General Grant, and William (of Germany). Most of the articles are models of concision, and the book will prove invaluable as a work of reference.

HILL, GEORGE BIRKBECK, D.C.L. (Editer.) *Letters of Samuel Johnson.* L.D. (Oxford: The Clarendon Press.) Two volumes. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 423 and 478. 2s.

Dr. Hill, whose excellent edition of Boswell's "Life" earned for him the gratitude of all who are interested in eighteenth century life and literature, has been able to include in this edition nearly a hundred hitherto unpublished letters, besides others which have only appeared in magazines and newspapers. The gem of the collection is a letter from Johnson to his wife, the only one known to exist, and which is here printed in facsimile; but to those who know Dr.

Johnson nearly all will prove interesting, for, as Dr. Hill says, "he displays in his letters a playfulness and lightness of touch which will surprise those who know him only by his formal writings." For Dr. Hill's share—no inconsiderable one—of the volumes we have nothing but praise. His research and energy have unearthed many letters which would otherwise have disappeared for ever, and have made clear many doubtful points. It might, perhaps, be said that he has somewhat overburdened the text with notes. Personally we think not, for the reader can always ignore the notes if he so desires, but he would find it impossible to get certain information if the notes were not there for possible reference.

JOHNSTONE, GRACE. *Leading Women of the Restoration.* (Digby and Long.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 221. 6s.

Miss Johnstone writes this book with a purpose. She desires to show that amidst the almost universal corruption of the Court of King Charles II. there were women who remained modest, unselfish and religious. The women selected are Ladies Russell, Warwick, and Maynard, Mrs. Hutchinson and Mrs. Godolphin. In each case a portrait is given.

LEE, SIDNEY. *Dictionary of National Biography.* (Smith, Elder and Co.) Volume XXX. Royal 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 410. 15s. net. With every volume the wonder grows that so monumental a work had not been undertaken at the Government expense, that it should have been left to private enterprise. When completed it will be absolutely indispensable to everyone interested in our national life and literature—the whole scheme has been carried out with such magnificence and completeness as to make it the most stupendous and praiseworthy literary task of the century. The present volume covers the ground from Johnes to Kenneth. The chief articles of importance are, Dr. Johnson, by Mr. Leslie Stephen; John Keats, by Sidney Colvin; Ben Jonson, by Prof. C. H. Herford; Inigo Jones; John Keble, by Canon Overton; Bishop Ken, by the Rev. William Hunt; Charles Keene, of "snuff," by Mr. Austin Dobson; and the great historic families of the Kenns and the Kembles, by, with one exception, Mr. Joseph Knight.

SYMMONS, JOHN ADDINGTON. *The Life of Benvenuto Cellini.* (John C. Nimmo.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 514. 9s. net.

Until Mr. Addington Symonds produced this volume (of which this is the third and cheapest edition) no accurate translation of Benvenuto Cellini's world-famous autobiography was obtainable. Cellini, unscrupulous and a murderer (of whose autobiography Horace Walpole says: "It is more amusing than any novel I know"), was born in Florence in 1560, and died in the same city, after a life of extraordinary variety and adventure, in 1571. Self-revelation is carried to the extreme in this volume; Cellini evidently had no shame, and consequently his work is invaluable to every student of character as it is to every student of sixteenth-century Italy. Of Mr. Symonds's translation it would be impossible to speak too highly, it is a perfect piece of literary workmanship; while his introduction is a very valuable critical essay on the man and his time.

The Journal of Sir Walter Scott. (David Douglas, Edinburgh.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. vii. 7s. 6d. With index.

Two new editions of this journal have been issued—one in two volumes, the other, a cheaper edition, in one. It is an indispensable supplement to Lockhart's "Life of Sir Walter Scott," which, as Mr. Saintsbury remarks in the June *Macmillan*, has long held a first place among the great biographies in the English language.

ESSAYS, CRITICISMS, AND BELLES LETTRES.

BRADSHAW, JOHN, M.A., LL.D. *The Letters of Philip Dormer Stanhope, Earl of Chesterfield, with the Characters.* (Sonnen-schein.) Three volumes. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 1,503. 12s. net.

It is surprising that these three volumes, which contain all the matter published by Lord Mahon in his 1845-1853 edition, can be produced at so low a price; but Messrs. Sonnenschein have made a speciality of standard reprints, which are as a general rule excellent. Dr. Bradshaw has been fortunate, too, in being able to include a number of hitherto unpublished and important letters from and about Lord Chesterfield, together with some valuable anecdotes. Beyond a judicious introduction, the editor has done little to burden his volumes with critical matter or explanatory notes.

COURTNEY, W. L. *Studies at Leisure.* (Chapman and Hall.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 248. 6s.

A re-publication of essays contributed to the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, *Fortnightly* and *Universal Reviews* and *Macmillan's Magazine* during the past few years. The first, a play in one act, "Kit Marlowe's Death," was performed last year. It is mediocre and scarcely worthy of reprinting. Perhaps the most immediately noticeable of the essays is that on Ibsen which appeared in the *Quarterly*, and which, in accordance with the negative tradition of that journal, is condemnatory. But, unlike what we might expect, the condemnation is mixed with an amount of praise, and the critic seems to be sitting on the fence awaiting the verdict of the public, fearful of his own lead. Other studies are on Roger Bacon, The Mask of Descartes, John Locke, Personality, M. Anatole France, Old Oxford Revels, Socrates, Buddha, and Christ, and Dr. Martineau's Theology.

CHALK, HENRY. *Selections from Swift.* Vol. I. (The Clarendon Press, Oxford.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 476. 10s. 6d. The first of two volumes 'designed to give (as fully as the exigencies of space and the taste of the present day permit) specimens of the

whole range of Swift's work, and to elucidate by notes what is obscure in intention or recondite in allusion." This intention seems to us to have been, as far as the first volume is concerned, admirably carried out; Mr. Craik's life of Swift and the notes to the text being of the greatest use. Of course the volume is excellently printed and bound.

GOLDEN TREASURY SERIES. The Republic of Plato and Essays of Joseph Addison. (Macmillan.) 18mo. Cloth. 2s. 6d. each, net. Nothing need be said in praise of these two new numbers of the "Golden Treasury Series." They have each been reprinted many times. The former is translated, with notes, by J. L. Davies, M.A., and D. J. Vaughan, M.A.; and to the latter the late John Richard Green contributed a lengthy and admirable preface.

LANG, ANDREW. Letters on Literature. (Longmans.) Post 8vo. Pp. 171. 2s. 6d. net. New edition.

Mr. Lang here forgets the ignorance of his readers. They cannot all be as clever as he—so learned in all literature. The two letters on Modern Poetry are perhaps the best—certainly they are the most interesting—for here the unlearned reader has some knowledge to go upon, and can follow Mr. Lang through his eulogies of Lord Tennyson, Mr. Morris, Mr. Swinburn, Mr. Arnold, Mr. Browning, and Mr. Brydges. Those on Longfellow, Fielding, Richardson (this last by Mrs. Lang), and Book Hunting, too, the ordinary reader will be able to appreciate. But the other letters—on Reynolds, Virgil, "Aucassin and Nicolette," Plotinus, Lucretius, and Gerard de Nerval—are too allusive in style, too informed in knowledge, for the saunterer in letters.

MASSON, DAVID. Edinburgh Sketches and Memories. (A. and C. Black.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 438. 10s. 6d.

The Professor of English Literature in the University of Edinburgh has given us a volume of essays—reprints in the main, it is true—which are remarkably interesting. He writes on the Edinburgh of Queen Mary and of Henry Dundas, on the beginnings of Edinburgh University, on King James's farewell to Holyrood, on the last years of Sir Walter Scott, on Allan Ramsay, on Lady Wardlaw (who Robert Chambers thought, and Prof. Masson thinks, was the real author of many of the finest of the Scotch Ballads) and the Baroness Nairne, (authoress of "The Land of the Leal," "The Laird of Cockpen," and "Callier Herrin.") Perhaps the most interesting chapters are those on Carlyle's Edinburgh life, taking up about a third of the book; on the "Charles Lamb of Scotland," Dr. John Brown, the author of "Edinburgh and his Friends"; and on the literary history of Edinburgh, in which Prof. Masson usefully reminds us that it was Scotland rather than England which kept up, through the long tract of time between Chaucer and Spenser, the literary succession of the British Isles.

MATHEW, J. Marshall. Popular Studies of Nineteenth Century Poets. (F. W. and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 184. 2s. 6d.

These studies were prepared for a class of working men, with the idea of rousing their interest in, and provoking them to a study of, our nineteenth century poets. The idea is praiseworthy, and is well carried out; but why label each poet with an adjective?—viz., Wordsworth the naturalist, Shelley the idealist, Byron the pessimist, Tennyson the moodist, etc.

FICTION.

AIDE, HAMILTON. A Voyage of Discovery. (J. R. Osgood, Melville and Co.) Two vols. 21s.

This is a very bright specimen of the society (American society) novel. The travels of Sir Mordaunt Ballinger and his sister across the American Continent, with the curious variety of types they meet in that electrical country, and their love affairs, are told with a delightful breeziness. The manners and language of the New York plutocracy and the Bostonian culture are depicted in a most entertaining manner. Particularly amusing is the New York Mrs. Van Lennep, at once gifted authoress and leader of society. The volume's sparkle with little bits of American naïveté, none more typical of a certain type of American, perhaps, than the old man speaking of his only daughter married to a French count: "The tears trickled down his thin cheeks, as he said that he had forgotten all about her old home—his old father. But in the midst of his trouble he recovered himself. 'You know, sir, the family dates back from Charlemagne.'"

ANSTEE, F. The Travelling Companion. (Longmans.) 4to. Cloth. Pp. 152. 5s.

Mr. Anstee's dialogues have long been among the most popular of Mr. Punch's witty writings, and a real service is done to his numerous admirers by the republication in one volume of "The Travelling Companion," which in no sense falls short of the previous series, "Voices Populi." Mr. Bernard Partridge's draughtsmanship goes hand-in-hand with Mr. Anstee's wit, and between them they lift off to the life the over-cultured Culchard, and the phillistine Podbury in their travels and their love affairs.

BEACONSFIELD, LORD. Vivian Grey and Comingsby. (Ward, Lock, and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 522 and 426. 2s. each.

The Primrose edition of the Beaconsfield novels is neatly bound in green and gold, with a primrose wreath on the back. As nothing is new but the binding there is no more to be said.

BETHAM-EDWARDS, E. Two Aunts and a Nephew. (Henry and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s.

The fourth volume of the "Victoria Library for Gentlewomen" consists of a charming little study of Anglo-French life by Miss Betham-Edwards. "Two Aunts and a Nephew" gives a very good picture of both Parisian and provincial life abroad, and will take rank among its authoress's best works.

CAINE, HALL. The Scapegoat. (Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 318. 3s. 6d.

Since we noticed this work in its two-volume form it has been entirely

re-written, Mr. Caine being dissatisfied with it as it then stood. We praised it then enthusiastically, and it is now even better, for much that was unnecessary has been eliminated, and by somewhat altering the treatment the story has gained strength and unity.

DAWE, W. CARLTON. Mount Desolation. (Cassell.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 317. 5s.

Like most of the fiction which has come to us from Australia, "Mount Desolation" lacks polish. It is a powerful story, but nothing more. The characterisation is crude and the English shaky, but then in these days of over-refinement and of continual epigram, one is almost tempted to forgive the carelessness of the English in pleasure at the strength of the story. It is founded on an incident in the career of the Kelly gang, and deals, of course, with bushranging and its attendant evils. The author has the courage of his plot, and does not end his story happily.

DICKENS, CHARLES. Nicholas Nickleby. (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 786. 2s. 6d.

A reprint of the first edition, with the illustrations, and an introduction, biographical and bibliographical, by Charles Dickens the younger. This makes the third volume of Macmillan's excellent re-issue.

DOYLE, A. CONAN. The Captain of the Polestar. (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 315. 3s. 6d.

Four only of these stories, which first appeared in the magazines, are worthy of being reprinted. "The Captain of the Polestar" is unsatisfactory, and leaves its mystery unsolved; the "Great Keimplatz Experiment" has for its central idea the same which Mr. Anstee had in "Vice Versa," but it is not well told; "The Man from Archangel," "That Little Square Box," and "John Huxford's Hints," are all ordinary; while the "Ring of Thoth" is reminiscent of Mr. Edgar Lee's "Pharaoh's Daughter" and "Mr. Lester Arnold's" "Phra, the Phœnician." The four good stories are very good, and should make any book popular. The first, "J. Habakkuk Jephson's Statement," is very weird and well told, reminding one now of Poe and now of Mr. Grant Allen's "Strange Stories." All the stories are readable and of average merit; four are far above the average.

EDWARDS, MISS M. BETHAM. A Dream of Millions. (Sampson Low.) Paper covers. 1s.

A volume of somewhat commonplace short stories.

GARDNER, HELEN H. Pushed by Unseen Hands. (Commonwealth Company, New York.) Pp. 303.

A series of short stories, by the author of "Is This Your Son, My Lord?" illustrating the influence of heredity on character. There is a wonderful little tale of spiritualistic possession, entitled "An Echo from Shiloh," in which the medium, who was controlled by the spirit of an old soldier, who was buried at Shiloh with a living squirrel in his pocket, came out of her trance with several small bloody scratch marks on her fingers, which, she said, were due to the attempt of a squirrel to bite it while she was entranced.

HARTE, BRET. Complete Works. Vol. VII. (Chatto and Windus.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 536. 6s.

This makes the seventh volume of Mr. Bret Harte's complete works, and the second of the "Tales of the Pacific Slope." Among the stories are: "A Ward of the Golden Gate," "A Sappho of Green Springs," "Colonel Starbottle's Client," "A Night at Hays," "The New Assistant of Pine-clearing School," and "The Great Deadwood Mystery." The volume contains a colotype portrait of the author, from a painting by Mr. John Pettie, R.A. By the way, we hope this is to be a complete edition. What about the stories published by Messrs. Macmillan and Messrs. F. V. White and Co.?

HOBBS, JOHN OLIVER. The Sinner's Comedy. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 148. 2s. 6d.

Epigram and paradox, however brilliant, are disconcerting in the mass: one wants a rest, an occasional relief, and both are utterly wanting in "The Sinner's Comedy." The book, however, is very clever—far cleverer than "Some Emotions and a Moral," which was clever enough in all conscience. It is short—very; but the story is by no means slight, and is full of interest. The character-sketching is remarkably brilliant, and—great gift!—there is hardly a superfluous line in the volume. It should really be one of the books of the season.

HORNUNG, R. W. Under Two Skies. (A. and C. Black.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 317.

In this volume an English story alternates with an Australian, hence the title. The English are mediocre, of the sort which one reads every day; but three of the Australians, "Jim-of-the-Whin," "The Luckiest Man in the Colony," and "Sergeant Seth" are admirable in construction and treatment, and will do much towards the popularity of the book, although their machinery is by no means novel. Mr. Hornung evidently knows his Australia well, and if he would only always write as well as he sometimes can, and confine himself to Australian matter, he should have great success.

KING, CAPTAIN CHARLES. Sunset Pass. (Gay and Bird.) Post 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 205. 3s. 6d. Illustrated.

If, like Mr. Andrew Lang, you confess to a liking for stories of Indians, you will appreciate this little book. It is short, but to the reader who is not surfeited with the superior excitements of Mayne Reid and Fenimore Cooper, sensational and pleasing enough in all conscience.

LIE, JONAS. The Commodore's Daughters. (Heinemann.) Paper covers. Pp. 276. 2s. 6d.

"Without reaching the intellectual passion of Ibsen, or the romantic tenderness of Björnson," says Mr. Edmund Gosse in his preface, "Lie comes really closer than either of these more inspired poets to the genuine life of the Norwegians of to-day," and he places him in modern literature between Mrs. Gaskell and M. Ferdinand Fabre. We

have no means of judging whether this is Life's most representative story, but it is extremely powerful and well told. Pessimist, as apparently is all Scandinavian fiction, it yet does not leave the reader entirely miserable. There is an absolute lack of humour in the volume.

LYNCH, HANNAH. *Daughters of Men.* (Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 380. 3s. 6d.

A story, purporting to be a picture of modern Greek life, has, at least, the charm of novelty of subject. But beyond this quality, "Daughters of Men" has much to commend it. It is in places unnecessarily diffuse, and many of the incidents are of no importance to the development of the plot or to the due comprehension of the characters, but the characterisation is excellent and original. The story itself is interesting, not as a whole, but in its parts; indeed, it is so totally undramatic and unconvincing that we almost wish that Mrs. Lynch had split it up in a number of short tales. The Natselhuber, a German-Greek gunnie, who becomes a musical genius, second only to Liast and Rubenstein, while retaining all her savage habits, her disgusting street language and mind, is the most life-like of all Mrs. Lynch's characters. The others are cleverly sketched, but it takes some time to get accustomed to their ancient names—Pericles, Themistocles, Miltiades, and others—in a modern atmosphere.

MAARTENS, MAARTEN. *A Question of Taste.* (Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 241. 5s.

"A Question of Taste" is disappointing to the reader who has enjoyed "The Sin of Joost Aveling" and "An Old Maid's Love." The characterisation is as good as ever, but there is too much of it, and consequently the story drags just a little here and there. The Dutch atmosphere is admirably conveyed.

PARR, MAJOR GAMBIER. *The Story of Dick.* (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 237. 6s.

Without exactly intending to be unkind, Mrs. Yelf—a somewhat milder edition of Hannah Grievé—resented the coming of her brother-in-law's ten-year-old soldier-like child to her house, fearing that he would influence her own little son, whom she doted and spoiled. In some respects the story reminds us of "Tim," but it is far happier, and quite as pathetic. Dick, himself, is a fine, honest, manly, little chap, and he soon strengthens the farmer's girlish boy. The scene in which he reads the burial service over the soldier-soldier's grave is very pretty. This is a story that will delight children and "grown-ups" alike.



MR. A. T. QUILLER COUCH.

(From a photograph by the Stereoscopic Company.)

"Q." *I Saw Three Ships.* and other Winter's Tales. (Cassell.) Crown 8vo. Buckram. Pp. 304. 6s.

When "Dead Man's Rock" and, later, "Troy Town" were first published, the critics, while praising the substance, lamented the fact that Mr. Couch had not yet found a style of his own. This fault we must also find with "I Saw Three Ships," which appeared in a Christmas number about eighteen months ago, and, consequently, does not share the style which he has found in the last two years. It might have been written by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson and Mr. Thomas Hardy in collaboration—the first portion is exactly in Mr. Hardy's vein, as are many of the characters and subsequent scenes; while the plot and the stranger—a disagreeably melodramatic character—might well have come from Mr. Stevenson. The other four stories are shorter, but, like all Mr. Couch writes, they have an interest and a distinction. On the whole, the volume is good, but it is not so good as, say, "Noughts and Crosses."

PAIN, BARRY. *Stories and Interludes.* (Henry and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 214. 3s. 6d.

"A room where he never did any work, and which was consequently called his study"—this is not a fair specimen of Mr. Pain's humour, but it is a specimen of what he should avoid. He has much to fear from a tendency to be foolishly funny, and much to fear from a tendency towards a gloomy pessimism. "Stories and Interludes" has many good points which were lacking in "In a Canadian Canoe," and it lacks many of the faults of that book. So far Mr. Pain has progressed, but there is still the morbidity and striving after effect which so spoils his first book, and which was so all-present in his "Redemption of Gerald Rosecourt." We would not have his work entirely humorous, but we would that it were not so uniformly hopeless. The book is, on the whole, praiseworthy and deserving of attention—much of it is undeniably reminiscent of the old fairy tales of Maeterlinck, and of Mr. Burne Jones's pictures.

PEACOCK, THOMAS LOVE. *Crotchets Castle.* (J. M. Dent and Co.) Post 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 162. 2s. 6d. net.

"Crotchets Castle," says Dr. Garnett, its present editor, "displays Peacock at his zenith, and is equally free from the errors of immaturity and the infirmities of senescence." Certainly, speaking for ourselves, there is no story of Peacock's which has given us keener, greater enjoyment, and if, in Mr. Saintsbury's phrase, you are born a Peacockian, you will find few novelists capable of more continually pleasing. Granted the necessary temperament, one can read Peacock over and over again, gaining pleasure with every re-reading.

RAYMOND, WALTER. *Taken at his Word.* (Richard Bentley and Son.) Two vols. 21s.

There can be no doubt that this is a story far above the average. The characterisation is really excellent. In some respects, "Taken At His Word" recalls Mr. Thomas Hardy's work, more especially "The Mayor of Casterbridge." It is a tale of a small west country town which should place Raymond among the small knot of young men whose work is looked forward to with interest.

"V." *Betsy.* (J. R. Osgood, McIlvaine and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Messrs. Osgood, we were told by the lively paraphrast, had found a new and promising novelist, who had written a story, "Betsy," and who preferred, until popularity crowned her efforts, to be known as "V." We do not think that "Betsy" will do much fluttering of the literary doves. It is lively, readable, and amusing, but it is not particularly original, either in plot or character. Betsy is an American girl, who acts as *doux ex machina* to the hero (who is not at first allowed to marry the heroine as he is too poor, with only \$200 a year) and heroine. The story opens in Venice, whence the scene shifts to London in the season, then to a Scotch country house in September, and then back again to London. Without being in any way astonishing, "Betsy" will repay reading.

WOODS, MARGARET L. *Esther Van Homrigh.* (John Murray.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s.

Mrs. Woods has achieved a great success. She has filled out the immortal outlines of the story of Stella and Vanessa, and explained, as far as any explanation is possible, the inner motives of the three actors in the tragedy. The accuracy of the portraits, and the analysis of the characters can only be judged in the same manner as we should judge the triumphs of a sister art; for "Esther Van Homrigh," presents the lineaments of a perfectly conceivable whole, as does a great picture. We have a triple group, a man and two women, in living relations to each other, as suggested by their authentic journals and letters. We believe that this book will gain by time, and remain as the finest example of an historical novel since the appearance of "Esmond" and the "Virginians."

HISTORY.

LUCKY, W. E. H. *History of England in the Eighteenth Century.* Volumes IV. and V. (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s. each.

Two new volumes of a cheaper edition of one of the greatest of English historical works.

ZIMMERMANN, DR. ALFRED. *Geschichte der Preussisch-Deutschen Handelspolitik.* (A. Schwartz, Oldenburg.) Paper covers. Pp. 880. 16 marks.

The first history of the Prusso-German commercial policy compiled from the archives of the Prussian Government, Dr. Zimmermann's book gives us (in German) a picture of the commercial development of Germany, from the time of the Vienna Congress to the middle of the century. For the first time, too, we get a glimpse of the true relations of Prussia with Russia; and among the other interesting contents are particulars of the first colonial movement in Germany, revelations concerning the history of the first German fleet instituted by the Frankfurt Parliament, etc. A second volume will deal with the history of the Zollverein in a similar manner.

MUSIC, POETRY, AND THE DRAMA.

BACH, ALBERT B. *The Art Ballad—Loewe and Schubert.* (Blackwood.) Cloth. Pp. 216.

A third edition of this interesting volume. The author, an ardent and enthusiastic disciple of Loewe, never tires of making known that ballad composer's work, and his comparison of Loewe, who is strong in dramatic truth, with Schubert who excels in lyric beauty, forms a noteworthy element in the work.

BYRON, LORD. *Poetical Works.* Volume VIII. (Griffith and Farnen.) Large post 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 216. 2s. 6d.

Contains "Marino Faliero" and "Sardanapalus."

CLARKE, H. SAVILE. *A Little Flutter*. (Henry and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 206. 3s. 6d.
A number of "playlets" (the word is Mr. Clarke's), stories and verses, reprinted from the *St. James's Gazette*, *Punch*, and the *Theatre*. The volume belongs to the "Whitefriars Library of Wit and Humour," and has for frontispiece a portrait of the author.

COHEN, GUSTAV (Translator). *The Beautiful in Music*, by Dr. Eduard Hanflick. (Novello.) Cloth. Pp. 174.

This is a remarkable contribution to the revival of musical æsthetics by the famous Vienna professor, and the translation is made from the seventh German edition of the book. The author denies that emotions can be represented by musical means. Music, he says, is not a mode in which the human intellect finds expression on account of its inability to impart convictions. In music there is no intention that can make up for invention. To say that a composer intends something is to imply that he would like to produce something, but cannot. "If instead of looking for the expression of definite states of mind, or certain events in musical works, we seek music only, we shall then, free from other associations, enjoy the perfections it so abundantly affords."

DAWSON, C. AMY. *Idylls of Womanhood*. (Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 120.

A series of seven poems—"A Woman's Ethics," "A Woman's Love," "Rukhmabai," "Woman's Wit," "A Woman's Vengeance," "A Woman's Faith," and "A Woman's Sin"—of unequal merit. Ambitious, powerful, and sometimes excellent, with a swinging music in their metre and genuine human passion in their souls, the verse is sometimes tangle-legged, the sentences straggling over a page. But there is promise here—and performance; but promise of still more performance hereafter.

DENNIS, JOHN. (Editor.) *The Poetical Works of Sir Walter Scott*. Vol. V. (George Bell and Sons.) Foolslop 8vo. Cloth. 2s. 6d.

The last volume of a complete and excellent edition of Sir Walter Scott's poems. Mr. Dennis, the editor, has done his work with somewhat rare discretion, his introductory essay being quite a model of what such work should be. The format of the Aldine series is sufficiently well known to all lovers of poetry to need commendation.

HENLEY, W. E. *The Song of the Sword and Other Verses*. (David Nutt.) Fep. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 102. 5s. net.

Mr. Henley as a critic is sometimes fantastical, and Mr. Henley, but as a poet he has much of the true, undoubted, fire, and his verse, at present meagre in quantity, should attract the attention of all present-day poetry-lovers and win posterity. "The Song of the Sword," itself, is a stirring, blood-heating, piece of work, bringing back memories of old Norse literature and revelry; but the "London Voluntaries" are far and away the finest things in the volume. They describe with remarkable strength and extraordinary vividness a May morning in Hyde Park, a London dawn and an October afternoon in the Strand. A number of "Rhymes and Rhythms" complete a volume which will be, where poetry is concerned, one of the most important of the year.

KIPLING, RUDYARD. *Barrack-room Ballads, and other Verses*. (Methuen.) Crown 8vo. Buckram. 6s.

Readers who like grim and strong verse, and who do not greatly care whether the verse be in the most polished literary English, should make haste to get this volume. We have always liked Mr. Kipling's prose, and we like his verse no less. It is very plain, very manly, and very ringing, and it is most graceful where the English is that of the barrack-room. There are good lines and touches in the other verses; the "Ballad of East and West" is fine throughout, but those of the "Barrack-room" are the best of the book, the most fresh and least suggestive of earlier models.

PINERO, A. W. *Lady Bountiful: a Story of Years*. (Heinemann.) Paper covers. Pp. 186. 1s. 6d.

But a very lukewarm success in London. "Lady Bountiful" proved very attractive in New York. It was produced at the Garrick Theatre, when the success of Ibsen was acoustomg playgoers to rather stronger dramatic fare, and was resented, apparently, as being

too slabby and sentimental for a serious dramatist like Mr. Pinerio. It reads, perhaps, better than it acts.

LANG, ANDREW. *Grass of Parnassus*. (Longmans.) Fcap. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 190. 2s. 6d. net.

The fifth volume of a uniform edition of some of Mr. Lang's best-known works. To it have been added about thirty new pieces, either unpublished or hitherto uncollected, while one or two omissions have also been made. Mr. Lang's dainty muse is in this volume seen at its best.

MORGAN, FREDERICK, AND H. ELLIOT BUTTON (Editors). *The Bristol Tune-Book*. (W. and F. Morgan, Bristol.) Cloth, 6s.

When the first edition of this well-known "tune-book" was published in 1883, it only provided tunes for some hundred varieties of metre, but when the second series was issued in 1876, about one hundred more were added. Since then further varieties have been incorporated, and the present third series, which contains over nine hundred tunes, has been compiled mainly with a view to providing music for the hymns in the Rev. W. Garrett Horder's "Congregational Hymns."

NESBIT, E. *Lays and Legends*. (Longmans.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 160.

This second series of "Lays and Legends" are very welcome, and display all the best qualities of Mrs. Bland's work, which, at its best, is very good indeed, facile and rhythmic, if not powerful, and at its worst is always graceful and polished. Personally, of the pieces in this volume we prefer the Rondeau to Austin Dobson, a charming couple of verses, but those to W. E. Henley are very little inferior. The first poem, "The Bridal Ballad," is by no means the best in the book; its subject is unsuited to Mrs. Bland's muse, which is always more at ease when treating of less pretentious themes.

POLLOCK, SIR FREDERICK, BART. *Leading Cases done into English, and Other Diversions*. (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 98. 3s. 6d.

It has long been an open secret that Sir Frederick Pollock was the author of those brilliant proodies which were first published in 1876, and have long been out of print. To the "Leading Cases" are now added other verses in English, French and German, which are in no whit inferior to the rest of the volume.

ROSSETTI, W. M. (Editor). *Poems by Walt Whitman*. (Chatto and Windus.) Crown 8vo. Buckram. Pp. 320. 6s.

To Mr. W. M. Rossetti, we believe, belongs the credit of being the first, or one of the first, to discover, in England, Whitman's genius as a poet. The present is a selection made by him in, apparently, 1868, and now reprinted in a very handsome and handy form. The editor's prefatory note is judicious and to the point, treating of Walt Whitman rather from the critical than the biographical point of view. To commence an acquaintance with the great American poet we can recommend no better selection.

SAINSBURY, GEORGE. *Seventeenth Century Lyrics*. (Percival.) Demy 16mo. Cloth. Pp. 320. 3s. 6d.

An admirable volume belonging to an admirable series. Mr. Sainsbury's introduction is as interesting as anything that he has done, and his selection from the late sixteenth and seventeenth century lyrics is all that can be desired. It is in anthologies, such as this, that much of our pre-Victorian poetry should be read.

STIELER, J. *The Great German Composers*. (Augener and Co.) Cloth. Pp. 216. Price 7s. 6d.

A series of biographies for the young, translated from the German, and including some account of the chief works of the great composers, Handel, Johann Sebastian Bach, Gluck, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven, Weber, Mendelssohn, Schubert, and Schumann.

SWINBURNE, ALGERNON CHARLES. *The Sisters*. (Chatto and Windus.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 6s.

In his new play Mr. Swinburne has departed almost entirely from his old flamboyant and long speeches. In their place he has given us a tragedy almost melodramatic in its plot, but simple to a degree in its style. In construction, notably with its play within play, Mr. Swinburne has modelled it upon the manner of the Italianized Tudor



MRS. HUBERT BLAND.
(From a photograph by White, Leicestershire.)



ON THE BRAIN.—MR. RUDYARD KIPLING.
(From *Pick-Me-Up*.)

rather stronger dramatic fare, and was resented, apparently, as being

drama, which he has studied so long and so lovingly. The dedication to the poet's aunt, Lady Mary Gordon, with its exquisite flow of verse, is among the finest things Mr. Swinburne has ever penned. This, with the two lyrics, the ballad "There's nae lark loves the lift, my dear," and the song before the interlude, "Love and sorrow met in May," are in his earlier, and, we cannot but think, finer and more natural manner.

TAYLOR, SEDLEY (Editor). A Record of the Cambridge Centenary Commemoration, on December 4th and 5th, 1891, of Mozart. (Macmillan and Co.) Cloth. Pp. 84. 2s. 6d. net.

An interesting memento of the proceedings at Cambridge in honour of Mozart on the hundredth anniversary of his death. The book contains a lecture on Mozart by Mr. Sedley Taylor, and programmes of sacred and secular music by Mozart, performed by the University Musical Society, with analytical remarks.

TAYLOR, SEDLEY. A System of Sight-Singing from the Established Musical Notation. (Macmillan and Co.) Cloth. Pp. 132.

This system of sight-singing from the established musical notation is based on the principle of tonic relation, and the book gives extracts from works by the great masters in illustration of the system. Part I. deals with the tonic sol-fa notation, and Part II, with the staff notation.

The Veil that No One Lifts. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Post 8vo. Half parchment. Pp. 60. 2s. 6d.

A little volume of exceeding daintiness of binding. The verses are unpretentious and pleasing.

REFERENCE BOOKS.

TRENDELL, A. J. R., C.M.G. The Colonial Year Book. (Sampson Low.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 783.

The third issue of a work of reference, which is invaluable to all who are interested in the Empire and in Imperial questions. The story of each colony is told in detail, and its present position and government are made perfectly clear even to the most ignorant reader. Mr. J. Henniker Heaton, M.P., contributes a preface of over fifty pages, in which he repeats his arguments for penny postage (which, says Mr. Trendell "is so manifestly conducive to the cohesion of the Mother Country to her Colonies that its adoption must assuredly now be close at hand"), and reprints *in extenso* his letters to the different members of the Cabinet on the subject.

MARSHALL, MRS. A. B. Larger Cookery Book of Extra Recipes. (Marshall, 30, Mortimer Street.) Royal 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 658. 21s.

Encouraged by the success of her first work, Mrs. Marshall has now brought out a massive volume of extra culinary recipes, illustrated with nearly three hundred engravings of dishes, which will be, if we are not mistaken, the standard reference book of English cookery. To every housewife interested in high-class cookery it will be invaluable. It is very strongly bound and admirably printed.

RELIGIOUS.

CHARLES, MRS. (author of "The Chronicles of the Schenberg-Cotta Family"). The Book of the Unveiling: Studies in the Revelation of St. John the Divine. (S.P.C.K.) Small 4to. Cloth. Pp. 144.

A small, neatly-printed book in which Mrs. Charles offers suggestions as to methods of studying the Apocalypse, which have been helpful to herself and which may therefore be useful to others.

DAWSON, W. J. The Church of To-morrow: a Series of Addresses in America, Canada, and Great Britain. (J. Clarke and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 283.

Mr. Dawson thinks the Church of the Future will be a Church more frankly, wisely, generally democratic. The Church must recognise the loving that animates Christ, and cultivate fellowship between all its members. He expounds his views in twelve chapters, beginning with one on Catholicity and ending with Wesley and his work. The titles of some of the chapters are "Nehushtan; or, Progress by Iconoclasm," "The Failure of the Supernatural as a means of Conversion," "Heretic Doubt," "The Democratic Christ," and "The Last Analysis of Christianity."

FARRAR, F. W., D.D. The Voice from Sinai. (Isbister.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 340. 5s.

These sermons on the eternal basis of the moral law were, with three exceptions, delivered in Westminster Abbey in November, 1891, and January, 1892. The exceptions were preached before the University of Oxford, at St. Mary's, in 1874; and in St. Margaret's, Westminster.

FARRAR, F. W., D.D. Saintly Workers. Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 207. 3s. 6d. (Macmillan and Co.)

Five special Lenten Lectures or Sermons are included in this volume, their titles being: The Martyrs, The Hermits, The Monks, The Early Franciscans and the Missionaries. They are simple yet eloquent tributes to the saintly lives of past ideals of holiness. While calling attention to the lives of men pre-eminent for goodness, Archdeacon Farrar fails not to warn his readers of their intellectual errors.

JAMES, CROAKE. Curiosities of Christian Literature Prior to the Reformation. (Methuen and Co.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 522. 7s. 6d.

The compiler of this very readable volume has collected from many histories, annals, chronicles and biographies some particulars of the interesting persons, episodes and events from the Christian's point of view during the first fourteen centuries. From a field of literature so vast and so varied it is not difficult to cram a book with incidents and stories full of suggestive interest and information. These tit-bits

of Christian literature—if we may so call them—are arranged in chapters, dealing first with "Christ and His Contemporaries," then with "Early Church Customs, Fasts and Festivals," "Hermits, Anchorites, and Relics," "Crusaders and Pilgrims," and so forth; and the volume closes with a general and alphabetical index covering the whole ground.

PEER, C. J. The Social Centres of London: being a Comprehensive Guide to the Social, Educational, Recreative, and Religious Institutions and Clubs of the Metropolis. (Polytechnic Reception Bureau.) Paper covers. Pp. 174. 6d.

This is an excellent directory or guide to all the social centres of London arranged geographically. It is a marvel of industrious compilation, and will be quite invaluable. Some idea may be formed of the scope of this publication, when it is stated that it gives the names and addresses of the managers of all institutions in London which minister in any way to the social welfare of youth of both sexes. Whether it be for boxing or for volunteering, girls' clubs, or parks and open spaces, all information will be found in this sixpenny handbook. A copy should be in every Sunday-school library and in every minister's vestry. It is a handbook to the civilising agencies of the metropolis, and many a useful sermon could be preached from it in every parish in London. It reflects great credit upon Mr. C. J. Peer, the compiler, and it takes its place among the many solid benefits which Mr. Quintin Hogg has conferred upon London.

PITCAIRN, E. H. Good Fare for Little Money. (Griffith, Farran and Co.) Paper boards.

In which a vicar's daughter puts her parochial experience to a practical use, and furnishes detailed and economical estimates for all kinds of parochial and social parties, housekeeping, etc.

ROSSETTI, CHRISTINA. The Face of the Deep. (S.P.C.K.) 8vo. Pp. 552. 7s. 6d.

A devotional commentary on the Apocalypse, written with the intention of "finding patience in this book of awful import," and of pointing out that patience is our lesson in the Book of Revelations.

THOROLD, ANTHONY W., D.D. Questions of Faith and Duty. (Isbister.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 355.

The Bishop of Winchester, believing that a book goes further than a sermon, wrote these essays during the enforced leisure of the Sundays of the past year. They dealt with the Personal Life, the Home, Christ Crucified, Christ Risen, Christ Ascended, the Promise of the Father, "Coming behind in no Gift," Sorrow, Secret Faults, Service, "Things which Cannot be Moved," the End.

SCIENCE.

WALLACE, ALFRED RUSSELL. Island Life; or, the Phenomena and Causes of Insular Fauna and Flora. Including a Revision and Attempted Solution of the Problem of Geological Climates. (Macmillan.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 545. 3s. 6d. Second and revised edition.

A second edition of this well-known classic. It has twenty-six maps and illustrations, including an interesting map of Australasia during the Cretaceous and early Tertiary periods. There were two Australias in those days—eastern and western—the western island consisting of the western and the southern half of South Australia. Of Victoria, New South Wales, and Queensland nothing existed but a long, narrow belt of their present seaboard, which formed an unbroken line with Tasmania. The work has been extensively revised throughout. Many additions and corrections have been made, and the account of the migration of animals and plants during and since the Glacial Epoch has been modified to record with newer information.

TRAVEL, GEOGRAPHY, AND TOPOGRAPHY.

CHURCHILL, LORD RANDOLPH. Men, Mines, and Animals in South Africa. (Sampson Low.) 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 330. With illustrations, maps, and index.

Lord Randolph has reprinted his letters to the *Daily Graphic*, trimming them here and there and removing some of the excrecence which disfigured them. The book is chiefly interesting as illustrating an episode in Lord Randolph's downward career. It is vivacious and Randolphian, but that is all.

CURZON, HON. G. Persia and the Persian Question. (Longmans.) Two vols. 8vo. Cloth. Pp. 1,292. 42s.

On the principle that literature must be valued by the weigh-scale, the Hon. George Curzon's two volumes on Persia have some claim to be regarded as ranking high among the books of the month. They contain more than 1,000 pages, and weigh half a stone. But it is nonsense to regard such a production as literature. In this wilderness of encyclopaedic print there lurks enough readable matter to make an excellent book of not more than 250 or 300 pages. All the rest is mere dictionary stuff, useful for reference, but otherwise belonging to the extensive department of printed matter labelled, "Literature readable only by catways on desolate islands." Probably a light-house keeper or a lighthouse man might read it from cover to cover, or a convict in his solitary cell, if it stinted to nothing but "Persia," might get through it. As a work of reference no library can be without it, but life is too short to read such works right through. Mr. Curzon is blessed with a good conceit of himself, but he should not overweight even the gamest horse. He may have produced "a compendious work dealing with every aspect of public life in Persia," but he will be well-advised if he puts his "compendious" two volumes into the crucible and distils therefrom the readable essence of the produce of his prodigious industry. The book is copiously illustrated, and there are plenty of maps, and it is dedicated "to the officials, civil and military, in India, whose hands uphold the noblest fabric yet reared by the genius of a conquering nation."

DONSON, AUSTIN (Editor). *Fielding's Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon*. (Chiswick Press, 20, Took's Court, Chancery Lane.) Crown 8vo. Half-parchment. Pp. xxi. 277. 7s. 6d. net.

Henry Fielding was in 1754 an incurable invalid, suffering from a complication of diseases—jaundice, gout, dropsy, asthma—and his journey to Lisbon, then a famous health resort, but, in his own words, "the nastiest city in the world," was undertaken in the hope of alleviating, if not of curing, the effects of these complaints. But in spite of this certainty of death, the Westminster magistrate took none of his good spirits, none of his capacity for enjoyment, and his journal displays all that keen insight into human nature, and that quaint habit of reflection, which mark "Tom Jones." As a picture, too, of the difficulties which beset this traveller by the sea in the eighteenth century, the volume is invaluable. Fielding was more than usually unlucky. His journey, estimated at three weeks, took some fifty days to accomplish, and although no extraordinary adventures befel him, yet he writes so pleasantly about what did happen to him, that his book makes very lively reading. Mr. Austin Dobson's critical and biographical preface is, of course, a perfect piece of work, and his notes add much to the reader's knowledge of the period and enjoyment of the book, which also contains the "Fragment of a Comment on Lord Bolingbroke's Essays." This is, we may add, the first of the *Chiswick Press Editions*, a series of select English classical works, preference being given to such as are not easily obtainable in a separate or satisfactory form.

FOSTER, H. O. ARNOLD. *The Citizen Reader, and The Citizen Reader: Scottish Edition*. (Cassell.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 1s. 6d. each. Maps and illustrations.

Mr. Arnold Foster has done much more solid service for the Empire by writing these *Adapted Citizen Readers* than he has by the *House of Commons* where he ten times over member for Belfast. When a book has reached its one hundred and eightieth thousand it is absurd to describe it and unnecessary to praise it. Its success is its best credential. It should be a text book in every elementary school throughout the Empire. The Scottish edition is edited so as to adapt it to Scottish schools.

HUGHES, REV. W. *Darkest Africa and the Way Out*. (Sampson Low.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 1s. 6d.

The author was a missionary who went out to the Congo in 1882, and after ten years of careful study arrived at the conclusion that the best way to evangelise Africa was to establish a training institute for young blacks in Colwyn Bay, in Wales. He has established a Congo House Training Institute at Colwyn Bay, and he is determined, if possible, to have fifty students in training for Africa in that place. These students will receive industrial, as well as theological and literary training. This book gives an account of what has been done, and appeals for support to enable him to carry out the project, which embodies the mature convictions arrived at after a long and careful consideration.

LINDLEY, PERCY. *New Holidays in Essex and Walks in the Ardennes*. (30, Fleet Street.) Paper boards. 6d. each. With maps and illustrations.

Half the people who go out of town at the week's end to enjoy a whiff of fresh air do not know where best to seek it. Mr. Lindley's "New Holidays in Essex," tells of some most delightful walks which are to be had within easy distance of London, and it has further some useful boating, fishing and shooting notes. "Walks in the Ardennes" is a work of similar nature.

PARKIN, G. R. *Round the Empire*. (Cassell.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 1s. 6d. Maps and illustrations.

Mr. Parkin is one of the most eloquent and most indefatigable of the apostles of Imperial Federation. It was a happy idea of Messrs. Cassell when they got him to draw up a school-book describing a tour round the empire. Lord Rosebery, in his preface, says: "The time cannot be far remote when the British Empire must, if it remains united, by the growth of its population and its domains, exercise controlling authority in the world. To that trust our sons are born." This book of Mr. Parkin gives some account of these great inheritances, and will contribute to strengthen that security for national union which, as Lord Rosebery truly says, lies not so much in Parliamentary projects as in the just appreciation of imperial responsibility.

RAWNSLEY, H. D., M.A. *Notes for the Nile*. (Heinemann.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 5s.

This is an informative volume of uncommon excellence. Mr. Rawnsley does not trespass on the ground covered by the many guide-books to Egypt, but he has managed to give with much scholarly skill a very large amount of information concerning that old-world seat of learning and civilisation. He has also translated into English verse a number of the hymns of ancient Egypt.

VILLARS, P. (Editor). *The Escapes of Casanova and Latude from Prison*. (T. Fisher Unwin.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 1s. 4d. 5s. Few volumes of the "Adventure Series" have been more intensely interesting than this one. Latude's escape from the Bastille is more wonderful than any fiction; would not be believed, in fact, if it were told in the pages of a novel; while Casanova's flight from the *Pembol* of Venice is quite as interesting if not quite as wonderful. Mr. Unwin might very well make up another couple of volumes from this interesting subject. The escapes of Benvenuto Cellini, of Baron Trenck, of Cardinal de Retz, of Felix Folkhovsky, of the Nihilist prisoner in Stepniak's, "Underground Russia," are full of interest.

WHITE, ARTHUR SILVA. *The Development of Africa*. (George Philip and Son.) Crown 8vo. Cloth. 1s. 3d. 7s. 6d. This "study in applied geography" has deservedly reached a second edition. Mr. H. P. Ravenstein has designed a series of fourteen admirable coloured maps specially to elucidate the text, which will have to be carefully read by every one who has the well-being of our African Colonies at heart.

SOME FRENCH BOOKS.

THOUSSAUX, GENERAL. *Les Grands Cavaliers du Premier Empire*. (Berger-Levrault et Cie.) 4to. Price 7fr. 50c.

This is the second volume of an interesting collection of biographical notices concerning the career of Napoleon the First's cavalry officers—Fajol, Milhaud, Fourrier, Sainte-Croix, Delorme, etc., etc.

TRUBLET, LUCIEN. *La Table au Pays de Brillat-Savarin*. (A. Jeandé.) 8vo. Price 3fr. 50c.

Will form, for those who care for classical French cookery, a useful corollary to the "Physiologie du Gout."

DUMONT, EMILE. *La Bonne Cuisine Française*. (Alfred Degord.) Price 3fr.

Good, practical French cookery book, full of excellent, simple Continental receipts.

BURDEAU, A. *L'Algérie en 1891*. (Messrs. Hachette et Cie.) 8vo. Price 3fr. 50c.

This volume is equivalent to a Parliamentary report on the colony of Algiers, being a reprint of all the speeches and memos. bearing on the subject delivered and laid before the French Chamber during the last twelve months.

BROGIEUX, DUC DE. *La Paix d'Aix-la-Chapelle*. (Calmann Lévy.) 4to. Price 7fr. 50c.

Volume forming part of the great historical work undertaken by the Duke.

WEISS, J. J. *Autour de la Comédie Française*. (Calmann Lévy.) Price 3fr. 50c.

Critical account of the new comedies produced at the Théâtre Français during the years 1888-84-85.

THE BLUE BOOKS OF THE MONTH.

The following are among the more important Blue Books and Official publications issued during the month of May. A complete list may be obtained of Messrs. Eyre & Spottiswoode, Queen's Printers, East Harding Street, E.O.

I.—THE ARMY.

THE BRITISH ARMY. Return for 1891.

Preliminary Returns of the British Army for the year 1891, with abstracts for the years 1879 to 1891 inclusive, and information in certain particulars with regard to the Army at home. Full information as to effectives, establishments, and distribution; recruiting and casualties; court-martial, crimes, and punishments; rewards and services; ages, heights, and chest measurements; nationalities and religious denominations, etc. (Pp. 98. Price 5d.)

THE YEOMANRY. Report. Report of the Committee appointed by the Secretary of State for War to consider the condition of the yeomanry, with minutes of evidence. The total enrolled strength of the yeomanry last year was 9,869; the efficient strength, 8,471. The committee regard the existing organisation as unsatisfactory, but believe there is plenty of "patriotic sentiment and of good material" in the force. (Pp. 42. Price 5d.)

II.—COLONIAL.

BRITISH INDIA. Trade. Statement of the Trade of British India with British possessions and Foreign countries for the five years 1886-87 to 1890-91. A general table of the total imports and exports by sea of our Indian dependency to other countries, is followed by elaborate statistics as to private merchandise, government stores, treasure, customs' duty, ports, shipping, &c. (Pp. 112. Price 1d.)

COLONIAL REPORTS. The following are among the Annual Colonial Reports that were issued during May:—

16. Barbadoes (price 1d.); 18. Labuan (price 1d.); 19. British Honduras (price 1d.); 20. Basutoland (price 2d.); 22. Leeward Islands (price 2d.); 23. Grenada (price 1d.); 26. St. Helena (price 1d.); 27. Mauritius (price 1d.); 29. Hong Kong (price 1d.); 30. Ceylon (price 1d.); 32. Lagos (price 1d.); and 37. British New Guinea (price 2d.).

III.—DOMESTIC.

CHARITIES. Report. Thirty-ninth Report of the Charity Commissioners for England and Wales. The total sum of stocks and investments held by the Official Trustees of Charitable Funds on the 31st December, 1891, amounted to £15,668,441. (Pp. 238. Price 1s.)

EXPLOSIVES. Report. Sixteenth Annual Report of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Explosives, being their Annual Report for the year 1891. The number of deaths from accidents by fire or explosion in manufactories during the year was but one, giving an average in ten years of seven. "These figures show an extraordinary and most satisfactory contrast to those given before the Act came into operation." (Pp. 138. Price 1s. 2d.)

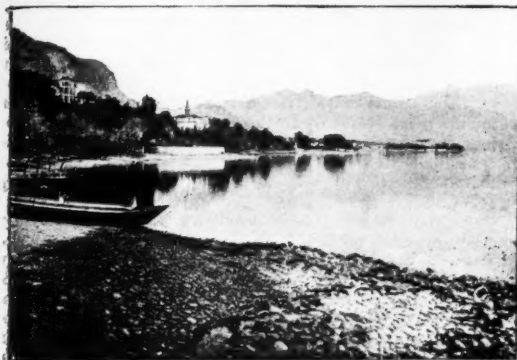
THE MINT. Report. Twenty-second Annual Report of the Deputy Master of the Mint, 1891. The issues of silver coin during the year fell short of those of 1889 and 1890, though they were still considerably above the average; while the exceptional demand for bronze coin experienced in the previous year was maintained uninterruptedly during 1891. Gold coins to the amount of £8,723,618 have been issued; silver coins to the amount of £1,000,548, and bronze coins to the amount of £39,535. (Pp. 142. Price 7d.)

IV.—IRELAND.

EMIGRATION STATISTICS. Emigration Statistics of Ireland for the year 1891. Report and tables showing the number, ages, occupations, conjugal condition, and destinations of the emigrants from each county and province in Ireland during the year. (Pp. 14. Price 2d.)

CO-OPERATIVE TRAVELLING.

THE WORK OF THE TOYNBEE TRAVELLERS' CLUB AND THE POLYTECHNIC CHEAP TRIPS.



BAVENO, ON LAKE MAGGIORE.

IN the democratic days of what an indignant person once stigmatised as "this so-called nineteenth century," intelligent foreign travel surely ought to be regarded not merely as a luxury attainable only to the wealthy few, but as a real necessary of life to the hardworking many. As Mr. Goschen once told the University Extension Students of London, the means of livelihood are by no means synonymous with the means of life. An artisan, a girl in the Civil Service, a clerk in a City office, are not necessarily alive because their work procures them food and lodging and clothes to their back. For the conditions of modern existence have been known to create animated machines having the form of human people, but denying the power thereof. No doubt the true philosopher can pursue the even tenor of his or her way independently of externals, even in a solitary lodging in a monotonous back street in Mile End, or Poplar, or Islington. But at the same time it is easier for those who desire to keep their vision on the heights intent, and though cloistered fast to soar free, to understand and to realise at all adequately the teaching of Epictetus or Thomas à Kempis, if they can summon at will—

Through the great town's harsh, heart-wearying roar, the musical splash of a mountain torrent, or can fall back in memory upon, say, that afternoon in early spring, when, pilgrims in deed and in truth as never before, they climbed the olive-clad slopes of Monte Subasio to the little white town of Assisi, over which still broods in holy peace, with a literalness that may be felt, the spirit of St. Francis the pure in heart.

Holidays are no longer considered, even for hospital nurses and signalmen, as altogether frivolous and unnecessary. No doubt our great-grandfathers jogged comfortably to the city, year in and year out, from their country houses at Stoke Newington and Camberwell in pre-railway days, and looked upon every one, whether principal or clerk, who wanted a "change" as an un-

trustworthy person on the direct road to perdition. However, the world has shrunk somewhat since our great-grandparents' time, and what it has lost in size it has far more than gained in complexity and capacity for nerve wear and tear, and at last a new race of prophets arose in the persons of Messrs. Cook and Gaze.

But there are holidays and holidays, and the manners and customs of the English-speaking tourist on the "Continong" have not always proved to be—to put it mildly—beyond criticism. Unlimited increase in the number of those whose object in going abroad is to "do" as much as possible, and to demonstrate their own insular superiority to "foreigners," is not a thing which lovers of their own species can regard with altogether unmixed satisfaction. Nor is it with a view to increase the number of the "cheap tripper" species that this paper has been written. But it is believed that there are many among the working classes (in the broader sense of the term), men and women of hard-working lives, moderate purses, simple tastes, modest assumptions, and willingness to learn, in whose lives even three weeks in a foreign land may become a joy for ever. For one of the most real uses of foreign travel lies in the prospect of the travellers returning home, not with any mere vulgar satisfaction at having "done" so much, but with a deeper and wider comprehension of historical and human solidarity, and with a quickened, humbler, and more passionate perception of the quiet unobtrusive beauty lying hidden away both in external Nature and in human nature in many a highway and byway of their native land.

But what possible chance is there for the City clerk, the Elementary-school mistress, the artisan, on incomes ranging from perhaps thirty to forty-five shillings a week, ever to make were it even but a fraction of the "grand tour" once considered to be an indispensable part of a liberal education? Not only to visit, but to visit with understanding, in congenial social and intellectual companionship, the ancient historical cities of South Germany, or France, or Belgium, still less that earthly paradise of art and poetry, the north of Italy? Can it really be done at a moderate expense during the annual holiday of a fortnight or three weeks—all that the average young man or woman in business is likely to get?

Even so. It is not only theoretically possible, but it has actually been done, and not once or twice only, but several times. It can be done again, provided you know how to do it; in which last is the gist of the whole matter. How it is done the present paper will endeavour to show.

THE TOYNBEE TRAVELLERS' CLUB IN EMBRYO.

Some five or six years ago a small knot of friends—four or five clerks, schoolmasters, artisans, or shop-assistants—began to meet regularly at Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, to read and discuss the works of Mazzini. As time went on a desire, at first without form and void, gradually took the shape of a projected pilgrimage some fine day to the great Italian patriot's grave in the Campo Santo at Genoa. It was a fascinating project. But was it feasible? Under modern conditions of life it was of course quite out of the question for any half dozen to go alone, on account of the heavy expense. But the expense might be very considerably lessened by adopting

co-operative principles. Why should not the members of the Mazzini class throw open their plan to the students attending some of the other classes? And why not include in the pilgrimage places of wider general, historical, and artistic interest than Genoa alone could furnish?

So Florence was decided on as the goal, and the idea was tentatively broached in a circular issued to the general body of students during the winter session of 1887-8 by the Education Committee of Toynbee Hall, and circulated among working men and women hitherto unambitious of travel. Soon vistas of immense possibilities disclosed themselves. The project had undoubtedly "caught on."



CARTHUSIAN MONKS AT CERTOSA, FLORENCE.

A special committee *ad hoc* was appointed from among those who had the project most at heart, and practical preparations immediately began. On the night of the Wednesday preceding Easter some eighty men and women invaded Liverpool Street Station, and started for Antwerp by the Harwich night boat.

Few of those who are now elected fresh into the Toynbee Travellers' Club, and there find their proceedings for the most part so peacefully cut out for them, can realise what an undertaking that first expedition was. Probably none but those who were comparatively young would ever have tried to carry it through, not because they were blind to the difficult nature of the enterprise, but because they saw the difficulties and regarded them with hopeful contempt. "You know," said Mazzini ("the Chief") to the conspirators on the Motterone in Meredith's *Vittoria*, "my faith is in the young." To

begin with, out of a total of eighty (a number which, keeping in view the special educational and social objects of the club, experience proved to be quite a third too large) only some seven or eight had ever been abroad before. Very few could speak anything but English. The foreign coinage was puzzling. The members' acquaintance with each other was almost entirely confined to casual meetings in the lecture-room or the library or on Saturday afternoon excursions with the Students' Union. Would eighteen days' travel under circumstances of necessarily close contact make them all cordially hate one another or the reverse? Fortunately the balance was speedily seen to incline most decidedly to the side of the reverse. Sleeplessness, dirt, and discomfort—the inevitable concomitants of a prolonged journey—only served to bring the members' best and most unselfish qualities out into strong relief.

Antwerp was reached at about ten o'clock the following morning, and, as the Bâle train did not leave till the evening, the day was spent in church and picture gallery and in the Plantin printing Museum. At five o'clock the pilgrims turned up at the station, tired but enthusiastic, with no more apprehension in regard to the ensuing twenty-eight hours' railway journey to Milan than if it had been a mere stroll across the street. When on the following morning the sun rose, a "sight of glory, sight of wonder," over the Black Forest, the pilgrims found themselves and their baggage still united, and not, as certain croakers had pessimistically predicted, "impartially distributed throughout the railway termini of Western Europe." Yet it must be confessed that, when they reached Lucerne towards ten o'clock, exhausted and grimy, but well satisfied with each other, it was somewhat of a relief to find that a friendly avalanche on the St. Gotthard had completely blocked the line and made it out of the question to reach Milan until the next day. It was then that the party first learned what a Swiss hotel is capable of on an emergency. They were temporarily stranded in the waiting-room while the chiefs of the committee went down to the Hotel des Balances on the Reuss to interview Herr Zähringer, our staunch friend then and now; and in about half an hour there might have been seen a long procession of pilgrims bearing Gladstone bags being billeted by their chiefs with perfect sangfroid and despatched straight up to their rooms to get ready for *déjeuner*.

But one might dilate for ever upon the incidents, comical and otherwise, of that memorable expedition, and that, to paraphrase Horace, is a thing forbidden alike of gods and men and editors. It must suffice to say that Milan was at last reached shortly before midnight on the following evening, the avalanche at Brughasco having been safely surmounted and a great snow battle fought over its *débris* by the Mazzinists of the party *contra mundum*, a proceeding which the Swiss railway guard surveyed with deep interest and characterised as "une grande lark"; that Easter Sunday was spent in the Lombard capital, especially beneath the vaulting of that "anthem in stone and poem in marble" the Duomo, and on the roof, whence the plain of Lombardy lay open to view, backed by the great perpendicular wall of the Alps; that the pilgrims started on their travels again late that night, were evicted in a body from the train—owing to the break-down of a railway bridge—in a mountain pass in the Apennines at the unholy hour of half-past three; that this last obstacle was successfully surmounted by torchlight and an antediluvian *diligence*; and that the eighty finally tramped into Florence at about eight o'clock a.m., firmly

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convinced that each and all had lived through a whole century of experience since leaving London barely five days before.

If the journey out conferred a century of experience, the nine days at Florence and the return *via* Pisa and the Genoese Riviera conferred about five centuries more. Such wealth was there of natural beauty in colour and form, of historical association, of daring conception and virile execution in stone and colour; so genuine the kindness shown by resident Florentines and English friends with Oxford and Cambridge* connections; so pleasant to live a frank unconstrained life among kindred spirits, with whom these common experiences would form a permanent bond of sympathy and social union after returning to London,—from first to last the expedition in many ways surpassed its promoters' most sanguine expectations.

CONSTITUTION OF THE CLUB.

The Toynbee Travellers' Club is now an organised body of some two hundred members, meeting on an average once in three or four weeks throughout the year at Toynbee Hall, Whitechapel, and the proud possessor of a formally drawn up constitution. The constitution in its practical aspect may be roughly defined as an Autocratic-democracy, a form of government known of old to Timoleon the Liberator of Syracuse, as well as to Mazzini and Daniele Manin. Candidates for election are first of all informed in print that "the object of the club is not merely to promote pleasant trips, but its aim is educational, and its basis mutual helpfulness." The educational side, apart from the actual solid work accomplished during the expedition itself, is promoted by means of lectures on foreign art, history, natural history, and politics. These lectures are delivered, or papers read, at the club meetings, sometimes by members themselves, but more often by specialists from the Universities or elsewhere. Among those to whose kindness lectures at Toynbee Hall and in Italy have been due are Senator and Signora Villari (of Savonarola fame), Dr. Mandell Creighton (now Bishop of Peterborough), "Vernon Lee," Mr. Leslie Stephen, Miss Farnell, and many others. The club possesses a small but useful collection of books bearing on foreign subjects presented by members and friends, and a fine series of photographs, purchased by co-operation, of places already visited.

The officers of the club, elected by full members at the annual meeting in the autumn, are President, Secretary, Treasurer, Auditor, and a Committee of eight, which last appoints an assistant-secretary and a librarian. All office is entirely honorary, and to all are persons of either sex equally eligible. It may be noted here that the social and general value of the club is due in no small measure to the unconstrained and non-conventional intermingling and co-operation of men and women on an equal footing. As a general rule no minor of either sex is admitted. Hence the chaperone is an unknown and unneeded institution, East London men and women over twenty-one being alike almost invariably active and independent members of society.

The secretary and treasurer are committeemen *ex officio*. It is upon these two officers, who practically created the club, that the main burden of management

and leadership has hitherto lain. To their unremitting care and business-like habits from the very first the success of the club has been in no small measure due.

Membership is open to persons connected with Toynbee Hall, and is of four grades: Members, Honorary Members, Probationers, and Associates. (1) The "Members" are the main body of the club, in full possession of all its rights and privileges as set forth in the constitution. (2) "Honorary Members" are persons elected as a mark of gratitude and esteem for special kindness or service rendered to the club. They include Professor Villari, the Minister of Public Instruction under the Italian Government, one of the club's oldest and best friends. (3) "Probationary Members" are *bona-fide* students of Toynbee Hall of a certain standing, to whom provisional membership may under certain conditions be granted for a period of six months, at the expiration of which time the probationer who has now taken part in an expedition may, on the recommendation of the committee, be elected by the club as a full member.

It has often been supposed by those not in any way connected with Toynbee Hall that its Travellers' Club is a kind of tourist agency open to all comers. This is not the case. The club was, and is, intended for Toynbee students and for them alone, and even these cannot become members unless they fulfil certain required conditions. This is needful, considering the close personal contact between members involved on a T.T.C. expedition, the liberty they enjoy, and the frank and kindly mutual helpfulness which is so important and pleasing a feature of the club.

A *bona-fide* Toynbee student, then, wishing to become a member, has to send in his or her application to the secretary on a printed form supplied for that purpose, stating the applicant's acceptance of the principles and aims of the club as therein set forth, to specify the branch of study in which he or she is a student, and to furnish two references personally known at Toynbee Hall. If on inquiry these latter prove satisfactory, the applicant may then be recommended by the committee for election as a probationer for six months. Should the probationer at the end of that time have been found to be in any way an undesirable member or one out of harmony with the general spirit of the Club, he or she is not recommended for further election and simply disappears. It says something, perhaps, for Toynbee students as a whole, and for the care exercised by the committee, that in no case has it ever been necessary to resort to expulsion, and that of all the members admitted up to the present only 2 or 3 per cent. have been avowedly "not recommended" for the continued membership they might desire.

(4) "Associates" are comparatively few in number, and can only be elected when there is a vacancy, the number being limited and fixed. They are persons admitted for some special reason who are not eligible as probationers, and are often near relatives and friends of regular members. All associates must, on the recommendation of the committee, be re-elected every six months.

The ordinary expenses of management—apart, of course, from those incurred on an expedition, which are borne by each member for himself—are met by an annual subscription per member of 2s. An associate's subscription is 2s. 6d., and a probationer's 1s. 6d. for the half year. Any member of any grade (except honorary members) absent from three meetings of the club in succession without valid excuse, and any member whose subscription is three months in arrear, is liable to "lapse" from the club.

The constitution further provides that at any rate one expedition shall be organised every year; and that such

* Toynbee Hall was founded in 1884 by members of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, to be a residential club for University and other men, and a centre for social and industrial investigation, for educational, recreational, and other work undertaken by the residents and their many non-resident friends and fellow-workers.

expedition shall be entirely under the control of the committee or of such persons as the committee shall appoint.

The following analysis of the occupations of members of the T.T.C. may be not without interest from a "democratisation of knowledge" point of view. Members and re-elected associates are included, but not probationers or hon. members. The slight numerical preponderance of women over men in the subjoined list, disappears when it is remembered that, with one exception, all the honorary members are men, and that the proportion of the sexes in the whole club is therefore about equal:—

	Women.	Men.	Total.
Civil Service: Post Office ...	—	10	10
" " Other departments ...	—	8	8
Clerks and salesmen ...	3	14	17
Domestic: Married ...	13	—	13
" Unmarried ...	5	—	5
Miscellaneous:—Architects (2), basket-maker, bookbinders (2), brush-maker, builder, chemist's assistant, hospital nurse, L.S.B. Kindergarten instructor, journalists (2), lecturers			

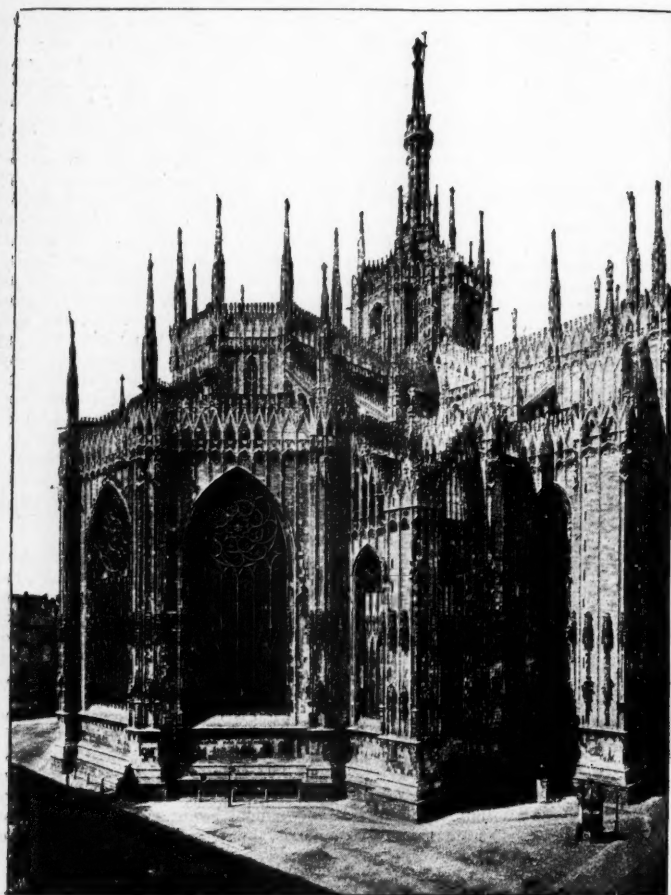
	(2), librarian, printers (2), reporter, Women. Men. Total.
sculptor, secretary, shop-keepers (4), solicitors (2), solicitor's clerks (2), watchmaker, woodcarver ...	7 23 30
Teachers: London School Board ...	45 16 61
" Other ...	9 — 9
	82 71 153

The foregoing list shows, amongst other things, that educational foreign travel is evidently valued by teachers, than whom few possess more extensive opportunities of passing on what they have themselves acquired. From this fact and from another, viz., that necessarily only a very small percentage of those working even under the London School Board alone, to say nothing of other Boards, are eligible to one local club on a special basis like the T.T.C., it may reasonably be inferred that the organisation of similar clubs in other districts, or within teachers' guilds and unions, would meet with ready support.

HOW A T.T.C. EXPEDITION IS WORKED.

Let it be supposed that the club committee contemplates organising a foreign expedition of some fifty members. The first question to decide—and it should be decided *at the very least* some four months in advance—is the date. Northern or Central Europe may be visited at almost any time except in the winter; the north and centre of Italy in spring and autumn. Italy, the Alpine regions excepted, should be avoided after May, on account of the heat. Rome and the south of France and Italy can be visited in the winter; but the cities in the great alluvial plains between the Alps and the Apennines should be avoided during the winter months owing to their piercing cold. In all cases, however, it is well to ascertain beforehand, if possible from some one personally acquainted with the locality, particulars as to the climate of given places at given seasons.

The route will be roughly planned out at the same time as the date. The T.T.C. has so far organised expeditions to Florence, Venice, Tuscany, Switzerland, and Paris. Three weeks in Switzerland in the summer costs about the same as an expedition to Italy of similar length in the autumn or spring, the longer railway journey in the latter case being balanced by the greater average cost of living in the former. A week in Paris may be spent for £5, and the same sum will cover a week in Belgium, including, say, Antwerp, Brussels and Waterloo, Ghent and Bruges. A very interesting fortnight might be enjoyed among ancient South German towns, such as Nuremberg and Augsburg, or among French Gothic cathedrals, Amiens, Notre Dame, Rouen and Abbéville. But as preparations for a greater expedition will more or less include those for a less, we will take the



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outline of a journey to Venice, nearly one thousand miles from London, as being fairly comprehensive.

First as to the choice of route:—

(a) *Viâ Harwich and Antwerp* (Great Eastern Railway Co.), and into Italy either by Bâle and the St. Gotthard, or by Innsbruck and the Brenner Pass. This route entails the greater part of a day spent in Antwerp on the outward journey, and the same at Brussels coming back. It is, on the whole, the cheapest route to take.

(b) *Viâ Dover and Ostend* (Belgian Mail Packet Co.), Brussels, Bâle, the St. Gotthard, Milan, and Verona. Those starting from London and anxious to save time at a slightly increased expense, will find this route suit their purpose very well.

French lines should generally be avoided on the score of expense.

Messrs. Gooday and Richards, of the G.E.R. (Liverpool Street, E.C.), and Mr. Bridge, of the Belgian Mail Packet Co. (53, Gracechurch Street, E.C.), have always been helpful and courteous in making through arrangements so far as possible with the foreign lines.* Reductions in fares will not be made on the Belgian or German lines for a party of less than thirty, or on the Swiss for less than twenty. Italian railways generally make no reduction on numbers, but to holders of ordinary circular tickets a reduction is made on the ordinary return fare should the route chosen involve an additional piece of the line. Except in Italy and England the reductions amount to nearly fifty per cent. English lines cannot be congratulated on their facilities so far as price goes. To clubs from the North of England, such as Manchester and Liverpool, the relatively most costly section of the whole journey to Italy is that from the north to London. German, Swiss, and Belgian lines generally provide plenty of accommodation, but some sort of agreement as to the number of carriages to be reserved should be obtained from the Italian companies, and even promises cannot be unhesitatingly relied on. Italian arrangements have been usually more or less unsatisfactory.

The route decided on, and quotations as to fares (2nd class) obtained in writing from the Railway Companies, a provisional itinerary is drawn up, the halting-places considered, and a quotation obtained from each hotel (consult Baedeker, or any trustworthy guide-book revised up to date) of reduced pension charges per head per diem, to include bed, meat breakfast, late dinner, lights, and attendance. The tariff varies in Italy (exclusive of Rome) from about 7 or 7½ francs a day at Florence in the season to 5 francs at smaller places. Swiss quotations vary greatly, e.g. Grindelwald or Lucerne 7½ francs, Zermatt (before the railway) 7 francs, Berne 6 francs, and less-frequented places even so low as 4½ and 5 francs. This does not include fees to hotel servants, which are disbursed by the treasurer at the rate of about 5 francs a day for the party. In an expedition to Rome expenses would be higher all round.

The date, the route, and the probable cost having been carefully worked out, the results are embodied in a circular issued to the club, in which notice is also given of forthcoming lectures (arranged for by the committee) on the history, art, etc., of the places to be visited, and a list of books which members will do well to read beforehand and on their return. The latest date for names to be handed in should be AT LEAST four weeks before starting, in order to avoid almost certain confusion, and not

improbably difficulties involving unnecessary expense with hotels.

As soon as all the names have been sent in they are carefully organised into groups. Much of the success of the expedition will depend on this, and it is impossible to forecast the amount of friction that may be caused by faulty, injudicious, or careless arrangements. The *raison d'être* of the "group" is that the chief may know while *en route* exactly where to find any member at any moment, and that he may be able to communicate instructions to the whole party at a minute's notice. In the T.T.C. the party is broken up into groups of seven or eight members, each group containing, so far as possible, an equal number of women and men. The group is placed under a leader or "guide," and is known by a letter of the alphabet. Thus the guide of Party B is held responsible by the chief for the safety and welfare *en route* of all the members of his group. He has to collect them in good time at the stations, to see that all the group luggage is together, and plainly marked by the pink club label stamped B. He has to see the members and their luggage into their compartment (all together wherever possible), to be the medium to them of all instructions from headquarters, and to collect from them any small sums for extras which have been disbursed on their account by the treasurer. Each group contains also a lady "guide," generally a member of some standing in the club, who can help newer members to feel at home, and generally to look after points about which no general rules can be laid down beforehand. The group arrangement is mainly with a view to the actual journeying; when once destinations are reached it is of course not considered desirable that the members of any travelling group should be in any way isolated from the others. It is well to have one or two "unattached" men outside all the groups, to act as generally useful lieutenants to the chiefs, e.g., to "scour" railway carriages and hotel rooms at the last moment to see that no item of personal property has been overlooked by its owner. One of the party acts as post-man: he obtains from hotel managers or the post-offices a sufficiency of stamps and post-cards of the country to furnish to members who may require them, and keeps the accounts of the same. Another member should be placed in charge of the "medicine-chest"—a few simple remedies for those temporary ailments likely to result from sudden changes of climate and temperature. They are best carried in a light satchel with a shoulder-strap, and should, if the itinerary furnishes the opportunity of any mountain climbing, include arnica.

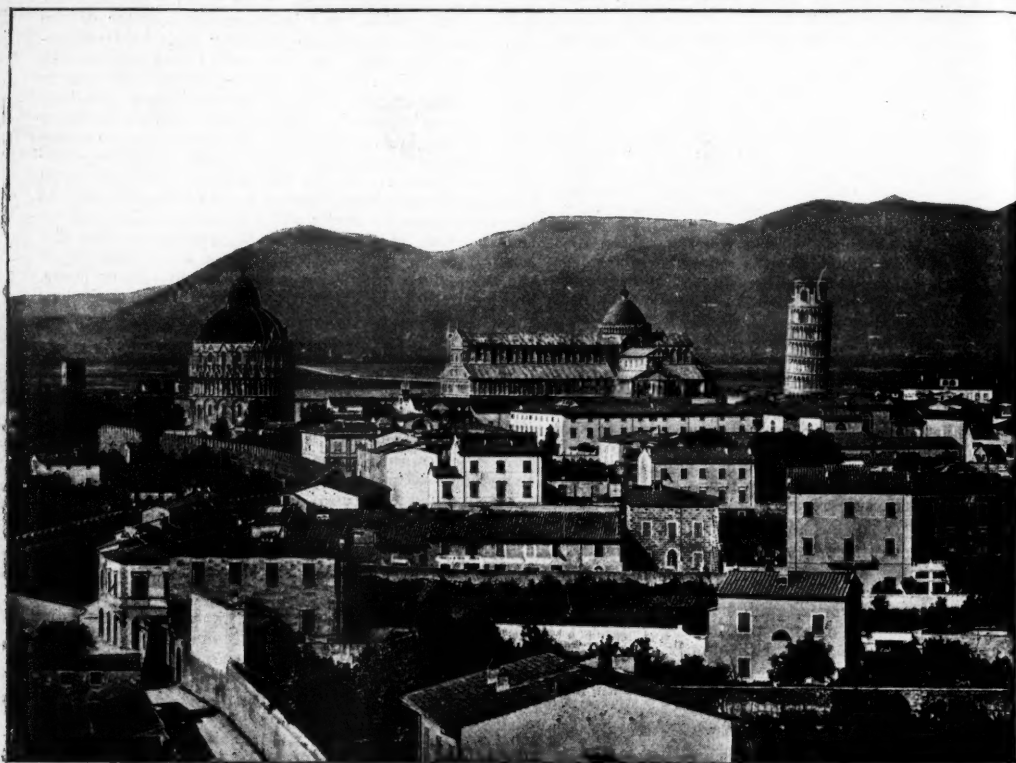
Before starting, the T.T.C. issues a short list of "Hints to Travellers." Luggage must not exceed a medium-sized Gladstone or similar bag small enough to go in the rack of the carriage. Each member may also have a bundle of wraps, a handbag or basket (a satchel with shoulder-strap is most useful) for provisions and other travelling accessories. In other words, members are not supposed to bring more luggage than each can carry for him or herself all at once. Before starting the treasurer should get about £20 changed (at any money-changer's in the City) into gold and silver current in the countries to be visited, and each member will do well to obtain from him a few francs' worth of change for small extras *en route*. English notes and gold can be exchanged at any good hotel. The gold and silver coinage of Belgium, France, Switzerland, and Italy is current in each of these countries alike. Beware of acquiring much copper or nickel, which is only current in the state that issues it, and of obsolete (e.g. Papal) or South American or Greek coins, occasionally palmed off on the unwary. It is not necessary for each member to be provided with a passport, though

* A large party which can thoroughly organise itself from the inside will find it most satisfactory to make its arrangements in the matter of railway fares and hotels for itself. A small party, or one unable to undertake the above arrangements, will save trouble at a higher cost by placing the arrangements in the hands of Messrs. Cook or Gaze.

there should be at least one in the party. There are more or less strict Custom's examinations on the frontiers, but the T.T.C. has now come to be recognised at one or two Continental Custom Houses as a respectable institution, and the officials, owing to courteous representation on the part of the T.T.C. chiefs, and also, perhaps, to the palpable difficulty of forcibly evicting fifty people at once should they be inclined to the doctrine of passive resistance, have now ceased to rouse the party from their weary slumbers and drag them into the Custom House in the middle of the night.

As a rule, it is best to wear woollen or other warm clothes, and to take a single change besides those worn.

Always carry soap: Continental hotels, as readers of Mark Twain will remember, do not provide it. Drinking water in foreign towns and villages is generally more or less open to suspicion unless previously boiled, but in Italy the common wine of the country (Chianti, *e.g.*) is cheap and extensively used, and teetotalers can generally obtain aerated waters. Foreign coffee is universally excellent; tea a doubtful concoction. Those who care about the latter should take their own from home. The present writer once tried to buy some tea (supposed to be *tè Inglese*) at a Tuscan hill-town. It was only to be had at the chemist's, and was measured out of a wide-mouthed glass-stoppered bottle, and weighed on the



PISA, SHOWING THE CATHEDRAL AND THE LEANING TOWER.

Variations of temperature in Italy are often very sudden and extensive, and one may go from a broiling piazza blazing with sunshine into a narrow street, dark and cold, or into a church (not usually warmed) where the air strikes as dank and chill as in a vault. A great-coat or warm cloak is indispensable; also a thick shawl or Austrian blanket (as warm and much lighter than an ordinary railway-rug) for sea and night travelling. Umbrellas on a long journey are generally in the way; if taken they may be strapped together in "group" sheaves and labelled with a group label, and are then less liable to breakage and loss.

The sudden variation of light in Southern Europe is apt to be very trying to eyes accustomed only to our dark and dull climate. Hence it is well to be provided with smoked or coloured glasses fully protecting the eyes.

drug scales, presumably by apothecaries' weight. It proved a nauseous atrocity. Lastly, in addition to opera-glass, note-book, guide-book, etc., each traveller should be provided with a good-sized pocket-book for coupon tickets, and a secure inside pocket for money in waist-coat or bodice.

Considering the reduced rates at which such a party as the one indicated above is received per head at the hotels, it is not to be expected that each member can be provided with a separate bedroom. Hence in the T.T.C. it is the custom to have a list drawn up before starting of twos and threes who will agree to share a room. To have this clearly understood beforehand saves trouble. As a rule the food provided in the hotels where the T.T.C. has stayed is excellent, both in quality and quantity. The committee's charges, according to the

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estimate previously announced, paid to the treasurer (in instalments if desired) by each member before starting, vary (for Italy, exclusive of Rome) from £10 to £13, and cover railway fares and lodging with two good meals a day. All other meals, wine (usually), fires in bedroom, tram or train fares for excursions, etc., are extras, and are paid for by each member at the time. These extras will of course vary, but with care and economy 30s. or £2 should suffice on a three weeks' expedition. Subjoined is a specimen bill from the T.T.C. expedition to Venice in 1889 (eighteen days away from London, *via* Harwich and Antwerp, Lucerne, and Milan, and back), two nights being spent on the boat and two in the train:—

Cr.	£	s.	d.	Dr.	£	s.	d.
To cash (estimate)	10	0	0	By railway ticket	5	15	9
				Hotel at Lucerne		5	7
				" " Milan		6	0
				" " Verona (2 days)...		9	7
				" " Venice (9 days)...		1	13
				" " Milan (return)...		6	0
				" " Lugano (2 days)...		12	10
				Extras (fees to servants, etc.) ...		7	2
				Stamps ...		1	1
Less returned ...	1	2		Lunch at Antwerp		1	3
	£9	18	10		£9	18	10

Personal extras (about) 30s.

It is, of course, to be borne in mind that in a club of the nature of the T.T.C. all office is honorary and absolutely gratuitous. The chief's very onerous work is done as by friends for personal friends. Hence anything but a kindly give-and-take make-the-best-of-things spirit (even when you are compelled, under penalty of being left behind, to breakfast somewhere between 3 and 5 a.m.) would be simply fatal to the usefulness of the expedition. For consider what the chiefs have to do. In their hands is all the finance, railway coupons, hotel bills, etc. Some one must be able to speak fluently the language of the country. Some one must telegraph on for reserved carriages to the next changing place, and write two or three days before arriving at each hotel for a list of the rooms placed at their disposal, and the accommodation in each. The tickets must be *visé* (on Italian lines at each starting station).

On arrival the sight-seeing must be carefully organised, and those friends who have perchance offered their courteous assistance interviewed. Perhaps the most difficult of the leaders' many tasks is to make all things work together in harmony, and to inspire the party generally with the desire to go and do likewise; to resist the temptation of allowing the mechanical operation of "serving tables" to engross their time and strength to the exclusion of those social and intellectual aims which are the *raison d'être* and the very life blood of the club.* If any body of students can find one or two such leaders, or, better still, if such leaders can find themselves, let them bestir themselves and go. Europe is within their grasp.

* To a properly-organised democratic society nothing ought to be impossible. But it is not improbable that a club newly starting would experience considerable difficulty in finding among its members any one uniting at once all the above qualifications. Where, on careful consideration, it was found impossible for even two or three or more members combined to furnish sufficient native talent to carry the arrangements through, recourse might be had either to a regular tourist agency, or to some city clerk accustomed to commercial correspondence and good at finance, who would be glad to join the expedition and perform the mechanical part of the duties involved in return for the whole or part of his expenses.

THE LIVERPOOL "CARAVANS."

The Toynbee Travellers' Club may be not unjustifiably considered as to some extent the parent of some three or four educational travelling clubs on similar lines; inasmuch as it not only showed by its own achievements that co-operative travelling was within the range of the practical politics of the higher education, but its officers were able to place at the service of those who wished to follow suit some of the harvest of experience which they themselves had reaped.

First among these societies stands the very successful "Caravan" of the Liverpool Teachers' Guild; the name, it may be said by way of explanation, having been bestowed haphazard upon the party in the first instance by a Milanese hotel-proprietor, and subsequently adopted by the club as a distinctive and original designation. The Liverpool Teachers' Guild is a useful society of some 550 members: teachers in secondary and elementary schools and others interested in the theory and practice of education, women predominating. The Guild holds its fortnightly meetings at University College. Early in 1889 it occurred to some of the members to ask, "Why should not the Guild do like Toynbee Hall, and organise an expedition to Florence next Easter?" A first "Caravan" was formed, consisting of seventy-seven teachers and their friends. The Caravan was organised on the small-group-system for greater convenience *en route*, and left Liverpool for Florence on April 16th, returning on May 10th. Not only were several days spent at Florence, but something was also seen of Antwerp, Milan, Pisa, Como, and Brussels. The cost of railway ticket and hotel charges (accommodation and two good meals a day), was about £12 12s. At Antwerp the public authorities opened the museums and "monuments historiques" to the party; but, on the whole, Liverpool has generally preferred to do its sight-seeing on the individual rather than the co-operative basis, and so has not since asked for the privilege of free admission to museums, generously granted to educational bodies by the Italian Government.

The first Caravan was so successful that its promoters wished to see the expeditions placed on a permanent basis. This was done early in 1890, and the Caravans are now organised by a Travelling Committee of the Guild. The method of procedure is as follows:—

1. A circular is issued to the whole Guild suggesting an expedition, with its probable date.

2. Those members who wish to take part in it send in their names and a deposit of 10s. This last forms an instalment of the committee's charges, but is forfeited to defray expenses should the member afterwards withdraw his or her name.

3. A meeting is called of those who have entered their names. These decide in orthodox democratic fashion the exact route and destination, and the halting places out and home, and authorise the chief of the party to carry out, so far as may be possible, their wishes.

4. The chief then communicates with the railway companies, hotels, etc., and prints the results in a circular.

5. Members have to organise themselves into small groups (of this the committee declines the responsibility), the lists of groups are printed (members who will agree to share a room being bracketed), and a copy is sent to each member, and also to the various hotel proprietors, in order that the party may be comfortably billeted.

Since the Caravans were thus organised on a permanent basis annual expeditions have been successfully carried out. At Easter, 1890, a large party (seventy) visited Venice by the Harwich, Rotterdam, Rhine, and Brenner route, halting at Cologne going, and at Munich and

Cologne coming back. Verona was unable to cope with so large a party of "forestieri"—perhaps the hotel-keepers took alarm, remembering that a smaller party of the Tynbee travellers the year before had been with some little difficulty accommodated—so the extra three days that would otherwise have been given to Verona were spent very enjoyably at Venice. The cost (railway and hotel bills) was about £12, and the party were eighteen days away from home.

In 1891 the Caravan organised an expedition in the summer to Switzerland instead of to Italy. Forty-four members went from Liverpool to Lucerne together on August 4th. At Lucerne, however, the responsibility of the committee ended. The party broke up into small self-formed groups of seven or eight, and until these all re-assembled at Lucerne for the journey home at the end of August, each group was entirely responsible for itself, making all its own hotel arrangements, choosing its own route and leader, and generally acting on Home Rule principles. The committee had, however, drawn up and printed a useful little pamphlet containing particulars of twelve enjoyable routes, with names of hotels, pensions or inns, and "sights," together with a few general hints. The cost as far as Lucerne and back came to £52s. 10d. per head. Expenses of living, etc., while in Switzerland naturally varied, according to the ambition of the members; but, speaking generally, the average expense per head was probably altogether about £15. For Easter, 1892, two expeditions were arranged: one by the committee to Paris, from April 14th to 29th inclusive, of seventy or eighty members; and a second and much smaller party, arranged independently by some forty members themselves, who had been disappointed at the idea of not seeing Italy this year, to Rome. The cost of the fortnight's expedition to Paris was calculated at about £6 10s.; that of the eighteen days' expedition to Rome at £14 10s. or £15.

The Teachers' Guild Caravans have been of inestimable service in the social development of the Guild. Once for all they have broken down that barrier of reserve and isolation between individual members which militate so strongly against corporate life in great towns. Once for all the spirit of isolation gave way to a spirit of mutual respect and reliance, and to a genial confidence of members in each other. People who had travelled together for 2,000 miles, who had seen each other successfully surmounting incidents which tried both patience and endurance, and brought out the capacities of each one's character for a public-spirited unselfishness, could never

again regard their fellow travellers as merely so many undistinguishable units. The great difficulty in all overgrown modern cities is the awakening of its corporate soul. Perhaps these humble co-operative pilgrimages may in their quiet way contribute their quota to that end. Who knows?

As regards the effect of the pilgrimages on the members themselves, that is a point which cannot be tabulated in statistics. But it may be remarked generally that an educational expedition to Italy may mean, for those who live simple and natural lives of hard work, perhaps of drudgery of a monotonous nature in a grimy manufacturing or shipping city, nothing less than the birth of a *vita nuova*—a sudden awakening to the majesty and the beauty of the world of nature and the world of art. The history of painting and architecture, the history of mediæval Florence and Venice, the names of Giotto and St. Francis, of Dante and Carpaccio and

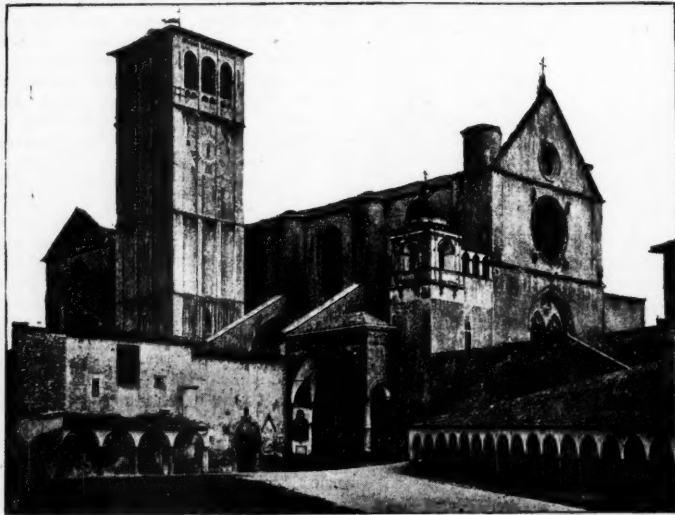
Perugino, are henceforth and for ever not mere abstractions but realities of the most living and inspiring kind. Real, too, is the meaning of colour and light in a southern latitude; real and vital the significance of the words "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from whence cometh my help." Nor are the jokes and incidents of the journey the least pleasant items to recall in after days: how the captain of a group alighted at a Dutch station to search for bread, and being attired in cricket

cap and "blazer" was detained by the station authorities as an escaped lunatic, and only allowed to proceed by the next train on his satisfying them that he was perfectly harmless; or how the train suddenly went on at Coblenz leaving one member vainly endeavouring to escape from detaining officials, and how when the train pulled up at the next station the lost one was desecrated triumphantly driving up in a cab.

THE MANCHESTER TOURING CLUB.

There are two clubs of this name in Manchester, one dating from 1890, and connected with the various educational institutions of the town, and the other a new institution, which has recently organised an excursion more on the Polytechnic lines, and has, somewhat unfortunately, given itself the same designation as the older club.

The educational club was started with an expedition at Easter, 1890, to Florence. Its aim is distinctly educational, and teachers have the first choice, after whom come University Extension and Art students and persons



CATHEDRAL OF ST. FRANCIS, AT ASSISI.

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who are able to afford assistance in the organisation of tours. This club is perhaps rather more exclusively a middle-class club than either the Toynbee Hall one or that of the Liverpool Guild; for although clerks and artisans would be admitted if qualified under the rules, the time and cost would be practically prohibitive. The members of the club are (1) those who took part in the first expedition, and (2) those who have taken part in subsequent expeditions and are qualified under the rules. Other persons may be admitted to expeditions as associates when vacancies permit. The affairs of the club are managed by a committee elected by the club, but with the proviso that the various educational institutions of Manchester shall be thereon represented. Thus at present the committee includes two professors of Owen's

College, one mistress of the High School, one master of the Grammar School, and two ladies and two men representing the University Extension students. A regular course of lectures is organised every winter in reference to the places which it is proposed to visit in the spring—two hundred attended the recent course on Rome—and, other things being equal, preference is given in making up the party to those who have attended the lectures. The expeditions hitherto undertaken have been as follows:—

1890, Florence;
1891, Venice;
1892, Rome. The cost is, generally speaking, the railway fare *plus* about £5 for hotels, and the annual subscription to the club is 2s. 6d. The president of the club is the principal of Owen's College, and there are three vice-presidents, two head masters, and one head mistress.

The Manchester Touring Club began with being, as regards expeditions, somewhat less definitely organised internally than the other co-operative educational clubs, and in this resembles more the expedition arrangements of the Polytechnic. The co-operative part of the expedition consisted mainly in combining on railway journeys and at hotels; otherwise members "chum" as and if they please, individually rather than as a complete whole. Hence in the accounts contributed by various members to various Manchester journals after their return from the first Florentine expedition, there is more freedom of criticism of fellow-travellers than would perhaps be the

case where each member feels strongly the bond connecting not only personal friends who have found in each other kindred spirits *en route*, but each and all of the party on the general ground that they were "members of the party," whether kindred spirits or not.

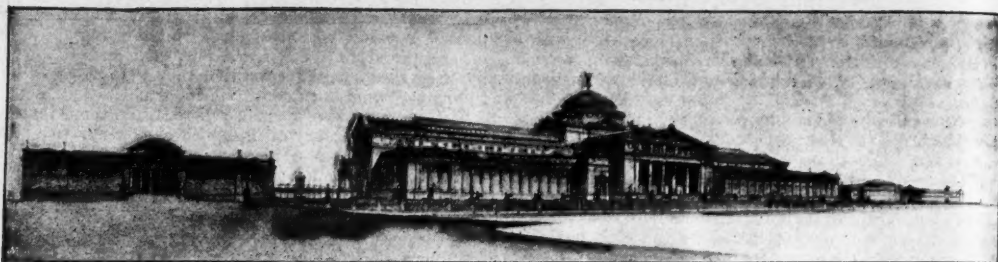
That here, no less than elsewhere, Italy, the Alps, and the marvellous beauty of Florence gave birth to a *vita nuova*, is clear from a pleasant account of the first expedition printed in the *Manchester Quarterly* for January, 1891. References are made there to, among several others, a certain member of the party, a "good solid English lass" who had never been away from home before. She was known as the "young one," and to her the passage of the Alps and Milan Cathedral were a sublime revelation. Wandering over the roof of the

Duomo with a silent companion in the early morning, "struck by a statue of singular grace, and overwhelmed by the profusion of artistic work, the 'young one, with a new look in her face, turned and said, 'It makes me feel very humble when I think I am chosen to see these things, and so many left at home who never can come here.' What had taken place? This was not our girl of yesterday—Lucerne and the snow-clad Alps, the landslip at Arth, the rushing Reuss, and the marvels of the scenery of the St. Gotthard with the eternal snow, the little shrines in the valley of the Ticino; the memory of Bellinzona and the glimpse of Mag-

giore, Lugano seen in evening light, and Como too; Easter Sunday in the Cathedral, on whose roof we were, and the gorgeous procession, and the incense, and the music, and the triumph of the risen Christ—all were gathered in her eyes and face, and the awakened soul made her humble. The other had no words to speak. Leaning over a balustrade, still surrounded by the pinnacles and statues, with the city below, and the rich Lombard plain around, she continued, 'I do not so much wonder now that the Italians have done so much. The children's eyes are opened on things of beauty, and I am only just beginning to see.' Up they went to the topmost height. The morning mists were lifted, and gradually peak after peak shone white in the far distance, and no words were said—the scene and the occasion were too solemn. As they turned to descend from the roof, one lingering look was



THE CATHEDRAL AT SIENNA.



FINE ART GALLERY, WORLD'S FAIR, CHICAGO.

(Architect, C. B. Atwood.)

cast round, and the 'young one' said, 'I don't think they were paid to do this work; they did it because they loved God, for His honour and the glory of their city.'

The pilgrims from the grimy, prosaic Cottonopolis of looms and factories were struck one day by the sight of two Tuscan girls weaving on primitive straw-plaiting looms at Fiesole at the corner of the open street, "one singing; the other, younger, had her hand on the loom, and her lips were pressed to a little picture of our Lord, which hung on the loom-post. Happy labour in the free heaven which had pause for a brief prayer, and time for a tender thought to thrill the breast, and an act of devotion!" Happy labour indeed: for were not those Tuscan *contadine* of the number of those whom Ruskin has so beautifully called "Christ's folk in the Apennine?"

The second Manchester Touring Club is at present but in the tentative stage of existence through which the other clubs have passed. Its aim is, like that of the Polytechnic, at present recreational rather than educational, except in the sense that all foreign travel must necessarily be in some sort or other an educational process.

THE ART WORKERS' GUILD EXPEDITIONS.

This recently formed but successful co-operative travelling club is another of the indirect children of the Toynbee Travellers, inasmuch as it was organised and established largely through the instrumentality of two actual members of the T.T.C. All or nearly all those who took part in the expedition to Venice in September 1891 were members of the Art Workers' Guild, of whom the president is Mr. W. B. Richmond, A.R.A. Among the twenty-seven travellers were painters, sculptors, etchers, brass and iron-workers, wood-carvers, and architects, while a few outsiders, friends of members of the A.W.G., and of artistic sympathies, were also admitted. The party was composed entirely of men, and, while most successful from the artistic point of view, some lack was felt on the social side by those who had travelled with mixed parties, owing to the entire absence of ladies. The travellers were arranged in groups of eight each under captains, and the Toynbee organisation generally was followed throughout. The route was *via* Dover, Ostend, *Brussels, *Bâle, *Milan, *Verona, *Venice, *Padua, *Mantua, *Pavia, *Milan, Bâle, Brussels, Ostend, and Dover [a halt was made at the places here marked with an asterisk], and the time from start to finish occupied nineteen days. The cost—second-class on railway and first on steamer, hotel accommodation, and three meals a day (including wine and lemonade) at Venice, and incidental necessary expenses—was well under £13.

The interest and pleasure of the expedition was considerably enhanced by the introductions obtained for the Guild by Mr. Richmond from Signor Villari, the Italian Minister of Public Instruction, to the artistic and civil authorities in each Italian city visited; and at Venice the party greatly benefited from the assistance of the architect, Prof. D. Rupolo, during the whole of their stay. The general results were so satisfactory that another expedition will be arranged in the ensuing September, probably to Florence. Many sketches and rubbings and other valuable artistic results were obtained. This is the first co-operative educational travelling club that has chosen the autumn rather than the spring for its expedition to Italy, and the wisdom of the Art Workers' Guild's choice was fully justified by results. Italy was in the midst of her grape harvest and wine-pressing when the travellers passed through Lombardy and Venetia. Fruit was plentiful; pomegranates, figs, melons, grapes, etc., could be procured in abundance for a few *soldi*. The landscape presented one glorious wealth of colour.

THE POLYTECHNIC TRIPS.

Those who have reached the thirties can remember the time when the Polytechnic was connected in their minds mainly with Pepper's "Ghost," to which they were treated in the Christmas holidays by benevolent uncles. The Polytechnic of the present day is by no means ghostly; on the contrary, it is indubitably substantial, containing technical schools, classes in science, art, and literature, and innumerable societies for promoting the physical, moral, and intellectual welfare of some eleven thousand students and members. The members of the Institute are young men and women between the ages of sixteen and twenty-five.

There are 200 classes for instruction in almost every branch of learning, and recently-published statistics in regard to the male students of the technical classes show their ordinary occupations to be as follows:—

Occupation.	Numbers on the books.
Clerks, etc.	2,618
Building trades, etc.	1,720
Engineers	320
Tailors	247
Metal-plate workers,	242
Printing trades	205
Furniture trades	165
Teachers	160
Electricians	135
Watchmakers and jewellers	125

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As was pointed out in the REVIEW OF REVIEWS for August, 1891, in a description of the Polytechnic invasion of Norway, the excursions now so widely known originated in Mr. Hogg's custom several years ago of inviting London lads and youths down to his country-house in the summer as his guests. From this germ has grown the system which extends its operations from Norway and Madeira to the forthcoming World's Fair at Chicago in 1893.

The first regular Polytechnic excursions were to Paris in 1889, when 2,500 persons through its agency visited the exhibition; and to Switzerland, a pedestrian excursion for lads, in the same year. From 1889 to 1891 inclusive the Polytechnic had enabled no less than some 9,000 persons to enjoy a pleasant holiday, whether in foreign countries or in the British Isles. It should be remembered that the Polytechnic and most of the co-operative travelling clubs are *not* meant for persons whose means are quite adequate to allow them to avail themselves of arrangements made by Messrs. Cook and Gaze and other regular commercial agencies. But the Polytechnic excursions in so far resemble the "personally conducted," that they deal with very large numbers, that they take all comers without enquiry of any kind, provided they accept conditions; and whereas in e.g., the Toynbee Travellers' Club, an expedition is a *terminus a quo*, and the club exists to be a bond of union at home among those limited numbers who have been fellow-travellers, and to arrange for the study at home of foreign art, history, science, and politics, in the Polytechnic the excursion is the *terminus ad quem*, it being obviously impossible to keep touch with two or three thousand fresh people every year who hail miscellaneously from all parts of the United Kingdom.

Among the excursions which have either already taken place, or are in course of formation, are:—

(1) The excursion to the WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO in 1893. Parties will travel by the Inman and the Hamburg American Packet Co. The charges will be 25 gs. from Liverpool and 26 gs. from Southampton per head for the tour and back, including two days at New York, one at Washington, and five at Chicago. The route out will be by Philadelphia, returning by Niagara, Albany, and the Hudson River. Special parties will be formed for engineers.

(2) NORWAY has already been dealt with in these columns (see REVIEW OF REVIEWS, August, 1891), and hence no more need be said of the "Poly" excursions in their chartered steamer than that the holiday was of a fortnight's duration, and the vessel carried at a time from 100 to 115 persons, about 35 per cent. of whom were ladies. It may be here observed that the Polytechnic excursions afford considerably greater facilities to men than to women; the latter in some cases not being admitted to an excursion at all. The fare for the fortnight's travel and board and lodging on the vessel was £8 5s. 0d.; but all expenses incurred by the land excursions were extras. For a three weeks' tour the charge is £12 15s. 0d. To the general

public, not previously connected with the Polytechnic, there is an extra booking fee of 10s. 6d.

(3) MADEIRA.—These excursions are open to both sexes. Parties travel by the Castle Line and the Union Steamship Co., and are set down at Madeira on the out or return voyage of vessels running to the Cape.

The general advantages of an excursion to a place so much off the beaten track as Madeira include a long sea voyage on a large ship, an insight into ship-life, and the meeting with persons returning home from the Cape; the very characteristically foreign scene on the arrival at Madeira, the swarming confusion when the ship was boarded by yelling natives, whose voices were not those of St. Chrysostom; the landing in pitch darkness in the middle of the night, the ghostly appearance of the Customs boat, and the subsequent gliding over the smooth stones of narrow lanes in *carros*, through a darkness broken only by the unintelligible shouting of the *carro*-driver; and the opportunities afforded by the excursions on the island, of getting a glimpse of the life of the native Portuguese negroid away from large towns, content to work hard and live plainly under his own vine and his own fig-tree.

(4) MOROCCO.—An excursion open to both sexes, will be made to Morocco in September, going by steamer to Gibraltar, and then across the Strait to Tangier, with a round trip on mules to Tetuan. The excursion will take from eighteen days to three weeks, and will afford an insight into Oriental life, manners, and customs.

(5) SWITZERLAND.—For youths only, a pedestrian personally-conducted excursion of sixteen days inclusive. Members must expect to rough it somewhat. Food is plentiful but plain, and the cost, including railway fare and hotel accommodation, with two meals a day, is £7 5s.; non-members of the Polytechnic paying 10s. 6d. extra.

(6) THE ARDENNES.—For youths only, starting weekly during August; a week's pedestrian excursion costing, to members, £3.

(7) DUBLIN AND KILLARNEY.—Two fortnightly parties, staying at Dunloe Castle, costing, to Polytechnic members, £4 5s., and 7s. 6d. extra to non-members. Two meals a day.

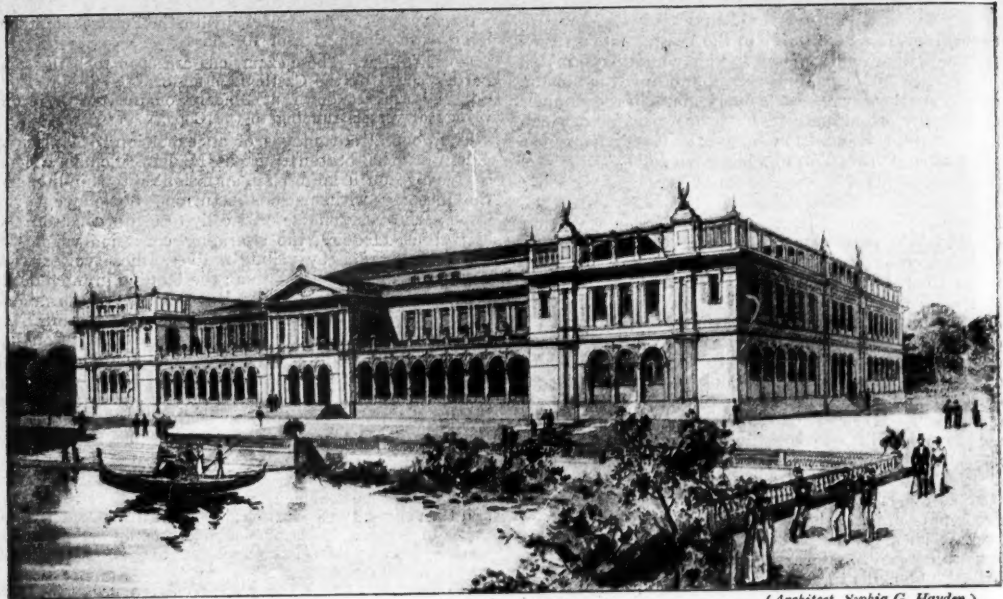
It is perhaps worthy of remark that both the Toynbee Travellers' Club, and the Polytechnic trips were founded by Etonians. Eton, to the average democratic mind, suggests all that is exclusive and Tory, and yet she has been the indirect parent of a far-reaching and thoroughly democratic educational movement, furnishing the means on the one hand of academic education in art and European history to working men and women, comparatively limited in numbers, who needed but to be furnished with the opportunity to claim it gladly; and, on the other, of recreational education to several thousands of the workers in the artisan and so-called lower middle class dwelling in those great towns which are commonly regarded as hide-bound in Philistinism.



THE WORLD'S FAIR AT CHICAGO: TRANSPORTATION EXHIBITS.

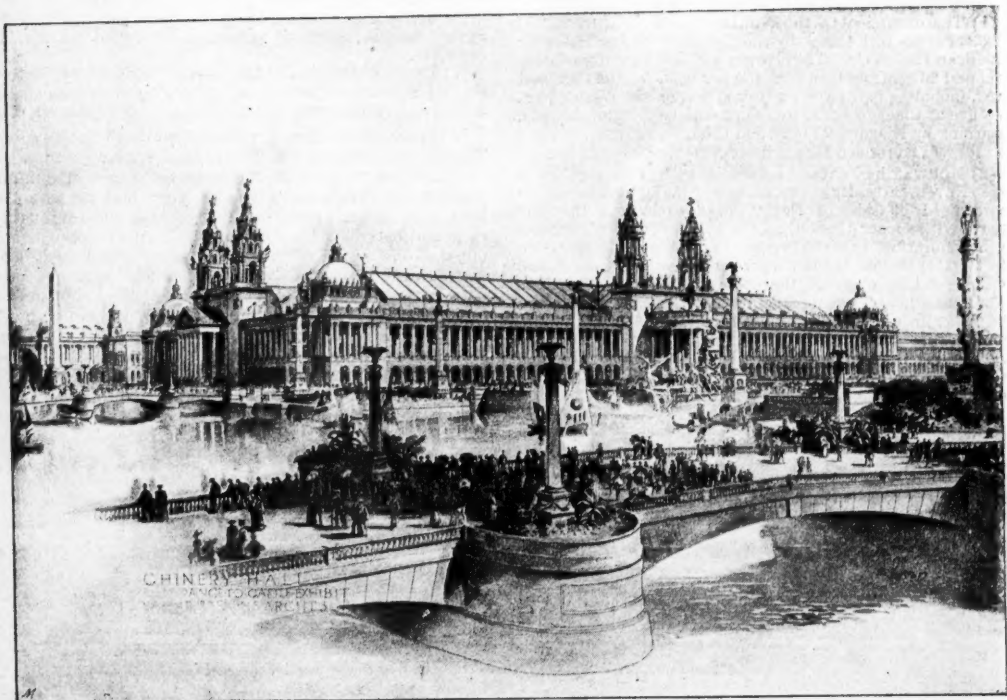
(Architects, Adler and Sullivan.)

VIEWS OF THE WORLD'S FAIR BUILDINGS AT CHICAGO.



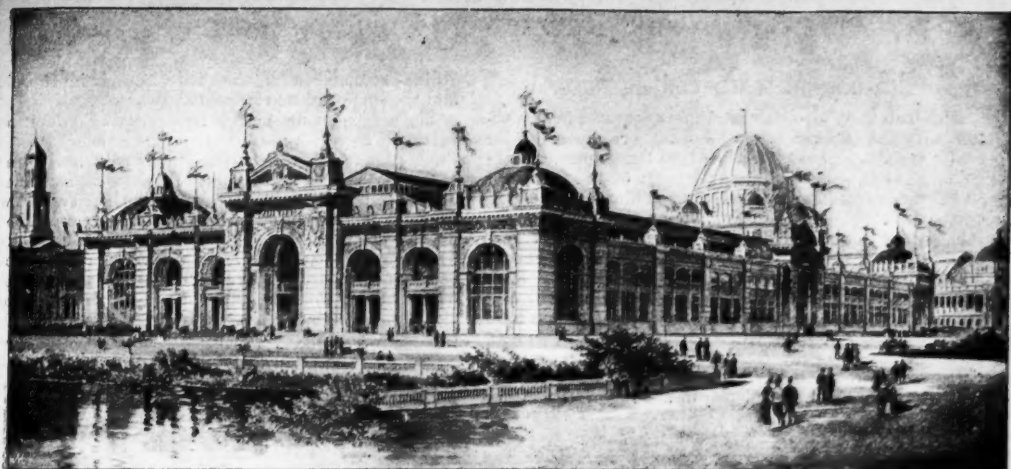
WOMAN'S BUILDING.

(Architect, Sophia G. Hayden.)



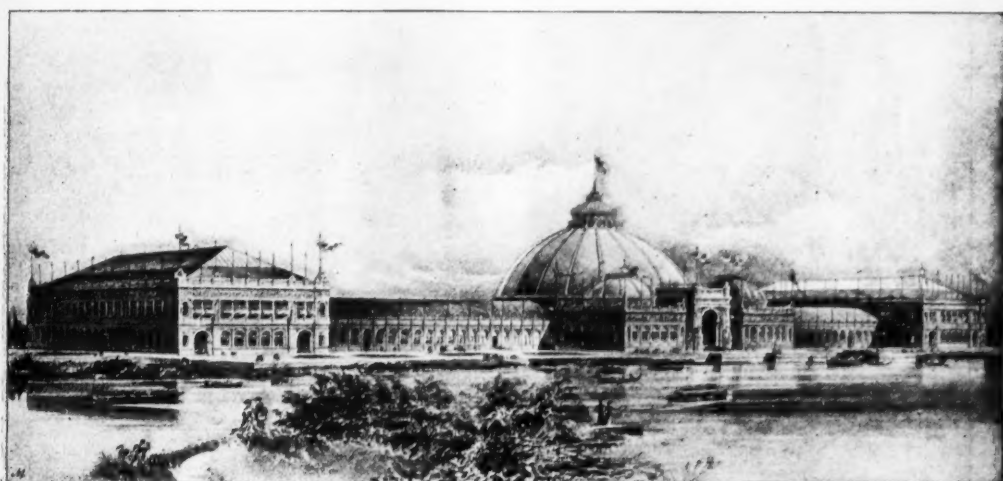
THE MACHINERY HALL.

(Architects, Peabody and Stearns.)



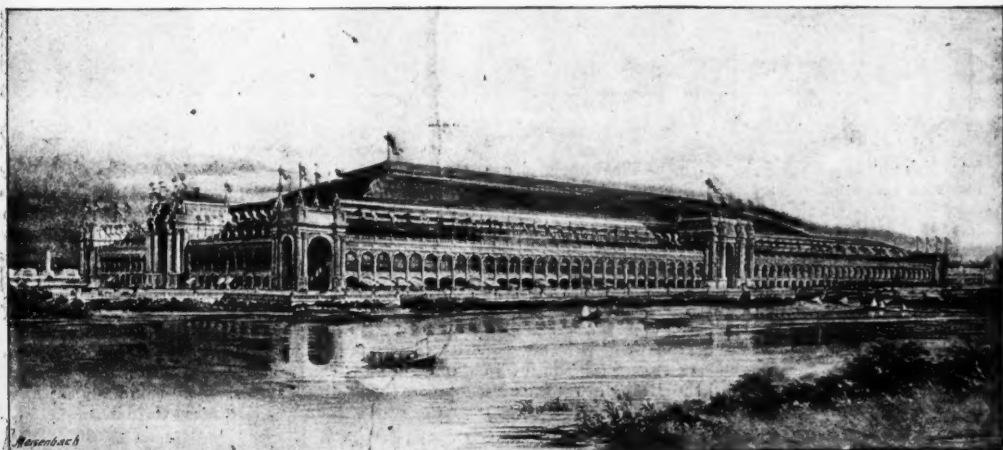
MINES AND MINING BUILDING.

(Architect, S. S. Benson.)



HORTICULTURAL HALL.

(Architect, W. L. B. Jenay.)



MANUFACTURES AND LIBERAL ARTS.

(Architect, Geo. B. Post.)

THE GRINDELWALD CONFERENCES.

Although there are other prominent features in connection with the *Review of the Churches'* arrangements for conferences to be held in Switzerland this summer, these gatherings are also a definite outgrowth of the Co-operative Holiday movement. Dr. Lunn had himself conducted one of the Polytechnic Norway parties, and it was during this voyage that the idea first occurred to him of persuading a number of ministers to join in a common holiday. The idea of the Conference was of later growth. The arrangements for this gathering will cost Dr. Lunn over £1,000, and such an expense would have been out of the question had it not been for the facilities given both by railway companies and hotels to large parties of tourists.

Dr. Lunn has had no difficulty in making arrangements

Rhine steamer can be taken from Mannheim to Cologne, and the line of route rejoined at Brussels.

The arrangements for this Grindelwald Conference are, perhaps, more akin to the programme of the great Chautauqua assembly than anything that has been previously attempted in Europe. In each case a centre has been selected possessing great natural beauty. It would probably be difficult to find a more delightful centre from which to visit the chief Swiss resorts than Grindelwald. The American gathering and its Swiss copy are each the occasion for addresses by the leaders of different schools of theological thought. There is also a distinctly educational side to the Grindelwald gathering, though this is not such an important element as in the case of its American prototype. A series of reading parties have, however, been arranged for in divinity, classics, mathematics, history, and law.



GRINDELWALD.

by which any one in sympathy with the ideal of the closer union of sectarianism can visit Switzerland, spend ten days at Grindelwald, and then come home as they like, the whole cost of the journey to and fro, and of ten days' stay at Grindelwald, being covered by ten guineas. The special feature of these parties is that they cease to be in any sense "personally conducted" after arriving at Grindelwald. The tickets are available for return singly or in small groups, and the homeward journey can be broken at any of the principal stations. This is an especially valuable concession for those who wish to include a journey down the Rhine in their Swiss holiday. The line of route can be left at Strasburg; the

The centre of interest in the Grindelwald meetings will undoubtedly be found in the discussions on Reunion, to be presided over in July by the Bishop of Ripon, Mr. Price Hughes, and Dr. Clifford; and in September by the Bishop of Worcester, the President of the Wesleyan Conference, and Archdeacon Farrar.

There seems every probability that these parties, with the description of which we close this article, will be more numerous than any that have ever left England for the Continent. Already over five hundred have secured places, and the number may be doubled or trebled before the summer is over. Any who wish to join should write to Dr. Lunn, 5, Endsleigh Gardens, London, N.W.

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THE CONTENTS OF REVIEWS AND MAGAZINES AT HOME AND ABROAD.

- Albemarle Review.** (Swan Sonnenschein, Paternoster Square.) June. 6d.
Politics in the Home. Mrs. Henry Fawcett.
The Evolution of a Village. R. B. Cunningham-Graham.
L'Éternel Féminin. Mrs. Holland Hollier.
A Social Problem. A. Ingham Whitaker.
All the World. (Salvation Army, Clerkenwell Road.) June. 6d.
Our African Social Farm. Capt. Hayman.
Amateur Work. (Warwick House, Salisbury Square.) June. 6d.
Printing for Amateurs. (Illus.) Sun-Dials and Dialling. (Illus.)
American Catholic Quarterly Review. 25, Orchard Street.) April. 5 dols. per annum.
The Catholic Idea in Prophecy. Very Rev. A. F. Hewitt.
Beatrice and Other Allegorical Characters in Dante. Rev. J. Conway.
"Father Hermann." Theodora L. L. Teeling.
Christopher Columbus. R. H. Clarke.
Church and State in France. Very Rev. J. Hogan.
Cardinal Manning. A. F. Marshall and Cardinal Gibbons.
Catholic Astronomers. Rev. D. T. O'Sullivan.
The Two Kenricks. Canon J. O'Hanlon.
Andover Review. (Warwick House, Salisbury Square.) May. 35 c.
Bishop Brooks. Rev. J. H. Ward.
Congregational Churches and Modern Religious Life. Rev. Dr. W. Calkins.
The Attempt at Church Union in Japan. Rev. D. W. Learned.
Church and State in Canada. G. R. Stinson.
Have we too many Churches? Rev. H. A. Bridgman.
Missions and Civilisation. I. Rev. C. C. Starbuck.
Annals of the American Academy of Political and Social Science. (5, King Street, Westminster.) May. 1 dol. 25 c.
Practical Working of the Australian System of Voting in Massachusetts. R. H. Dana.
Merits and Defects of the Pennsylvania Ballot Law of 1891. C. C. Binney.
Indian Education. F. W. Blackmar.
Antiquary. (62, Paternoster Row.) June. 1s.
Archæology in Shrewsbury Museum. John Ward.
The Cistercian Abbey of Maulbronn. (Illus.) Dr. H. Barber.
Arena. (5, Agar Street, Strand.) May. 50 c.
Felix Austria. Emil Blum.
Psychical Research: More Interesting Cases. Rev. M. J. Savage.
The Use of Public Ways by Private Corporations. S. L. Powers and S. Schindler.
Zoroaster and Persian Dualism. Prof. J. T. Bixby.
The Woman's Cause is Man's. With Portrait. Frances R. Willard.
The Strength and Weakness of the People's Movement. Eva McDonald-Valeah.
Alcohol in its Relation to the Bible. Dr. H. A. Hartt.
Argosy. (8, New Burlington Street.) June. 6d.
In the Lotus Land. (Illus.) C. W. Wood.
Astrologer's Magazine. (1, Angel Court, Strand.) June. 4d.
Lessons in Astrology.
Atlantic Monthly. (Warwick House, Salisbury Square.) June. 1s.
The Education of the Negro. W. T. Harris.
The Emerson-Thoreau Correspondence. F. B. Sanborn.
John Austen. Janet Ross.
Chinese and Japanese Traits. E. F. Fenollosa.
The Witching Wren. Olive T. Miller.
The Discovery of a New Stellar System. A. Searle.
Private Life in Ancient Rome. II. H. W. Preston and Louise Dodge.
Whitman.
Bankers' Magazine. (85, London Wall.) June. 1s. 6d.
The Silver Question.
Limited Liability and Banking.
The Mystery of Pulley Values. T. J. Searle.
Belford's Monthly. (834, Broadway, New York.) May. 25 c.
California as a Grain Producer. W. M. Clemens.
A Democratic Suggestion. E. N. Vandaligham.
The Deceitful Question. Paul Deke.
Physical Culture.
Biblia. (Paternoster House, Charing Cross Road.) May. 10 c.
2s. 6d.
Miss Amelia B. Edwards. With Portrait. W. C. Winslow.
Blackwood's Magazine. (37, Paternoster Row.) June. 1s. 6d.
Old Elections. Lord Brabourne.
The Case for Moderate Drinking. Dr. Farquharson.
Contemporary German Novelists. Speech. Sir Herbert Maxwell.
Europe and Africa.
About Soldiers.
The Insurrection in Mongolia.
The Coming Struggle.
Board of Trade Journal. (Byre and Spottiswoode, East Harding Street.) May 15. 6d.
The Coal Production of Germany.
The Canadian Sulphur Industry.
The Foreign Trade of Japan in 1891.
Bookman. (27, Paternoster Row.) June. 6d.
The Carlyles. IX.
The Work of Mrs. Humphry Ward. With Portrait.
A Talk with Mr. Edmund Gosse. R. Blathwayt.
Literary Dublin. Jane Barlow.
Russell, of the Scotsman.
Boy's Own Paper. (56, Paternoster Row.) June. 6d.
The Scottish National Game of Golf. Dr. Gordon Stables.
An Insurrection in Burmah. W. de C. Ireland.
Californian Illustrated Magazine. (430, Strand.) May. 25 c.
The Press of San Francisco. With Portraits. J. P. Cramer.
The National Guard of California. (Illus.) Brigadier-Gen. C. C. Allen.
Some American Glaciers. With Maps and Illustrations. C. H. Ames.
A Tournament in Taumachy. (Illus.) Eugene A. Holmes.
Tennyson and the Nineteenth Century. With Portrait. L. W. Smith.
The Nicaragua Canal—History and Technique. With Portraits. W. L. Merry.
Opium and its Votaries. (Illus.) F. J. Masters.
At the Napa Soda Springs. (Illus.) H. R. Trevor.
Cassell's Family Magazine. (Ludgate Hill.) June. 7d.
Through an Eastern Desert on Foot. (Illus.) E. A. Sterns.
The Mystery of the Aurora. (Illus.) J. Munro.
Cassell's Saturday Journal. (Ludgate Hill.) June. 6d.
Pawnbrokers and their Customers. (Illus.) Mr. T. P. O'Connor, of the *Sunday Sun*. With Portrait.
Mr. W. H. White at the Admiralty. With Portrait.
Mr. J. Thackray Bunce, of the Birmingham Daily Post. With Portrait.
While London's eeps round the Thames. (Illus.) R. Dowling.
Catholic World. (29, Orchard Street.) May. 35 c.
The Methodist Book Concern. Prof. W. C. Robinson.
What Fills our Jails? J. A. J. McKenna.
Personal Recollections of Cardinal Manning. Katherine Tynan.
Columbus in Spain. Rev. L. A. Datto.
Home Rule and the General Election. G. McDermot.
The "Doubtful" or Pseudo-Shakespearean Plays. A. Morgan.
Century. (Fisher Unwin, Paternoster Sq.) June. 1s. 4d.
Budapest. (Illus.) Albert Shaw.
Nature and Elements of Poetry. IV. E. C. Steadman.
Mount St. Elias Revisited. With Map and Illustrations. I. C. Russell.
Early Political Caricature in America. (Illus.)
The Great Unknown—the Sea-Serpent. (Illus.) J. B. Holder.
Land of the Living Cliff-dwellers in Mexico. (Illus.) F. Schwatka.
Christopher Columbus. II. (Illus.) E. Castelar.
Rowell Smith. With Portrait. W. Gladden and Others.
Chambers's Journal. (47, Paternoster Row.) June. 7d.
The New Canadian Census.
Pawn and Tobacco in India.
Detection of Crime by Photography. T. C. Hepworth.
Sortes Sacre: Divination by Lot.
Brigandage in Egypt.
Chautauquan. (57, Ludgate Hill.) June. 2 dols. per annum.
The Downfall of New France. J. G. Nicolay.
The United States Patent Office. II. Helen F. Shedd.
Maps and Map Makers. C. C. Adams.
The English in the United States. J. R. Towse.
Walt Whitman. C. D. Lanier.
Chicago of To-day. N. Canby.
Chronicle of the London Missionary Society. (14, Blomfield Street.) June. 1d.
Among the Bhotiyas. (Illus.) G. McC. Bulloch.
Our Anniversary. With Portraits.
Church Missionary Gleaner. (Salisbury Square.) June. 1d.
The Anniversary Meetings. (Illus.)
Church Missionary Intelligence. (Salisbury Square.) June. 6s.
The North-West Provinces of India.
The "Chau ch of Islam" at Liverpool. S. W. Muir.
News from Uganda.
The Ninety-third Anniversary.
Church Monthly. (30, New Bridge Street.) June. 1d.
Graves of the Young in Westminster Abbey. (Illus.) Archdeacon Farrar.
Clergyman's Magazine. (27, Paternoster Row.) June. 6d.
Scientific Religion. Rev. R. D. Bluet.
Congregational Magazine. (21, Farnival Street, Holborn.) May. 1d.
"A Rare Occurrence"—Congregationalism in Malden, Kent. Rev. A. T. Palmer.
Contemporary Pulpit. (Swan Sonnenschein, Paternoster Square.) June. 6d.
The Firm of Christian Action. Rev. Stopford Brooke.
Contemporary Review. (15, Tavistock Street.) June. 2s. 6d.
The Women's Suffrage Question. Mrs. Fawcett, L. H. Courtney, and Mrs. She don Amos.

- Forms of Home Rule: A Reply.** G. Pitt-Lewis.
Lucodemon. Walter Pater.
Trace. J. M. Soames.
The Battle of Worth. With Map. Colonel Lonsdale Hale.
The Fate of the East.
The Geographical Evolution of the English Channel. With Maps. A. J. Jakes-Browne.
Professor Driver on the Old Testament. II. Bishop of Colchester.
Our Outcast Cousins in India. Rev. G. Sandberg.
Why do Nonconformists Follow Mr. Gladstone? Rev. J. Guinness Rogers.
- Cornhill.** (15, Waterloo Place.) June. 6d.
A Visit to Count Tolstoi.
The Alpine Root Grubber.
Curiosities in Our Cathedrals.
- Cosmopolitan** (International News Co.)
Bain's Buildings, Chancery Lane. June. 25 c.
Evolution and Christianity. St. George Mivart.
Recent British Fiction. B. Matthews.
New Zealand. (Illus.) E. Wakefield.
A Grand Ducal Family—the Medici. With Portraits. Eleanor Lewis.
Our National Political Conventions. (Illus.) M. Halstead.
The Aeroplane. H. S. Maxim.
General Sheridan's Personality. (Illus.) T. R. Davis.
The Working of the Department of Labour. C. D. Wright.
Our Fur-Seal Rookeries. (Illus.) H. W. Elliott.
- Eastern and Western Review.** (21, Furnival Street.) June. 6d.
The Two Capitals of Armenia. II. J. T. Bent.
Chronicles of Corsica. Gen. Sir F. J. Goldamid.
The Central Asian Switzerland. Chas. Johnston.
History of the XIXth Century. (1811-12.) (Illus.)
Days in Turkey. Miss E. A. Richings.
- Educational Review.** (America.) (Kegan Paul, Charing Cross Road.) May. 1s. 6d.
The Teaching of Geography. I. W. M. Davis.
Entrance Examination in English at Yale. H. A. Beers.
Compulsory Education in the United States. I. W. B. Shaw.
The Parallel Study of Grammar. E. A. Sonnenschein.
Educational Policy of Archbishop Ireland. T. O'Gorman.
The Grammar School Curriculum. W. H. Maxwell.
Women as Graduates at Yale. A. T. Hadley.
- Educational Review.** (London.) (2, Creed Lane, Ludgate Hill.) June. 6d.
The Educational Value of Cricket. Hon. and Rev. E. Lytton.
On the Study of English at the German Universities. Prof. A. S. Napier.
The Superannuation of Elementary Teachers. T. R. Hel'ier.
Bedford College and University Teaching for Women in London.
The Medical School of the University of Cambridge. Sir Geo. Humphry.
- English Illustrated.** (29, Bedford Street.) June. 6d.
The Earl of Rosebery. With Portrait. H. W. Lucy.
Epson and the Derby. (Illus.)
The Midland Railway Locomotive Works at Derby. (Illus.) C. H. Jones.
Dunster and its Castle. (Illus.) G. Wallas.
Candle-Making. (Illus.) Joseph Hatton.
- Esquiline.** (20, Piazza di Spagna, Rome.) May. 1 fr. 50 c.
The Waters of Rome. Dr. G. Fedell.
Walks on the Roman Campagna. L. Borsari.
- Expositor.** (27, Paternoster Row.) June. 1s.
The Historical Geography of Judaea. Rev. G. A. Smith.
The Doctrine of the Atonement in the New Testament. V. Prof. Agar Beet.
Cardinal Newman. Principal Rainy.
Expository Times. (Simpkin, Marshall and Co.) June. 6d.
Milton's Christ. Mary A. Woods.
The Failure of the Revised Version. Bishop Westcott.
Fireside. (7, Paternoster Square.) June. 6d.
Early Days of J. G. Whitaker. Edith C. Kenyon.
Fortnightly Review. (Chapman and Hall, 11, Henrietta Street.) June. 2s. 6d.
The Gladstonian Secret.
M. Sardou and "Thermidor." A. Galdemar.
Egypt, 1882-1892. Sir W. T. Marriott.
Poetry and Lord Lytton. W. H. Mallock.
The Bengali in Indian Politics. Sir Lepel Griffin.
The New Star in Auriga. Wm. Huggins.
Our Army. R. W. Hambury.
Elder Concklin. Frank Harris.
- Forum.** (37, Bedford Street, Strand.) June. 2s. 6d.
The Silver Craze and the Present Danger: The Blight of Our Commerce. M. D. Harter.
The Threat of the Present Coinage Law. W. F. Vilas.
The Loss of Southern Statesmanship. J. C. Hemphill.
Ten Years of the Standard Oil Trust. S. C. T. Dodd.
The True Purpose of the Higher Education. Pres. T. Dwight.
Advantages of the Canadian Bank System. D. R. Wilkie.
Idleness and Immorality. E. L. Godkin.
Does the Factory Increase Immorality? C. D. Wright.
Significance of the American Cathedral. Bishop H. C. Potter.
Incalculable Room for Immigrants. Edw. Atkinson.
Ocean Traffic by the Erie Canal. E. P. North.
My Business Partner, the Government. U. D. Eddy.
The Woman's Exchange—Charity or Business? Lucy M. Salmon.
- Frank Leslie's Popular Monthly.** (110, Fifth Avenue, New York.) June. 25 cts.
St. Louis: the Carnival City of America. (Illus.) James Cox.
Barriers against Invisible Foes. (Illus.) F. L. White.
The Divine Weed—Tobacco. (Illus.) W. P. Pond.
How "Leaves of Grass" was Written. With Portrait. Walt Whitman.
Dutch Gulana. (Illus.)
A Glimpse of Gaiety. (Illus.) H. Grey.
Earthquake Photographs in Japan. (Illus.) W. K. Burton.
- Gentleman's Magazine.** (214, Piccadilly.) June. 1s.
The Aborigines of Europe's Playground. A. E. Willson.
Brains and Inches. P. Kent.
June Days in Wye-land.
A Professor of the Dry Wit—Dr. Thompson.
Imitators and Plagiarists. II. W. H. D. Adams.
- Girl's Own Paper.** (54, Paternoster Row.) June. 6d.
Elizabeth Tudor. Sarah Tytler.
St. Martin's Church, Canterbury. (Illus.)
All about Gloves. (Illus.) Emma Brewer.
Prizes and Blanks in the Girl-World. G. H. Pike.
- Good Words.** (15, Tavistock Street.) June. 6d.
A Ride in the Great Sahara. (Illus.) J. H. Forbes.
- How I Found the Remains of Orla King of Northumbria.** (Illus.) Dean Spence.
Professor Huxley and the Deluge. With Map. Rev. J. L. Clarke.
- Great Thoughts.** (2, Raeburn Court, Fleet Street.) June. 6d.
A Talk with the Rev. H. P. Hughes. With Portrait. R. Blathwayt.
The Field Lane Ragged Schools, etc. P. M. Holmes.
The Story of Harper's Magazine. With Portraits. R. Blathwayt.
- Harper's Magazine.** (45, Albemarle Street.) June. 1s.
The Birth-place of Commodore Isaac Hall. (Illus.) Jane De F. Shelton.
The Austro-Hungarian Army. (Illus.) Baron von Kuhn.
How Kentucky Became a State. G. W. Rankin.
The Old English Dramatists. James Russell Lowell.
Montana: the Treasure State. With Map. Julian Ralph.
Social and Natural Condition of Eastern Peru. With Map and Illustration. C. de Kalb.
From the Black Forest to the Black Sea. (Illus.) F. D. Millet.
- Help.** (125, Fleet Street.) June. 1d.
Parliamentary Candidates and their Views.
Crusade on Betting.
Towards the Civic Church.
Lanternists and Cyclists.
List of Slides.
Lancaster-Bible Prize Competition Result.
- Home Messenger.** (2, Amen Corner.) May. 1d.
A Ramble through the East End. (Illus.) F. A. Atkins.
- Homiletic Review.** (44, Fleet Street.) May. 1s.
The Outlook of Theology. Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems.
Monuments and Papyri on the Hebrews and Exodus. Rev. C. M. Coburn.
Municipal Misrule. Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst.
The Present State of the Mormon Question. Rev. R. G. McNiece.
A Prophet of the Nineteenth Century. Prof. Drummond. Rev. D. Sutcliffe.
- Household Words.** (12, St. Bride Street.) June. 6d.
Round London. Montagu Williams.
- Illustrated Carpenter and Builder.** (313, Strand.) June. 6d.
Christopher Wren. With Portrait.
How they Built in Shakespeare's Time.
- Indian Church Quarterly.** (78, New Bond Street.) April. 2 rupees.
Foreign Missions and the Society System. Canon Churton.
Relations between Clergy and Laity in India. Major MacMahon.
Reminiscences of Franz Delitzsch. Rev. J. M. Macdonald.
- Indian Magazine and Review.** (11, Parliament Street.) June. 6d.
Eastern Gardens: Ancient and Modern. McDonald.
- Irish Monthly.** (53, O'Connell Street Upper, Dublin.) May. 6d.
Dr. Russell, of Mayo. IV.
- Journal of Education.** (56, Fleet Street.) June. 6d.
Sex in Education.
Proposal for a High Degree in Education in the University of London. F. Watson.
Fontenay-aux-Roses, a French Training College. E. Williams.
- Journal of the Royal Colonial Institute.** (Northumberland Avenue.) May. 6d.
Mashonaland and its Development. E. A. Maund.

King's Own. (48, Paternoster Row.) June. 6d.

The Inspiration of the Bible. IV. Rev. P. Prescott.
Home Life for Working Girls in London. (Illus.)

Knowledge. (326, High Holborn.) June. 6d.
A Lump of Chalk and Its Lessons. R. Lydekker.
The New Star in Auriga. E. W. Maunder.

Leisure Hour. (56, Paternoster Row.) June. 6d.
The State and Insurance for Old Age. J. F. Wilkinson.
Statesmen of Spain. With Portraits and Illustrations.
The Daily Chronicle. With Portraits and Illustrations. H. W. Massingham.
The Horse World of London. W. J. Gordon.
On the Nile. (Illus.) S. J. Weyman.

Library Review. (25, Paternoster Square.) June. 6d.
The Bourgeois Library. (Illus.)
Aspects and Tendencies of Current Literature. Concluded. T. S. Little.
Alphonse Daudet and his Literary Methods. Percy White.

Lippincott's. (Warwick House, Salisbury Square.) June. 1s.
Early Editorial Experiences. M. Halestead.
The Great American Desert. With Maps. W. F. G. Shanks.
La Crosse. (Illus.) Fred. Weir.
The Struggle for the West. With Maps. J. B. McMaster.

Literary Opinion. (18, Bury Street.) June. 6d.
J. A. Froude. With Portrait. A. P. Martin.
Renan's "Feuilles Détachées." Sir M. B. Grant Duff.
The Supernatural in Fiction. H. D. Lowry.
Reminiscences of Tudor House. Christina Rossetti.

Longman's Magazine. (39, Paternoster Row.) June. 6d.
Reminiscences of St. Petersburg Society.
Notes on the Climate of the British Isles. R. H. Scott.

Lucifer. (7, Duke Street, Adelphi.) May 15. 1s. 6d.
The Kabbalah and the Kabbalists. H. P. B. Mesmerism. W. Q. Judge.
The World-Soul. Continued. G. R. S. Mead.
Re-incarnation. Continued. Mrs. Besant.
The Philosophy of Perfect Expression.—II. Marie, Countess of Cathness.

Ludgate Monthly. (6, St. Bride Street.) June. 3d.
Sussex County Cricket. (Illus.) A. J. Gasken.

Lyceum. (28, Orchard St.) May 15. 4d.
Trinity College Tercentenary.
The Mortgaging of Irish Land.
Walt Whitman.
A Science of Religion.

Macmillan's Magazine. (29, Bedford Street.) June. 1s.
Some Great Biographies. G. Saintsbury.
French Girls' Schools. M. B. Sandford.
A Ligit of Carglen. Alex. Gordon.
Leaves from a Note-book.

Magazine of American History. (745, Broadway, New York.) May. 50 c.
Colonial Memories and Their Lesson. Mrs. J. Eyring.
Did the Norse Discover America? B. H. du Bois.
The Youth of George Washington. Dr. Toner.

Magazine of Christian Literature. (Clinton Hall, Astor Place, New York.) May. 25 c.
The Clergy and Social Morals. Rev. Dr. J. H. Rylance.

Methodist Monthly. (119, Salisbury Square.) June. 3d.
F. W. Faber, Hymn Writer. With Portrait. W. T. Brooke.

Methodist New Connexion Magazine. (30, Farnival Street, Holborn.) June. 6d.
Notes of Trans-Atlantic Travel. Illus. VI. Rev. J. C. Watts.
The History of the English Language. I. D. Clark.

Missionary Review of the World. (44, Fleet Street.) May. 1s.
The Jewish Question. J. E. Mathieson.
The Mission Station Eleven Thousand Feet Above the Sea in Tibet. Rev. F. de Schweinitz.
Henry Martyn. II. Rev. J. Rutherford.
The Departure of C. H. Spurgeon. II. A. T. Pierson.
A Visit to Rajputana. Hon. D. McLaren.
Alaska and its Needs. Bishop Bachman.
Siam: An Historic Sketch. Rev. Dr. F. F. Elinwood.

Month. (45, South Street, Grosvenor Square.) June. 2s.
Oxford as seen by a Frenchman—Father Prat.
Thomas Cranmer. II. Rev. J. Stevenson.
A Cure of Cancelli. Earl of Denbigh.
The Vicar of Christ in his Relation to Civil Society. Rev. W. Humphrey.
The South African Languages.

Monthly Packet. (31, Bedford Street, Strand.) June. 1s.
A Summer School of Art and Science.
In the Fragrant South. Fanny L. Green.

National Magazine of India. (32, Kally Dass Singhee's Lane, Calcutta.) March. 1 rupee.
History of Indian Infanticide. S. C. Mukerjee.
The Industrial History of India. S. C. Mukerjee.

National Review. (13, Waterloo Place.) June. 2s. 6d.

Ulster. 1892.
Stage Struck. H. D. Traill.
The Dutch Peasantry. Barones S. I. de Zuylen de Nyevelt.
Authors, Individual and Corporate.
A Poem of the Eighteenth Century—Madame de Genlis. Mrs. Andrew Lang.
Paul Verlaine. Arthur Symonds.
Ancient Rome and Modern London. E. J. Gibbs.
The Earl of Albemarle. Hon. Roden Noel.
Yeomen and Sportsmen. T. E. Kebbel.

Nature Notes. (136, Strand.) June. 2d.
Wimbledon Common. Charles Worle.
The Sparrow Again. Hon. Mrs. Boyle.

Natural Science. (29, Bedford Street.) June. 1s.
The Antelopes of Somali-Land. (Illus.) F. L. Selvier.
The Cave Men of Mentone. (Illus.) A. V. Jönvins.
Recent Researches in Fossil Birds. R. Lydekker.

Nautical Magazine. (28, Little Queen Street.) May. 1s.
Ocean Waves. Wm. Allingham.
Nautical Education in Board Schools. F. Fox.
The Institution of Naval Architects.

New England Magazine. (86, Federal Street, Boston, Mass.) May. 25 c.
Village Life in Old England. (Illus.) R. G. Thwaites.
On the Track of Columbus. H. J. Perry.
The Progress of the American Republics. W. E. Curtis.
Governor Winthrop's Fa'm. (Illus.) A. E. Brown.
Bermuda in Blockade Times. C. Hallock.
Henry Clay as speaker of the House. Mary P. Follett.
A Shaker Community. J. K. Reeve.
The Chicago Stockyards. (Illus.) P. J. O'Keefe.

New Review. (39, Paternoster Row.) June. 1s.

The Kanaka in Queensland. Archibald Forbes.
An Authentic Account of the Events leading up to the Franco-German War of 1870: from his Journal. Ernest Flinard.
The General Election: A Forecast. Sir Richard Temple and Sir Charles Dilke.
Englishwomen in India. Hon. Mrs. N. Lyttelton.
How to Excavate in Greece. Charles Waldstein.
Emerald Uhuwart. Walter Pater.
The Colonial Policy of France. Professor Geffcken.
A Rejoinder to Signor Crispi. W. S. Lilly.
Racing and its Fascinations. T. Longueville.

Newbery House Magazine. (Charing Cross Road.) June. 1s.
Religious Women: Their Little Ways in Work.
A Day on the Alps. A. Gurney.
Reminiscences of Orvieto. C. T. J. Hiatt.
Church Folk-lore. V. Rev. J. E. Vaux.
The History of the London City Guilds. (Illus.) C. Welch.

Nineteenth Century. (St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane.) June. 2s. 6d.
Ulster and Home Rule. St. Los Strachey.
The Inefficiency of the Army. Field-Marshal Sir L. Simmons.

Ireland Blocks the Way. Herbert Gladstone.
Some Great Jewish Rabbis. Rev. C. H. H. Wright.
A Butler's View of Men Service. John Robinson.
Ovid Metamorphosed. Mrs. Ross.
The Increase of Crime. Rev. W. D. Morrison.
An Indian Funeral Sacrifice. J. D. Rees.
A Fourteenth Century Parson. Rev. Dr. Jessopp.
The Invasion of Destitute Aliens. Earl of Dunraven.
Women and Worship in Burmah. Lady Violet Greville.
The Story of an Unhappy Queen. Mrs. Erskine Wemyss.
Protection as Labour Wants it. H. H. Champion.
Did Dante Study in Oxford? W. E. Gladstone.

North American Review. (5, Agar Street, Strand.) May. 50 c.
The Man, or the Platform? Senator Quay and Others.
The Poet of Democracy—Walt Whitman.
John Burroughs.
The Famine in Russia. C. E. Smith.
The Rule of the Gold Kings. Senator Stewart.
The Behring Sea Controversy. Gen. B. F. Butler and the Marquis of Lorne.
Party Government on its Trial. Prof. Goldwin Smith.
The Chinese Question Again. J. Russell Young.
London Society. Lady Jeune.
Olympian Religion. Concluded. W. E. Gladstone.
Mexican Trade. M. Vomerio.
Twenty-five Years of Alaska. Ivan Petroff.
Contracts and Currency. Sylvester Baxter.
Can We Have Cheap Cabs? A. J. Cassatt.
Growth of Cities. Chas. M. Harvey.
The New York Trade Schools. Cel. R. T. Auchmuty.

Novel Review. (23, Paternoster Row.) June. 6d.
Paul Bourget. Madame Fillonneau.
Robert Buchanan. With Portrait. A. T. Story.
Current American Fiction. Wm. Sharp.
Mr. Grant Allen and his Work. With Portrait.

- Our Day.** (28, Beacon Street, Boston.) May. 25 c.
The Youngest Child of the Church—the Christian Endeavour Society. Rev. F. E. Clark.
The Spiritual Supremacy of the Bible. Dr. Storrs.
Dr. Lyman Abbott's New Progressive Orthodoxy. Joseph Cook.
- Outing.** (170, Strand.) June. 6d.
By Wheel from Havre to Rouen. (Illus.) J. W. Foadick.
The Maryland National Guard. (Illus.) H. Hus.
From the German Ocean to the Black Sea. (Illus.) T. Stevens.
Nova Scotia as a Summer Resort. (Illus.) T. F. Anderson.
- People's Friend.** (186, Fleet Street.) June. 6d.
Edinburgh University.
Happy Japan.
- Phrenological Magazine.** (Ludgate Circus.) June. 6d.
The Evolution of a Mind. Concluded. N. Morgan.
- Primitive Methodist Magazine.** (4, Sutton Street, Commercial Road.) June. 6d.
Rev. George Seaman. With Portrait.
The Duty of the Church in Relation to Poverty.
- Quiver.** (Cassell and Co., Ludgate Hill.) June. 6d.
An Old World Corner—The Island of Marken. (Illus.) A. E. Bonser.
Is the Interest in Foreign Missions Deepening? With Portraits. Prof. Blaikie.
Rainbows and Colours in Birds. (Illus.) Rev. B. G. Johns.
- Regions Beyond.** (9, Paternoster Row.) June. 3d.
Graham Wilmot Brooke. Continued. With Map.
Progress of the Congo Basile Mission.
- Review of the Churches.** (13, Fleet Street.) May 14. 6d.
Rev. Dr. Allon. With Portrait. Rev. Dr. Mackinnal.
The Disestablishment Controversy. Archdeacon Sinclair, Rev. H. P. Hughes, and Dean Owen.
The Royal National Lifeboat Institution (Illus.) Archdeacon Farrar.
The Re-union Conference at Grindelwald. (Illus.) Dr. Lunn.
The Inspiration of the Old Testament. Bishop of Worcester.
The Memorial Sermon of Rev. Dr. Allon. Rev. Dr. Dale.
The German Protestant Social Congress. With Portraits.
- Science and Art.** (11, Henrietta Street.) June. 3d.
The Use and Abuse of the Text Book. H. G. Wells.
Technical Education in the Counties. IV.
- Scots Magazine.** (Houlston and Sons, Paternoster Square.) June. 6d.
The Depopulation of the Rural Districts. M. M. Turnbull.
Industrial Banks. Robt. Ewen.
A Spring Holiday in Italy. I. Harry Gow.
- Scottish Geographical Magazine.** (26, Cockspur Street.) May. 1s. 6d.
The Yellowstone Region and its Geysers. With Maps and Illustrations. H. M. Cadell.
The Meteorology of India and the Surrounding Sea Areas. With Maps. H. N. Dickson.
- Scribner's Magazine.** (St. Dunstan's House, Fetter Lane.) June. 1s.
An Ascent of Mount Etna. (Illus.) A. F. Jacsch.
The Drury Lane Boys' Club. Frances H. Burnett.
- The Chicago Fire.** David Swing.
Life in New York Tenement Houses. (Illus.) W. T. Kising.
Cattle Trails of the Prairies. (Illus.) C. M. Harger.
Rapid Transit in Great Cities. (Illus.) T. C. Clarke.
Sea Beaches. (Illus.) N. S. Shaler.
- Search Light.** (Pearson's Weekly Office, Temple Chambers.) June. 3d.
Sidney Low, Clement Scott, J. Pulizer, Mrs. Emily Crawford, Edmund Yates, and H. W. Massingham. With Portraits.
- Strand.** (8, Southampton Street.) May. 6d.
Lord Wolseley. (Illus.) Harry How.
Parrot Stories. (Illus.)
May Queens. With Portraits. Rev. W. Dallow.
Portraits of M^{rs}. Mary Davies, Walter Besant, Marcus Stone, Alphonse Daudet, Lionel Brough, and H. W. Lucy ("Toby, M.P.?).
Beauty in Nature. IV. Sir John Lubbock.
- Sunday at Home.** (58, Paternoster Row.) June. 6d.
Modern Discoveries and the Christian Faith. Rev. Dr. Stokes.
Daniel Rowlands, an old Welsh Preacher. With Portrait. D. B. Hoke.
Wanderings in the Holy Land. (Illus.) Adella Gates.
The Rock Temples of Elephants. (Illus.) Rev. C. Meek.
- Sunday Magazine.** (15, Tavistock Street.) June. 6d.
The Birthday of English Mission Enterprise. With Portrait of Wm. Carey. Prof. W. G. Blaikie.
Precious Birds. (Illus.) F. A. Fulcher.
Dr. Henry Allon. Rev. J. G. Rogers.
Two Sacred Cities—Bethlehem and Jerusalem. (Illus.) G. W. Wood.
Capital Punishment. II. Rev. Harry Jones.
- Sword and Trowel.** (4, Paternoster Buildings.) June. 3d.
Mr. Spurgeon's First Institution: The Pastors' College. Prin. D. Gracey.
- Sydney Quarterly.** (545, Kent Street South, Sydney.) March. 1s. 6d.
Direct Taxation in New Zealand. Sir R. Stout.
Hypnotism and its Practical Uses. Dr. R. Arthur.
"Fragmentary Thoughts," by Sir Henry Parkes. Balla Halloran.
Have we any Evidence of the Flood? Rev. Dr. J. C. Corlette.
Tonga. Thomas Trood.
- Sylvia's Journal.** (Warwick House, Salisbury Square.) June. 6d.
Medicine for Women. Mrs. M. A. Marshall.
- Temple Bar.** (8, New Burlington Street.) June. 1s.
A Concord of the Steppes. Francis Prevost.
Alice de Chambrier.
Boswell's "Johnson."
- Theatre.** (78, Gt. Queen Street.) June. 1s.
An Austrian Dramatist—Eduard Bauernfeld. E. Friend.
- Theosophist.** (7, Duke Street, Adelphi.) May. 2s.
The Indian Doctrine of Reincarnation. The Qualifications Needed for Practical Occultism.
- United Service Magazine.** (15, York St., Covent Garden.) June. 2s.
On the Strategic Condition of the English Channel in an Anglo-French War. Rear-Admiral Colomb.
- The Shoeing of Army Horses.** Ancient and Modern. George Fleming.
Musketry Training in the Army.
Elaas-Löhringen: Its Present Topographical, Social, and Military State.
Naval Strategy and the Volunteers. A Reply. Lieut. Carlyon Bellairs.
"Imperial Defence." Colonel Maurice.
"Our Crammers and Failures."
An Old Soldier's Pets. Gen. Sir F. Middleton.
The Siege and Fall of Khartum. V. Major F. R. Wingate.
- University Extension.** (Fifteenth and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia.) May. 15 c.
University Extension in Canada and England. Thos. Adams.
Economics. IV. E. T. Devine.
- Victorian.** (25, Paternoster Sq.) June. 6d.
M^{rs}. de Sévigné. Sarah Tytler.
Travels in Peru and the Upper Valley of the Amazon. (Illus.) A. Sinclair.
Memorial Chronology. II. Thomas De Quincey.
A Political Curiosity—the Republic of Andorra. Benj. Taylor.
The Endowment of Old Age. Mrs. Mayo.
- Welsh Review.** (Drury House, Drury Court, Strand.) June. 6d.
Sober by Act of Parliament. II. W. Bowen Rowlands.
The Coming Revolution. Lady F. Dixie.
Welsh Seaside Places. (Illus.)
The Truth about Sunday Closing in Wales and Sheebening. J. W. Causar.
- Westminster Review.** (18, Warwick Square.) June. 2s. 6d.
The Press and the Pulpit. J. Leatham.
Our Grandmothers and their Grandmothers. Matilda M. Blake.
"Steuism" in Politics. Cyril Waters.
The Possibilities of Democracy. F. W. Grey.
"This Enlightened Age." T. R. Edwards.
Cross Currents of Canadian Politics.
The Settlement of Industrial Disputes by Law. W. L. Stobart.
Rational Supervision: Our Educational Problem. Wm. Sinclair.
Complete Suffrage. W. F. Collier.
- Wilson's Photographic Magazine.** (853, Broadway, New York.) May 7. 80 c.
- View Photograph.** L. R. W. Harrison.
John C. Moss. With Portrait.
- Work.** (Cassell's, Ludgate Hill.) June. 6d.
The Spectroscope.
Design and Decoration of All Ages. (Illus.)
- World Literature.** (4, Ave Maria Lane.) June. 3d.
Facsimile Letters of Mr. Ruskin's on Carlyle's "Past and Present."
George Meredith. David Dick.
Jean Lahor. Mary P. Negrepointe.
Professor Ruskin's Rose Queen Festival.
The Philosophy of Mythology. W. Smith.
- Young England.** (55, Old Bailey.) June. 3d.
The Campo dei Fiori, Rome. E. C. Vansittart.
- Young Man.** (9, Paternoster Row.) June. 3d.
Notes and Sketches Abroad. II. Rev. C. A. Berry.
The Humours of a Scamp to Paris. (Illus.) Rev. J. R. Howatt.
The Earl of Aberdeen at Home. With Portrait.
Agnosticism. Dr. Joseph Parker.

POETRY, MUSIC, AND ART.

POETRY.

- Albamarle. June.
The Soul in Nature. Lewis Morris.
- Arena. May.
Reform. Ella W. Wilcox.
- Argosy. June.
In a London Square. Marion Meteyard.
- Atlantic Monthly. June.
Nuremberg. Julia C. R. Dorr.
"Have I not Learned to Live without Thee yet?" Louise C. Moulton.
- Belford's Monthly. May.
Love's Fantasy. Alice I. Anson.
Heroes. J. W. O'Keefe.
- Californian Illustrated. May.
Shepherd's Song. Helen O'S. Dixon.
- Catholic World. May.
Vade Mecum. Kate P. Lathrop.
- Century. June.
Nature. W. P. Foster.
The Fight of the *Armstrong*. J. J. Roche.
The Atlantic Steamship. T. M. Coan.
- Chantauquan. June.
To Adonais. H. T. Sudduth.
- Cosmopolitan. June.
Marriage. Mario Wilcox.
Fora Birthday. (Illus.) J. R. Lowell.
A Woodland Mood. (Illus.) M. Thompson.
Mystery. Amélie River.
- English Illustrated. June.
A Pagan of Thames Poets. E. J. Milliken.
- Gentleman's Magazine. June.
Ejau Cemetery. C. H. Meekker.
- Girl's Own Paper. June.
Failure and Success. Helen M. Burnside.
- Good Words. June.
On the Garden Terrace. S. Reid.
Irish Pagan's Soliloquy. Marquis of Lorne.
- Harper's Magazine. May.
Steep. Archibald Lampman.
Cremation. George Horton.
My Sweetheart's Face. (Illus.) J. A. Wyeth.
- Irish Monthly. June.
The Rose and the Wind.
- Leisure Hour. June.
Watching the Doves. Francis Wynne.
- Lippincott's. June.
Being his Mother. J. W. Riley.
At Dead of Night. Carrie B. Morgan.
Concentration. Ella W. Wilcox.
- Longman's. June.
The Evening Primrose. Miss Layard.
Charlie's Men. Andrew Lang.
- Magazine of American History. May.
The Old and New in History. W. I. Crandall.
- Minstrel. June.
To Possess Thee. Fred. E. Weatherly.
- Monthly Packet. June.
Gardens of Paradise. Moira O'Neill.
- Music. May.
Two Sonnets. Philip Bacon.
- National Review. June.
The Fallen Elm. Alfred Austin.
- New England Magazine. May.
Love, Death, and Sorrow. J. W. Chadwick.
- The Human Freedom League. A. E. Cross.
- Fallen Love. Philip B. Marston.
Gone. (Illus.) J. S. Burrows.
The Poet's Praise. C. E. Mirkham.
The Czar's Banquet. Marie Petrovsky.
- Newberry House Magazine. June.
A Dream. Rev. J. M. Rodwell.

- Our Day. May.
Austin Phelps. J. E. Rankin.
God with Us. Rev. Dr. S. F. Smith.
- Scribner's Magazine. June.
The Return of the Year. A. Lampman.
The Priceless Pearl. J. W. Chadwick.
After Sunset. Graham R. Tomson.
- Sunday Magazine. June.
The Sculptor's Statue of Christ. J. Fitzhugh.
A Moorland Sign-Post. Rev. B. Waugh.
- Temple Bar. June.
Balade of the Rectory Roses. A. Cochran.
Life's Night Watch. Maarten Maartens.
- Victorian. June.
Dead Cities. Wm. Cowan.

MUSIC.

- Church Musician (4, Newman Street, Oxford Street, W.) May 15. 2d.
Mendelssohn's Prelude and Fugue in B Flat. F. J. Karn.
Music—"Te Deum." A. H. Tozer.
- English Illustrated. June.
Church Music and Congregational Singing. B. P. Thesiger.
- Étude. (1701, Chestnut Street, Philadelphia.) May. 15c.
Music—"Victor March." H. D. Hewitt.
- Forum. May.
The Development of Music in America. Anton Seidl.
- Keyboard. (22, Paternoster Row.) June. 2d.
Manual Gymnastics. (Illus.)
Music—Andante for American Organ. W. Metcalfe.
- Meister. (Paternoster House, Charing Cross Road.) No. XVII. 1s.
The Tristan Drama. I.
Parisian Amusements. Richard Wagner.
Richard Wagner as a Man. C. F. Glasenapp.
- Minstrel. (115, Fleet Street.) June. 3d.
Pietro Mascagni. With Portrait. Ralph Elwyn.
Song—"Taen and Now." Music by Mascagni.
- Music. (5, Agar Street, Strand.) May. 30c.
Schopenhauer in Relation to Music. K. J. Belling.
Jenny Lind and the Old Songs. G. F. Root.
- Wanted—a Revised Edition of Schumann. C. Sternberg. With Portrait.
Intellect and the Study of Music. R. P. Rider.
- A Few American Violinists. With Portraits. Frances N. Smith.
The Higher Musical Education in America. With Portraits.
- Musical Age. (88, Chancery Lane.) May 15. 2d.
What Voices are the most Durable?
Elocution in Church. T. W. Morgan.
- Musical Herald. (8, Warwick Lane.) June. 2d.
Walter Hatlev. With Portrait.
Music—"If I have made Gold My Hope." Anthem. F. N. Abernethy.
- Musical Times. (1, Berners St.) June. 4d.
The Vienna Exhibition.
Beethoven's Sketch-Books. J. S. Shedlock.
- Music—"Come, Weary Pilgrims, Come." (Hymn.) F. Tozer.
- Musical World. (145, Wabash Avenue, Chicago.) May. 15c.
Music—"Barcarolle." P. T. Chalkowsky.
- National Choir. (Parlane, Paisley.) No. 60. 1d.
"My Winsome Wife" and other Songs.

- New England Magazine. May.
Jenny Lind at Northampton. (Illus.) Elizabeth Baron Marsh.
- Nonconformist Musical Journal. (44, Fleet Street.) June. 2d.
John Newton and the Handel Commemoration. O. A. Mansfield.
Worship Music. III. G. H. Ely.
- School Music Review. (1, Berners St.) June. 13d.
History of Music in Primary Schools. W. G. McNaught.
Music—Songs for Children in both Notations. Sir J. Stainer, etc.
- Strad. (186, Fleet Street.) June. 2d.
The French School of Violin Making.
Victorian. June.
The Violoncello. Edward Howell.
- Werner's Voice Magazine. (28, West Twenty-third Street, New York.) May. 20c.
Delsarte and his Work. F. H. Sargent.

ART.

- Art Journal. (28, Ivy Lane.) June. 1s. 6d.
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In C-P—Rallia. (Illus.) N. Garstin.
Some English Shrines. (Illus.) V. Blackburn.
R. Thorne Watte. (Illus.) R. Jop Slade.
The Royal Academy and the New Gallery. (Illus.) C. Phillips.
- Belford's. May.
Our Attitude toward Art. B. McEroy.
- Century. June.
Carpaccio. (Illus.) W. J. Stillman.
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- Classical Picture Gallery. (33, King Street, Covent Garden.) June. 1s.
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Medieval Artists. E. Edwards.
- Fortnightly Review. June.
The Royal Academy. George Moore.
The Two Salons. Mrs. E. H. Pennell.
- Harper's. May.
Funeral Orations in Stone and Wood. (Illus.) Chas. Waldstein.
- Gentleman's Magazine. June.
About a Portrait at Windsor. H. W. Wolf.
- Magazine of Art. (Caswell's, Ludgate Hill.) June. 1s.
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Jules Bastien-Lepage. (Illus.) C. Phillips.
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- Monthly Packet. June.
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- Nineteenth Century. June.
Sculpture of the Renaissance. Vernon Lee.
- Temple Bar. June.
John Leech. F. G. Kitton.

The Psychology of Occultism. Dr. R. von Koeber.
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 The Agricultural Movement. G. Fouquet.
 French Economic Publications. M. Rouxel.
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 Pauperism in England in 1890, according to the Journal of the Manchester Statistical Society. E. Castelot.
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 May 15.
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 The Mistakes of the Past. Jean de Albaine.
 The City of Furniture. The Futek Brentano.
 Haerds. A Novel. I. Léon A. Daudet.
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 May 16.
 The Rights of the State's Compulsory Education. Sidney Dean.
 Parliament and the Naval "Invalides." Ch. Le Cour Grandmason.
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 The "Académie des Beaux Arts" and the Ancient Academies. G. Larroumet.
 James Darmesteter's Book on the "Prophe-
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 The "Tiers Etat" of 1892.
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 Revue des Deux Mondes. (18, King William Street, Strand.) 62 fr. per annum.
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The Japanese Navy Commander Don Antonio Perea.

The Principal Ship-Building Yards of the World. II. (Illus.) Commander Don Federico Montaño.

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Abbreviations of Magazine Titles used in this Index.

- Albe. Albemarle.
A.C.Q. American Catholic
Quarterly Review
A.R. Andover Review
A.A.P.S. Annals of the American
Academy of Political
and Social Science
- Ant. Antiquary
A. Arena
Arg. Argosy
Art J. Art Journal
As. Asclepiad
A.Q. Asiatic Quarterly
Ata. Atlanta
A.M. Atlantic Monthly
Au. Author
Bank. Bankers Magazine
Bel. M. Belford's Monthly and
Democratic Review
Black. Blackwood's Magazine
B.T.J. Board of Trade Journal
Bkman. Bookman
C.I.M. Californian Illustrated
Magazine
C.F.M. Cassell's Family Magazine
C.S.J. Cassell's Saturday Journal
C.W. Catholic World
C.M. Century Magazine
C.J. Chambers's Journal
Char. R. Charities Review
Chaut. Chautauquan
Ch. Mis. L. Church Missionary In-
telligence and Record
Ch. Q. Church Quarterly
C.R. Contemporary Review
C. Cornhill
Cos. Cosmopolitan
Crit. R. Critical Review
D.R. Dublin Review
- E.W.R. Eastern and Western
Review
Econ. J. Economic Journal
Econ. R. Economic Review
E.R. Edinburgh Review
Ed. R. A. Educational Review,
America
Ed. R. L. Educational Review,
London
E.H. English Historical Review
E.I. English Illustrated
Magazine
Esq. Esquiline
Ex. Expositor
F.L. Folk-Lore
F.R. Fortnightly Review
F. Forum
Fr. L. Frank Leslie's Popular
Monthly
G.M. Gentleman's Magazine
G.O.P. Girl's Own Paper
G.W. Good Words
G.B. Greater Britain
Harp. Harper's Magazine
Help
Hom. R. Homiletic Review
I. Idler
I.J.E. International Journal of
Ethics
I.R. Investors' Review
Ir. E.R. Irish Ecclesiastical
Record
Ir. M. Irish Monthly
Jew. Q. Jewish Quarterly
J. Ed. Journal of Education
J. Micro. Journal of Microscopy
and Natural Science
J.R.C.I. Journal of the Royal
Colonial Institute
- Jur. R. Juridical Review
K.G. King's Own
K. Knowledge
L.H. Leisure Hour
Libr. Library
Lib. R. Library Review
Lipp. Lippincott's Monthly
L.O. Literary Opinion
L.Q. London Quarterly
Long. Longman's Magazine
Luc. Lucifer
Lud. M. Ludgate Monthly
Ly. Lyceum
Mac. Macmillan's Magazine
M.A.H. Magazine of American
History
M. Art Magazine of Art
Man. Q. Manchester Quarterly
M.E. Merry England
Mind
Mis. R. Missionary Review of
the World
Mon. Monist
Month
M. P. Monthly Packet
Nat. R. National Review
N.Sc. Natural Science
N.N. Natural Notes
N.H. Newbury House Magazine
N.E.M. New England Magazine
New R. New Review
N.C. Nineteenth Century
N.A.R. North American Re-
view
Nov. R. Novel Review
O.D. Our Day
O. Outing
P.E.F. Palestine Exploration
Fund
- Photo. Q. Photographic Quarterly
Phren. M. Phrenological Maga-
zine
P.L. Poet Lore
P.R.R. Presbyterian and Re-
formed Review
P.M.Q. Primitive Methodist
Quarterly Review
P.R.G.S. Proceedings of the Royal
Geographical Society
Psy. R. Proceedings of the
Society for Psychical
Research
Q.J.Econ. Quarterly Journal of
Economics
Q.R. Quarterly Review
Q. Quiver
Rel. Reliquary
R.C. Review of the Churches
Sc. A. Science and Art
Scots Scots Magazine
Scot G.M. Scottish Geographical
Magazine
Scot. R. Scottish Review
Scrib. Scribner's Magazine
Shake. Shakespeariana
Str. Strand
Sun. H. Sunday at Home
Sun. M. Sunday Magazine
T.B. Temple Bar
Th. Theatre
Think. Thinker
U.S.M. United Service Magazine
Vic. Victorian Magazine
Wel. R. Welsh Review
W.R. Westminster Review
W.L. World Literature
Y.E. Young England
Y.M. Young Man
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 Personality of, by T. R. Davis, Cos, June
- Shipping:** Ocean Traffic by the Erie Canal, C. F. North on, F, May
- Slam, Rev. Dr. F. F. Ell'wood on, Mis R, May**
- Sicilian Sulphur Industry**, B T J, May
- Smith, Roswell, W. Gladden on, C M, June**
- Socialism:** The German Protestant Social Congress, R C, May
- Soda Springs at Napa**, H. R. Trevor on, C I M, May
- Spanish Statesmen**, L H, June
- Speech**, Sir H. Maxwell on, Black, June
- Spurgeon, Rev. C. H., A. T. Pierson on, Mis R, May**
- Standard Oil Trust**, S. C. T. Dodd on, F, May
- Stone, Marcus**, Portraits of, Str, May
- Summer School of Art and Science**, M P, June
- Technical Education:**
 Technical Education in the Counties, Sc A, June
 New York Trade Schools, R. T. Auchmuty on, N A R, May
- Temperance and the Liquor Traffic:**
 The Case for Moderate Drinking, by Dr. Farquharson, Black, June
 Alcohol in its Relation to the Bible, Dr. H. A. Hart on, A, May
 Sobriety by Act of Parliament, by W. Bowen Rowlands, Wel R, June
 The Truth about Sunday Closing in Wales and Shebeening, by J. W. Cauver, Wel R, June
- Tennyson and the Nineteenth Century**, L. W. Smith on, C I M, May
- Theatre and the Drama:**
 Stage-struck, by H. D. Traill, Nat R, June
 Theological Outlook, Rev. Dr. C. F. Deems on, Hom R, May
- Theosophy** (see contents of Lucifer, Theosophist) Thompson, Dr., G M, June
- Tobacco:** W. P. Pond on, F L, June
- Toistol, Count**, Visit to, C, June
- Trace**, by J. M. Soames, C R, June
- Turkey:**
 Days in Turkey, by E. A. Richings, G W R, June
- United States**, see also under Race Problems:
 How Kentucky became a State, G. W. Ranch on, Harp, June
 Montana, the Treasure State, J. Ralph on, Harp, June
 Our National Political Conventions, by M. Halsted, Cos, June
 Practical Working of the Australian System of Voting in Massachusetts, R. H. Dana on, A A P S, June
 Merits and Defects of the Pennsylvania Ballot Law of 1891, by C. C. Binney, A A P S, June
 A Democratic Suggestion, by E. N. Vallandigham, Bel M, May
 The Man, or the Platform, Senator Quay and Others on, N A R, May
 The Rule of the Gold Kings, Senator Stewart on, N A R, May
 The Silver Question:
 The Blight of our Commerce, by M. D. Harter, F, May
 The Threat of the Present Coinage Law, W. F. Vilas on, F, May
 The Loss of the Southern Statesmanship, J. C. Hemphill on, F, May
 My Business Partner, the Government, by U. D. Eddy, F, May
 Municipal Misrule, Rev. Dr. C. H. Parkhurst on, Hom R, May
 The Decadence Question, by P. Decker, Bel M, May
 The Great American Desert, by W. F. G. Shanks, Lipp, June
 The English in the United States, by J. R. Towse, Chaut, June
 Colonial Memories and their Lessons, Mrs. J. Erving on, M A H, May
- Universities:**
 Trinity College (Dublin), Ter-Centenary, Ly, May
 Entrance Examination in English at Yale, H. A. Bers on, Ed R A, May
 Women as Graduates at Yale, A. T. Hadley on, Ed R A, May
 The Study of English at the German Universities, A. S. Napier on, Ed R L, June
- Verlaine, Paul**, A. Symons on, Nat R, June
- Village Life in Old England**, R. G. Thwaites on, N E M, May
- Volunteers:**
 Naval Stationing of the Volunteers, by C. Bellais, U S M, June
- Ward, Mrs. Humphry**, Ekman, June
- Washington**, George, Youth of, Dr. Jones on, M A H, May
- Welsh Seaside Places**, Wel R, June
- White, W. H., CS J, June**
- Whitman, Walt, Ly, May; A M, June**
- J. Burroughs on, N A R, May**
- C. D. Lanier on, Chaut, June**
- How "Leaves of Grass" was Made**, Fr L, June
- Wimbledon Common**, C. Worrie on, N N, June
- Winthrop, Governor, and his Farm**, A. E. Brown on, N E M, May
- Woerth, Battle of**, Col. L. Hale on, C R, June
- Wolsley, Lord, H. How on, Str, May**
- Women and Women's Work:**
 Woman Suffrage:
 Mrs. Henry Fawcett and others on, C R, June
 The Woman's Cause is Man's, by Frances E. Willard, A, May
 The Coming Revolution, by Lady Florence Dixie, Wel R, June
 L'Eternal Feminin, by Mrs. Holland Hollister, Albe, June
 The Woman's Exchange—Charity or Business, by Lucy M. Salmon, F, May
 Home Life for Working Girls in London, K O, June
 Religious Women, N H, June
 Women and Worship in Burmah, by Lady V. Greville, N C, June
- Yeomen and Sportmen**, by T. B. Kebbel, Nat R, June
- Zoroaster and Persian Dualism**, Prof. J. T. Bixby on, A, May.

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